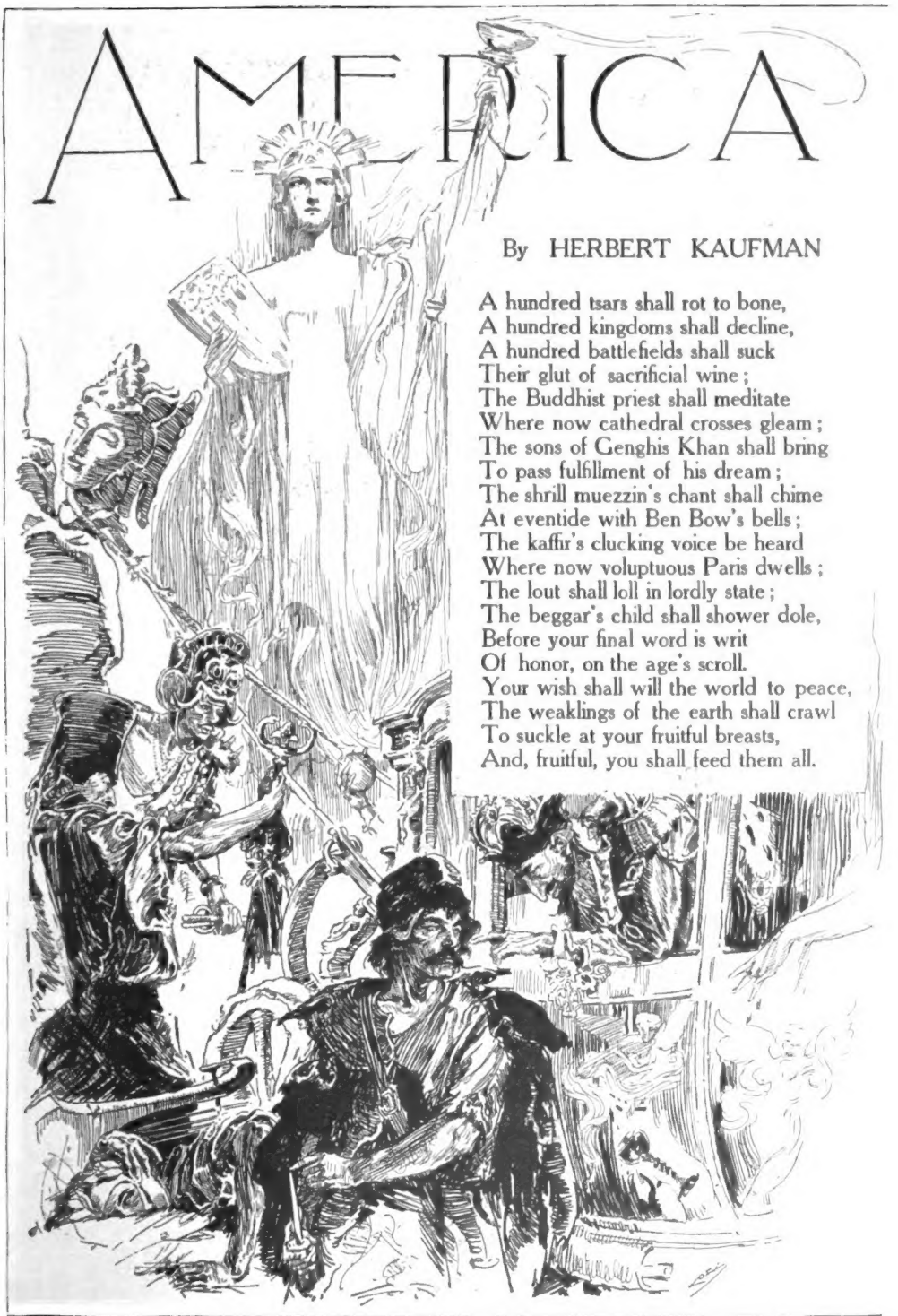
AMERICA

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

A hundred tsars shall rot to bone,
A hundred kingdoms shall decline,
A hundred battlefields shall suck
Their glut of sacrificial wine;
The Buddhist priest shall meditate
Where now cathedral crosses gleam;
The sons of Genghis Khan shall bring
To pass fulfillment of his dream;
The shrill muezzin's chant shall chime
At eventide with Ben Bow's bells;
The kaffir's clucking voice be heard
Where now voluptuous Paris dwells;
The lout shall loll in lordly state;
The beggar's child shall shower dole,
Before your final word is writ
Of honor, on the age's scroll.
Your wish shall will the world to peace,
The weaklings of the earth shall crawl
To suckle at your fruitful breasts,
And, fruitful, you shall feed them all.



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THE AMERICAN BOY.

NO. 11.—HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN SOCIETY; OR, NOT A PARLOR PET.

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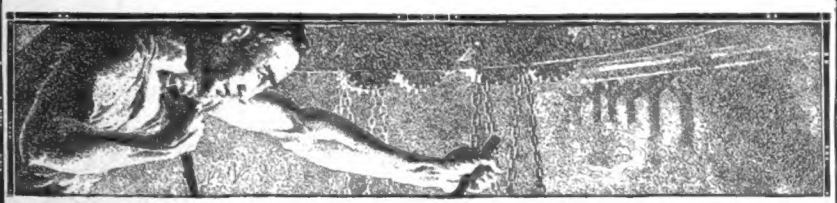
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII No. 1

JANUARY
1910



THE BLIND REVOLUTIONIST

BY ERNEST POOLE

WITH DECORATIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN BOYD

IN Chicago, by day and by night, in scenes crude, gigantic, melodramatic, you may gather a story, which is only the more impressive from the fact that its climax is still to be acted. How soon or in what form it will come—slow and steady or swift and chaotic, in peace or in war, for good or for evil—no man can tell. For this climax is to depend on the wisdom, the folly, the honor, the fraud, the deliberate thought, and the turbulent passions of eighty millions of people.

Beside me, on a little platform in the darkness, stood a man blackened with glittering dust, bending slightly forward, his hand on a lever, his face grimy and lean, and from under his old slouch hat his eyes impassive and quiet—watching. The platform quivered under our feet; the air throbbed with a deep, unending thunder; the space in front and below was alive with red, fantastic lights, impenetrable shadows; and beyond loomed three black tanks, so huge that the gangs of men below seemed tiny, scurrying demons. These tanks had funnel tops, and out of the funnels poured columns of flames—white, red, blue, and green; in sheets, in darting forks, in heavy, rolling billows. The man wrenched back a lever. . . . Slowly the tank on the left dipped forward on its axis, heaving out of its funnel a dazzling stream, which roared like some mammoth beast in a rage, breathing millions of sparks, and plunging down, hissing and crashing, into vessels made ready below. *This is the birth of Steel.*

Seeming alive—but blind. Wrenched out of the ground where it has lain rigid and dark for hundreds of thousands of years; hurled into the fire, and now thundering forth to be pounded and rolled into beams and rails and plates and bars, to be rushed out over the country cold and hard and glittering blue; to build skyscrapers, factories, banks, bridges, tunnels, and ships; to add to the two-hundred-thousand-mile web of the railroads; and, most vital of all, to make millions of busy machines of all kinds and sizes—buzzing, whirring, rattling, rumbling; seeming to be man's tool, but in reality his master; working, at terrific cost of human life, the deepest of all humanity's changes; sharp, untiring, mindless—*this is the Blind Revolutionist.*

I follow it out on its course.

At night, in a great Chicago railroad terminal, I watched from the window of the

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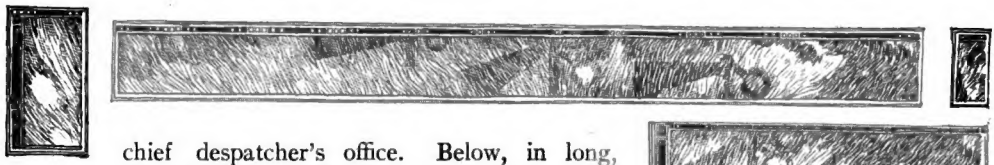

chief despatcher's office. Below, in long, gleaming bands, the rails of steel stretched out. A vast, shadowy field of tracks, covered with trains and dotted with lights—with yellow headlights of engines, with hundreds of dim, tiny switch-lanterns—blue and red, white and green—and with rows of quivering arc lights far above; while from a tower away in front one huge acetylene watcher cast its white stream here and there—like the blazing eye of some Titanic master. White columns of smoke rose from a hundred engines. Impatient blasts, shrill toots, shouts, low distant whistles, the sizzle of steam, the groanings and grindings of brakes, explosive puffings, the clang of bells—all going and coming—a discordant chaos of signals.

But up here all was quiet and tense and in order. The despatcher's eyes were bent on a long, intricate map of signal towers and stations. Listening to a quick, sharp, clicking succession of telegraphic reports, he was jotting down the exact progressive positions of some forty trains—from the slow, puffing freights to the sparkling "Twentieth Century." Forty trains for a hundred miles, approaching, receding, rushing on through the night—all under his will. His voice was easy and low, giving the orders that instantly went flashing out over the wires, to gleam from signal towers all along the line. Could you look at this map with his eyes, you would see the great "Limited" creep up on the common passenger trains before it, see these trains side-tracked one by one—in the nick of time; see these passengers in turn creep up on the freights—and again the side-tracking; see a constant shifting, adapting, cramming—all calculated moment by moment in flashes. No dull routine here. A ceaseless straining to keep each train rushing over its own allotted space at its own allotted moment; to reduce this year the number of injured and killed from its grim figure high up in the thousands. This, if possible, but above all else—speed! Swifter each year. The room was commonplace—quiet. But here is one of its stories:

One winter's night, forty miles up the line, a signalman was alone in his tower, one link in the human chain. For two days and nights, in the frame cottage below, his wife had lain sick with double pneumonia; and the worry had made him half crazed. At 11.30 she died. His little girl broke away from the nurse, ran up crying with fright, and told him. And at 11.35 the man lay unconscious at his post. . . . Two minutes later the despatcher called him, and received no answer. Five minutes later the tower on either side of his had orders to stop all trains. In twenty minutes a new operator had taken the sick man's place. More work on the wires. It wasn't a pleasant night; but the trains came through without a smash-up.

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In work like this it would be strange indeed if the despatcher ever stopped to consider the results of his labor. But these results are staggering. In the last decade how many millions of people have been rushed from the Old World's hamlets and farms into American factory cities and towns! *Carried by ships and engines of steel, to serve machines of steel.* Races that for thousands of years have lived apart, with different habits, customs, religions, and morals; Italians and Irish, Bohemians, Jews, Hungarians, Germans, Greeks, and Poles; thrifty and indigent, good and bad, pure and foul, honest and crooked—all suddenly hived together; their simple, slow, country habits changed to the swift and complex ways of city living. And not alone from Europe, but from American villages, ranches, and farms to-day tens of thousands of young men are coming. The tide sets in swifter year by year. What is to be the effect on the nation?

Back in the steel works, the man who stood at the lever had a story that is common all over America. Ten years before, he had been a peasant lad in a dull little village in Ireland. Drawn up and along by the emigrant tide, he had drifted to Chicago; and here in the works he had caught the true spirit of the place—which is to strain every nerve, and rise. He had risen. His pay was *ninety dollars a week.* He worked every night from six P.M. to six A.M., twelve vigilant hours. Watching those three mammoth tanks, by the tints and hues in their columns of flame he could tell just when to wrench back a lever; this he did over a hundred times in the night; and if he missed by so much as thirty seconds, he spoiled thousands of dollars' worth of steel. He never missed.

To hold this job is to jam the strength of a lifetime into fifteen years—at ninety dollars a week. The man recognized this as a matter of course, only qualifying it by the remark that he knew of a red-headed Scotchman at Homestead who had held it seventeen years before breaking. That his whole life had been changed, that the little Irish village, the misty bog and the hovels, were back in another age, on another planet—all this he felt vaguely, and summed it up, with a twinkle: "Shure," he said, "it's a terrible quick spin this ould wurld is afther takin'." But he loved the fiery job, called the huge tanks "me darlin's," and said he would rather be what he was than be President.

In America, in every station of life, how many men are jamming their active lives into a few swift years—and why? Machines, railroads, cities. But machines are multiplying, and cities are swelling, and the tension does not slacken, but tightens year by year. What is to be the effect on the nation?

With all this tension *some one must be gathering power.*

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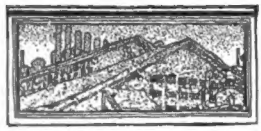
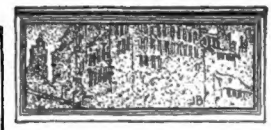




The manager of the works had a story. He had come here at sixteen, with a crude country-school education, and had gone on the night gang. He, too, had caught the spirit of the place. But *he* had used his American mind—watching, studying, thinking every detail out. And now at thirty-five he had reached the top.

I sat with him one day at the head of a long U-shaped table. Around it were sitting about sixty men: Germans, Scotch, Irish, Swedes, Americans, each man in charge of some part of the grimy square mile of buildings. Luncheon quickly despatched, they lit cigars and pipes—and then to business. Behind the manager, his secretary (writing in shorthand) was busy every moment. The leader's questions were sharp to the point, searching every man and every department. As he spoke *he seemed to bring each mill or shop before his eyes*, so intimate was his knowledge of every machine or furnace—its exact position, time of service, working power. And he had the same knowledge of men.

"I begin to see," I remarked, when the others had gone, "why America is beating England." His gray eyes twinkled.

"In Manchester," he said, "I watched 6,000 men paid off. It took seventeen clerks and all Saturday afternoon to do it. And I couldn't help smiling. 'Most extraordinary smile, that,' said the English manager. 'May I ask what you find so amusing?'

"'Come to our works,' I said, 'and you'll see.'

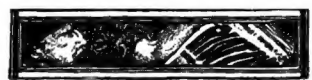
"He came. And he saw three boys of eighteen pay off 5,000 men in thirty-eight minutes—by machinery. One machine added, others dropped dollars and quarters and dimes into envelopes, others took each man's receipt. The Englishman stared. 'Most—most—extraordinary,' he stammered.

"'Now,' I said, 'go East, to Schenectady, and you'll see it done in fourteen minutes. They have the latest improvement.'"

This man each day bends all the strength of his keen, searching mind to the task of organizing men and machines into one solid unit—an economic despotism; while on Wall Street a small group of men, with minds even keener and bolder, are slowly compacting a hundred such units into one gigantic power—the Steel Trust.

How this converging of powers is to affect the nation may be more clearly shown in another scene of the drama:

At six o'clock on a smoky summer's morning, I watched some forty thousand men and women pour into the gates of the Stockyards. Irish and Germans, Bohemians, Slovaks, Lithuanians, Poles; gathered here to serve the machines that make ready the meat each day for fifty millions of people. Long, heavy freight trains impatiently jangled and jarred on either side, waiting to be off with their burdens; crowding them close came other trains bringing cattle and sheep and hogs—over fifty thousand to-day—penned and jammed, bellowing, bleating, grunting; while from the huge black chimneys silently rushed the smoke in billowy clouds, from furnaces kept white hot through the night—to be ready. All at once, pouring over the cries of the beasts and drowning them all, came the bellow of a siren, hoarse



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and thick and impatient; and in a moment, one by one, twenty other bellows joined in—till the air fairly quivered with the sound. The immigrant crowds hurried on. And soon you could hear, deep in the hearts of the buildings, a low grinding and crashing. The day's work had begun.

The whole American people depending on one trust for their daily meat—this is a revolution, indeed, from the simple, free days of the birth of the nation.

This organizing, centralizing process has wrought still deeper changes *in the working lives of half the American voters.*

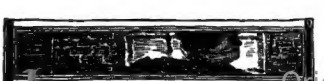
In one of the Trust's great, black meat mills, in a long, low room, two lines of men stood facing each other, working on something between them. I drew close behind one, a Polish giant with thick yellow hair, broad blunt face, and enormous round shoulders. His arms rose and fell with the steadiness of an automaton. In his hands was a long, shining cleaver of steel, and behind him stood a boy sharpening fresh cleavers, for the giant dulled one every few minutes. Edging cautiously in, I looked between the lines. Down a slide in the end of the room the stiff, frozen carcasses of hogs were tumbling to a moving platform of steel, coming smoothly forward; and as they came between the two lines, each man was chopping or slicing—each doing precisely his own chop or slice. The giant's cleaver descended apparently without vigor or care, but it always struck between two specific ribs, and it always clove the carcass clean in two. "If he misses by a tenth of an inch," said my guide, "he spoils it."

Some nights later I sat with the big Pole on the back porch of his cottage, in the light of the dull little moon that peeped over the top of a massive chimney. As he slowly puffed his pipe, his broad face grew serious.

"I been thinking sometimes hard," he said, "how my job is change. Twenty year ago in my village in Poland I was one whole butcher. I kill de cow an' I pull off his hide an' I cut him up an' I sell him. De same I do for de pig an' de sheep. Only my two brudders help me." He stopped and looked at me impressively. "I was one whole butcher," he repeated.

"Den I come to Chicago here. An' now what has happen? Very slow dis packing-house where I work, he grow full of *leetle* jobs. My job he grow more and more leetle. I myself—not one whole butcher now. No cows, no sheeps—only pigs for me. An' not even one whole pig. I make only maybe ten cuts—an' I must cut very quick. Den only five cuts—an' I must cut very quicker. Den only two. An' now only one cut I make—an' I go so quick I race! So for maybe ten year I make dis one cut on de pig, sometime 800 in one day, sometime 820. An' now I am only good for dis one-cut job.

"Dis job I can get only in dose big packing-houses. An' de mens who own dose houses—now dey come togedder in de Trust. An' de Trust, he is my boss, you bet! Because he is de only man in America who can give me my job. If he say, 'Get out from de job,' I get out. If he say, 'Make



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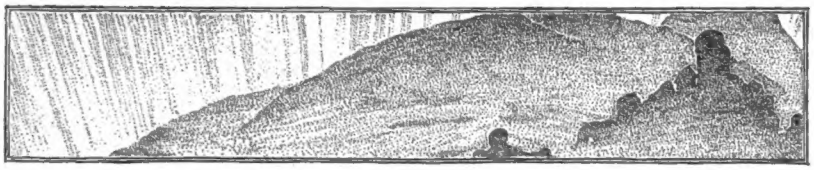

de job more fast,' I make. If he say, 'Do not have such high pay,' I do not. So de Trust is boss."

He puffed fast for a moment, thinking hard.

"Sometimes," he said, "I like so hard to be my own free boss, I say inside of my head, 'Jan, you go back to Poland quick, an' you learn again to be one whole butcher.' But soon I laugh at myself. Because here I make four dollar in one day, I buy my own house, I send all my kids to school, an' my two big boys dey work in stores downtown. An' I like my boys an' I like to walk in de night in de Chicago streets. So I will not go back. An' I am glad I am here." Again he stopped and thought. "But my job is so damn leetle!" he ended.

How many millions of men have had their jobs steadily narrowed in the past twenty years—by the Blind Revolutionist?

The Machine is fast working a second change, which reaches deep into the very home itself.

In the heart of the crowded West Side, in a big, square room, brightly lighted by arc lights, filled with the whir and the buzz of machines, I found sixty-two women and three men—making gloves. I had come to talk with a young slip of a girl, the local leader of the glovemakers' union. And this is what she told me:

"Five years ago there were sixty-two *men* and only three of us girls. The boss made us work regular sweat-shop hours, and the pay was very bad. So we girls wanted to start a union. Well, the sixty-two men—being cowards—only grinned. Then what happened? The boss found that girls could run the machines just as well as men, and he *thought* women would be meek and take even lower pay. So he put in more girls. He kept at it till now only *three* men are left! But we girls were not meek at all! We started our union; we have made him let us out every night at six o'clock, and raise our wages to over seven dollars a week! And now"—she smiled a cruel, mocking smile at the three men in the corner, and added sweetly: "We girls are so strong we can protect our three men. We have shortened their hours too, and raised their wages. . . . Poor things."

Poor things, indeed! To the male mind it is a startling prospect. In America in the past ten years, as the jobs have grown more narrow and simple, over three millions of women have been put to work in factories, mills, and shops. And of these nearly a million are mothers and wives. This tide sets swifter year by year. How many millions more are to leave the home for the factory? And what is to be the effect on the nation?

The Machine has worked a third change. It has stirred up discontent:

The great meat strike of 1904 had reached its climax. The Trust had made certain promises, the people had agreed, and all one evening the streets of Packingtown had been crowded with men and women and children, talking fast in many tongues, all feeling in a blind sort of way that they had won their struggle, that the threatened reduction in wages was not to be made, and—most important of all—that work and pay were to begin again on the morrow.

The morrow came. The forty thousand poured through the gates. And from my room close by the union headquarters I looked down into empty, peaceful streets, at the beginning of a sultry August day. From the huge packing-houses came the regular low hum and roar.

But suddenly there rose another sound—furious, swiftly swelling. Down the street from the gates came crowds running—in tens, then in hundreds, and in thousands! I ran out and up into the union headquarters. The strike leader, the man who had built the

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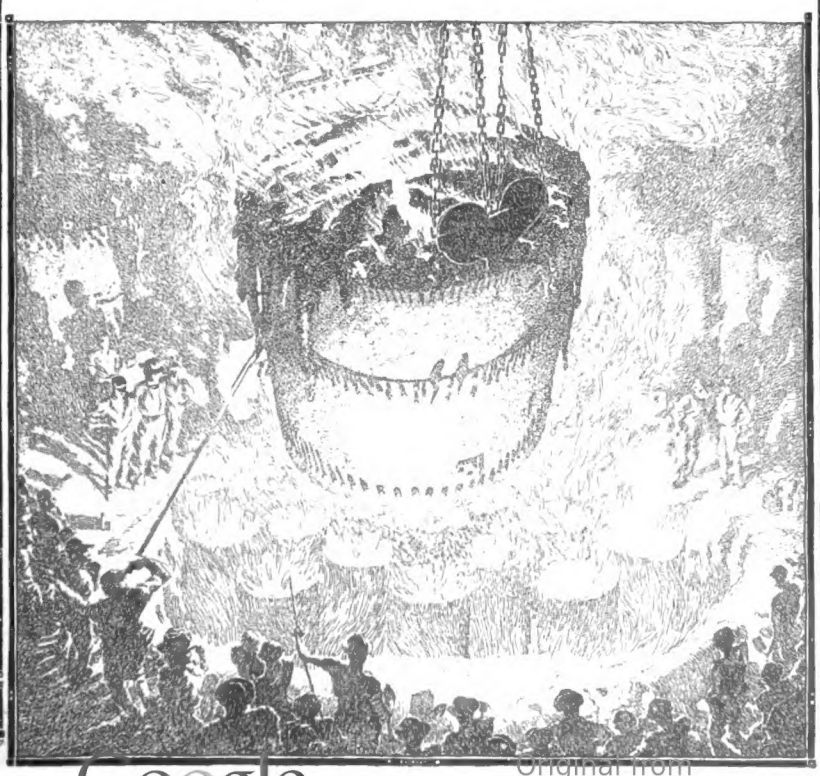
union and guided it through the struggle—was now very quiet. For his dilemma was terribly simple. At the packing-house doors thousands of the workers had been refused admittance, hundreds of the women had been insulted by under-bosses. And, whether rightly or wrongly, the great ignorant mass of immigrants, most of them unable to speak English, felt they had been duped. The feeling had risen to a frenzy. And now under their leader's window moved thousands of faces as far as one could see. Arms tossing, eyes blazing, and cries rising into a perfect bedlam of rage! . . . The leader gave in. And so began the second strike, bitter and hopeless, dragging on through the weeks—to defeat.

Rising discontent in factory towns and in cities. It cannot be denied that one cause of this is actual suffering; for in the lowest stratum of American labor are a million families struggling to subsist on from five to eight dollars a week, while the trusts raise the prices of coal, meat, oil, and most of the other necessities. But hard as the struggle is here, it is not so bitter as it was in the Old World's famine districts, whence most of these laborers came. *The main cause of the discontent is not that the people have less; it is that the people want more. And this applies not only to manual workers but to people of all classes.* Among farmers, clerks, lawyers, doctors, tradesmen, salaried people of all kinds—everywhere through the nation you can see the discontent rising. And this is made more intense by the Two Great Modern Agitators, both created by Steel—the Department Store and the Daily Newspaper.

In front of Chicago's shops are miles and miles of solid glass. Windows are set far out as though reaching for attention, brilliantly lighted, dazzling, rich in scenic backgrounds, like little theatre stages—showing forth the end of



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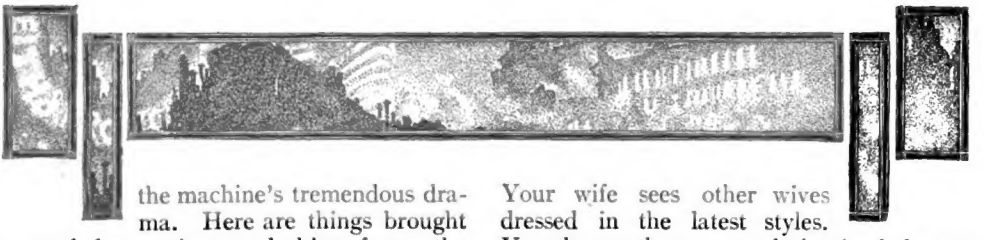

the machine's tremendous drama. Here are things brought by steel locomotives and ships from the remotest corners of the world: old Persian rugs, Bohemian lace, Paris gowns and hats, Russian furs, Irish linen, German toys, Japanese screens, Mexican vases, Navajo blankets. What is there to-day that the machine cannot copy? Hats, shoes, shirts, chairs, tables, stoves, beds, baby clothes, and cradles; vases, clocks, violins—and the very music itself pressed into machines. Things, things, things! And how tastefully displayed; for scores of men are constantly planning these windows; one head window-man here is paid $12,000 a year—just to tempt women's eyes! Pretty young girls, wives, anxious mothers with children—all are watching and buying and charging. Oh, ye husbands and fathers, you must either smash these windows or else you must work faster, make more money. (And heaven help you to keep out of graft and petty speculations.) For the times have changed. Machines of steel are pouring out millions of things; ships and engines of steel are rushing them hither. And though you be but an immigrant laborer fresh from a peasant hamlet—your wife will soon take notice.

One night on Halsted Street I watched a young Italian woman before a big, gaudy shop window. On her head was a bright, red-flowered shawl, home-made; in the window were dozens of dazzling hats, factory-made. And the woman looked a long time. She turned quickly and went in. I waited, patiently, for the climax of my story. And sure enough: Out she came triumphant, painfully balancing on the top of her head a gorgeous creation of pink and blue flowers. Now let the American shopgirls make eyes at her own Giovanni! No more should he look ashamed of his peasant Maria!

So it works in all classes. Your wife sees other wives dressed in the latest styles. You also see them, you admire (and she sees you admire). So she buys, and you are glad when you see her decked out. (Only now you must work harder.) She sees all around her other mothers buying dresses and breeches and coats and hats for their children. Will she be behind? And you—are you not glad to see your youngsters dressed as well as the others? (Only now you must work harder.)

Each year there are more show windows, each year they grow more dazzling. But even more effective than the department store is the other agitator.

As the sparkle and rush of the evening comes on, stand close to the lower windows of a big newspaper office. The ground throbs under your feet; from within comes a swift, low rumbling; the great steel presses are working at top speed. All day thousands of men have been straining to get news—in cities and towns and hamlets all over the world, but most of all in cities—stories of graft, speculation, and fraud; *the latest sensations in swift money-spending*—ten people consuming a thousand-dollar dinner, one woman wearing $50,000 worth of jewels; dances, automobiles, divorces, magnificent weddings. The news is gathered in desperate haste, flashed over wires, arranged by the editors, crisp and yellow to dazzle in their paper show windows; and now it pours forth, a broad, endless band of white paper, gliding in and out through the huge steel machines, and tumbling finally, already folded—to be seized by that howling mob of newsboys.

A reporter friend of mine once unearthed a story of graft so fat and rich that even in this yellow age he knew it would startle the city, would be a "beat" on the rival papers. As he hurried toward the office he sketched the story in his head; saw the headlines, the most vivid paragraphs;

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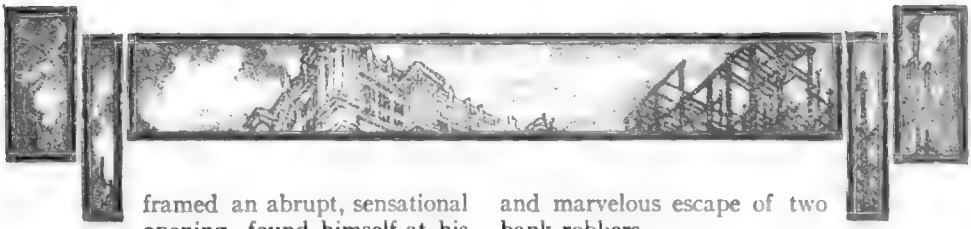

framed an abrupt, sensational opening, found himself at his city editor's desk, and told it quickly. A moment the editor stared. Then his eyes snapped.

"Dictate it," he said, "to the linotype! You know how quick!" The reporter ran down to the clanking, clattering composing room; stood by a linotype machine and dictated his story. The operator clicked it off on his keys; as each sentence was spoken it was stamped into molten lead. And twenty minutes later a hundred urchins sped off down the streets shrieking the headlines.

One hour later, who was reading that story of graft? And who was reading all the other sensations of quick money-making and spending? And what effect was it all having?

I knew a little Austrian lad who lives in a tenement. His parents had been in this country only a year. The father, a tailor, had learned already a little sweat-shop English; the mother, only a few broken words. But how proud they were of little Joseph. He went to school, he played ball in a vacant lot, he could speak English fast (queer English!). And he could read it, too.

Every night after supper he read the paper to his parents, making comments. One evening I was there and heard him.

"Hi!" he cried. "Here is one smart man!" He read a long story of a new trust that had been formed. The father proudly, painfully, absorbed it in English, throwing brief translations over at the wife, who was washing her dishes.

"Vell!" cried Joseph at the end, "ain't it fine?"

His father nodded doubtfully.

Then in rapid succession Joseph read of the exposure of a fake mine swindler; the marriage of a famous speculator's daughter to a German baron; and last, the arrest and marvelous escape of two bank robbers.

"Fine!" he chuckled. "Smart mens; dey don't get caught!"

And then both parents, quite bewildered, still proud, but somewhat anxious, looked to me for confirmation. "He read—all dis—true?" asked the father.

"Read it true?" cried Joseph, with a shrewd, delighted wink at me. "He t'inks I don't read true!" Then he poked his father in the ribs. "Vell, old man," he repeated. "Vot you t'ink? Ain't it fine? Ain't it? You shoost vait! I got some schemes. Soon ve all get rich!"

"Vot schemes you got?" asked the father anxiously. "No badness—no badness!" But little Joseph only chuckled.

"You shoost vait!" he said.

Meanwhile the mother had finished her dishes, had taken the paper, and was looking eagerly at the advertising columns. Pictures of things, things, things!

And for all classes of American readers—pictures of things and deeds and adventures and travels. What happiness money can bring! So says the store, and so shouts the newspaper. Both are swiftly increasing. And the hunger for money is sharper now than in any other age of the world. What is to be the effect on the nation?

In a quiet room, bare and spotless, stood a man dressed in white. His suit was stained with blood. His face was pale, but happy. When he saw me he turned and grinned. "How's the yellow journalist?"

"How's the famous surgeon? Dead tired, aren't you?"

"That's about it." He dropped into a chair.

The next moment a surprising thing happened. An elderly man rushed in, his face white, his eyes shining. The surgeon rose quickly and they went into the hall,

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and there I heard broken words; and—a man sobbing. The surgeon came back.

"Well," he said quietly, "now for some Christian clothes. How would a wild melodrama strike you for this evening?"

"Delighted. But, tell me, who was your friend?"

"There's no story for you here. Simply a husband. I've just had a most interesting three hours' operation on his wife, and was able to save her life. That's all."

At supper we had a long talk. I told him what I had found in tracing the Blind Revolutionist's work. "Well," he said quietly. "I am the end of your story."

I stared at him. "How do you make that out?"

"*First*, I am a product of your Blind Revolutionist. My implements are of steel; I studied from books printed on steel presses; and to study more, I traveled on railroads and ships of steel. In fact, I'd be nothing without it. And this is true of all scientists who are solving the world's problems.

"*Second*, I am the end of your Blind Revolutionist, because it is the job of science to remove the blindness. It's a slow job, and a big one, and already there are several millions of men working at it. Divide them into two classes—A and B. *Class A studies the body of a man*, and finds certain diseases the effects of crowding into cities, of tense, nervous living, of narrow, swift, 'leetle' jobs. We make our diagnosis and start out to cure. *Class B studies the body of society*, and finds that the same crowding, speeding up, narrow jobs, show windows, and newspapers, have all combined to produce certain social diseases, such as graft, speculation, class bitterness, strikes. Also, most interesting of all, we find your Blind Revolutionist has brought back the oldest of all social plagues, Despotism, on a magnificent scale: creating new kings who are fast becoming more powerful than any in history—the money monarchs. And, as usual, the millions of people beneath are growing restless . . . That is the diagnosis."

"And the cure?" I asked him.

"A scientist," he said, "deals in facts, not in prophecies."

LA BELLA MERCEDES

A Story of the Southern Andes

By WILLIAM BULFIN

Author of "Tales of the Pampas," "El Reservao," "La Quemazón," etc.

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

TWO great lines of towering poplars, quivering in the hot sun-glow under a cloudless sky, and, between them, a wide, uneven thoroughfare, fetlock deep in dust and sand, fringed on either side by straggling, flat-roofed adobe houses in the unadorned drab of their sun-baked clay. It was the town of San Ramon in Lower Cuyo, set amidst the rank verdure of an oasis to which the waters of a mountain river gave life in the heart of one of the deserts of the southern Andes. Here and there between the tree trunks, purple vistas of flowering alfalfa meadows melted into green stretches of vineyard; and through rifts in the tall screen of summer foliage the white peaks of El Cerro Nevado could be seen floating in the southern blue.

On the grassy banks of the watercourses, groups of men and women were encamped, others were unsaddling horses and mules, and in the tapering perspectives, limned by the noble lines of trees, there were dust clouds raised by parties of travelers converging on the town.

San Ramon was about to hold high festival because Don Emilio Ortega had paid it a visit after an absence of twenty years, and had invited his fellow-citizens to celebrate the auspicious occasion at his personal expense.

"It may be that he has come back to make politics, our Don Emilio," said the fellow citizens aforesaid, "for, look you, it is the way of such men. But it is all the same. The feasting will be free, and that is a great thing."

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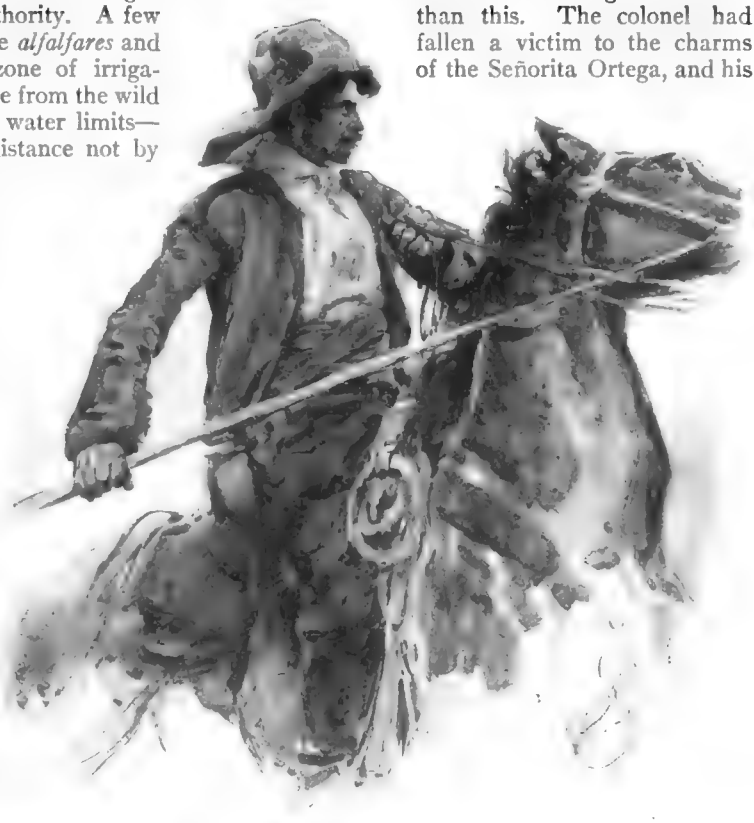
Don Emilio had indeed returned to "make politics." That is to say, he had returned to organize an armed revolt against the provincial government. The feasting was but a means to an end—a bait to lure the fighters. His guests were not people to trouble themselves greatly about the motives underlying his hospitality. They knew nothing about politics; and, in any case, their active sympathies would, on general principles, go out to warfare of whatever kind waged against constituted authority. A few of them were from the *alfalfares* and vineyards within the zone of irrigation. But the rest were from the wild places far beyond the water limits—men who measured distance not by miles or leagues, but by hours or days of riding—cattle troopers from the Andine passes into Chile, herders and trackers from the valley of the Atuel, and hunters from the no-man's land around the head waters of the Rio Colorado. Word had been passed among them that they would be made welcome to a free revel in San Ramon, and they were now assembling, hairy, dusty, picturesque, with jangle of heavy spurs and chatter of Cuyano Spanish, along the desert ways.



THE DARE-DEVIL FACE, WITH ITS FLASHING EYES, BARE TO THE LIGHT.

"This great concourse is of a hopefulness, my colonel," said Don Emilio to the fierce-looking army officer who stood beside him in the adobe porch of the Hotel Nacional.

"Promising material, yes," agreed the colonel, "and the horses and mules, I notice, are in good marching condition. On the whole, there seems to be cannon meat of the right kind here in plenty. But, speaking of another matter, what has become of the ladies?" and he gave the visor of his *kepis* a more rakish slant.

"They are resting after the fatigue of the long journey in that jolting diligence," explained Don Emilio; "but they will appear presently, no doubt."

The ladies alluded to were the wife and daughter of Señor Ortega, who had accompanied him on his mission. "Their presence will be an element most useful in the campaign," he had grandiloquently informed his associates. "They will be of a potency in harvesting the sympathy popular." But there was a weightier reason than this. The colonel had fallen a victim to the charms of the Señorita Ortega, and his head had been turned to the extent of causing him to desert his command in the army and agree to act as general of the revolution, in the hope of appealing to her heart.

Don Emilio Ortega was playing a game of life or death; and his daughter was one of his trumps. Her beauty was proverbial from Buenos Aires to Salta, and, for a season, had been one of the sensations of Paris. This was her first visit to San Ramon, and already the people were at her feet. They were calling her La Bella Mercedes.

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"Like the sun rising out of snow! That is how beautiful she is," said an enthusiast who had seen her on her arrival the evening before, "and, Señores, I declared it aloud," he added, "so that she could hear it, and, make me the obsequiousness to believe it, Señores, she smiled, and made such a bow! And Don Emilio he gave me his hand and called me his friend."

"A very affable man, our Don Emilio, *muy caballero* in his manner," commented the others who were discussing the incident; "but not without twists, eh?"

They knew something about him, for he had begun life in the district as the son of poor and not conspicuously honest parents of the *gaucho* class. Primary education, imparted to him by the *cura*, had changed his syntax, but it had not changed his blood. *Gaucho* blood can be good and bad, like every other. It was bad in him. He blossomed into an officer of rural police in his early youth, and used the sabres of his men for many lawless purposes. When they had cut a road for him into political life, he left San Ramon for wider fields, and, in course of time, married the daughter of a wealthy cattle dealer. After that his rise had been rapid, and for years his luck had held. But fortune had turned at last, and a wave of political adversity had carried him within sight of the rocks. The only hope that remained to him now was to hoist himself into power by a revolution, and then dip his hands to the wrists in the spoils of office. Wherefore his descent on San Ramon.

In the shelter of a canebrake, behind the poplars, on the western verge of the town, Doña Amalia Ramirez had been encamped very quietly for the past two days, awaiting her son, Carmelino; and now that he had come, she was affectionately bestirring herself to cook his breakfast. She was of the desert, and a power in the valleys between the Payén and the Llancanello—weaver of guanaco ponchos, dealer in ostrich feathers and skins of jaguar and puma, and the friend of many men who lived outside the law—a woman of middle age, tall and straight and light of foot, and with a look in her dark eyes which bade defiance to the works and pomps of civilization. Carmelino, her only child, was also from the wilds, born in a mountain cave after his father had been shot by the police, and reared by her to the desert life—herder, hunter, tracker and tamer of horses; with the face of a desert god, and the carriage of a mountain stag.

When he had finished attending to his horses and pack mule, he stretched himself restfully on the grass, breast downward, his chin on his hands, and watched his mother with a smile as she placed a juicy strip of fresh beef on the embers of the little fire over which her camping kettle was already boiling.

"This great Señor Ortega must be going to give a function here of a splendor to make the hair curl with admiration," he remarked, "since it has brought you to San Ramon after who knows how many years."

"Twenty-one last June," she said, "and I would have left the grave to come."

He laughed in amusement, showing strong, white teeth which flashed like polished ivory against the soft beard of youth that shaded the russet-olive of his features.

"You must be growing young, then, my mother, to make a three days' ride to a feasting."

"There is more than feasting to be done here," she said, with a grim smile. "Do not figure to yourself that I sent after you all the way to the Planchon just to come and spend the time in feasting. No, my son, it was for something else."

"The very thing my patron, the Chilean mule buyer, said to me. 'Go back at once, my Carmelino,' he said. 'I know her. She would not send for you unless for something of bulk—something of gravity, eh?'"

"He had reason!"

"But what is it, then?"

"A man's work—that is what I have for you. You are a man now, you know—turned twenty-one, is it not?"

"True. But, *caramba!* what do you call the work of taking a troop of raw mules through the Chilean passes? What work have you here for me that is manlier?"

"You will know very soon—to-night or to-morrow, perhaps, but not now. *Paciencia!*"

He knew her too well to waste breath in pressing for further explanation just then; so he leisurely enjoyed the cup of *maté* which she gave him, and meditated.

"Don Lopez of the Malargue and his brother have sent to tell me that they are coming," she said, turning the meat on the embers. "And the Trin-Trica men with the boys from the Nehuel are on the way to us also."

"*La Maula!*" he exclaimed, sitting up in

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surprise at the news. "What is bringing them?" He knew the breed, and inferred that their emergence from the wilds meant business of some drastic nature.

"And Carreras will be here, all the way from Payén, before evening," she added, without noticing his question.

"Santa Maria! Why is *he* coming?"

"Because I sent for him. I sent for them all. For years I have served them as a friend, and now they are coming to do a service for me."

"But in what way?"

"In the way I tell them. They have not asked me any questions. They say they are at my disposal, and that is enough. When I tell them the service I want of them, they will give it; and that is how I like, eh?"

He understood that he had been sharply admonished not to overwork his curiosity, so he lay down again and, turning over on his back, closed his eyes.

Before his breakfast was ready, he went to the stream and washed luxuriously, drying his mop of black hair with his poncho and combing it with his fingers. He completed his toilet by changing his travel-stained working clothes for the gala dress of a Cuyano horseman, and, having ceremoniously shared his meal with his mother strolled into the town.

He passed from group to group along the street, exchanging a few words occasionally with the men, and touching the leaf of his hat politely to the desert maidens who smiled at him in coy admiration.

"Perhaps," said one of them to him, roguishly, "you are going to visit the high society to-day, you are such a *caballero*"—alluding to his holiday attire—"or who knows but you are going to salute La Bella Mercedes herself?"

"Who is she?" he asked, carelessly, for he had not heard of her before.

"Who indeed! Why, the daughter of Don Emilio—the beautiful one without an equal in the world, as they tell. She is the patroness of the sport of to-morrow. She is to preside at *la sortija*, and the prize she is giving is a pure-bred racer of fame, that has no rival from Mendoza to Neuquen. You will compete, of course?"

"*Quién sabe?*" he answered, with a smile, and passed on.

He was a man in a thousand, to look at, as he walked along the dusty street in his short, braided jacket, loose trousers of black cloth, and glazed topboots. A white silk neckerchief was knotted loosely around his bare, strong throat, and the soft hat was tilted back from his forehead, showing the dark locks clustering over the steady, unflinching eyes. There were many scores of riders in the town dressed in the same fashion; yet, compared with him, their picturesqueness dwindled into the commonplace. This was not because of his handsome, swarthy face, nor was it because of the air of reckless daring which went so well with his sinewy build and height. It was because, in some intimate and intense degree, he seemed to belong to the desert life—to be the desert's very own—instinct with its primordial spirit.

When he arrived at the Hotel Nacional, he joined a crowd of people who were examining the magnificent points of a raking dark bay thoroughbred which was tied to one of the hitching posts.

"It is the prize which the daughter of Don Emilio is giving for *la sortija* of to-morrow," he was told when he asked about the horse, and the man who told him added:—"Look at the mark, comrade!—the Half Moon of the famous Menchaca breed. It was never burned upon a bad thing yet. This one has still to see the tail of the animal able to leave him behind. He was presented to the señorita—La Bella Mercedes, they call her—last year by a young fellow in Buenos Aires who afterward shot himself for love of her. Ah, the women, comrade, the women! Tremendous, no?"

"Horses interest me more," said Carmelino, with his sunny smile, and was about to make a closer inspection of the racer, when a sudden movement among the people around him arrested his attention, and he observed that the looks of all were centered upon one of the windows of the hotel which was at that moment being opened.

"Now, yes!" cried several voices eagerly. "She appears at last." Then there was a great clapping of hands and shouts of—"*Viva La Bella Mercedes!*"

His heart stood still for a moment, then bounded as it had never bounded before, and throbbed with a quickened, impetuous beat. A girl stood on the adobe balcony, shading her eyes with her hand and looking down the street. She was dressed in a flowing morning costume of some white and clinging material which added to the singular attractions of her face and figure. Her rounded arms were bare from above the elbow, and

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her neck rose column-like from a mesh of creamy lace, gathered low at the throat, over a bunch of flaring poppies. Her beauty was dazzling, ravishing, and strident. It had no spiritual quality. It was the voluptuous beauty of form and color, coarse in grain, sensuous, exuberant—full red lips, great dark eyes flashing over deep circles of shadow, from under long lashes, and wide, upward-sweeping curves of lustrous, dusky hair, coiled high over the forehead like a diadem of jet.

The crowd freely discussed her, praising her in broad terms which another would have found intolerable. But this girl, with the *gaucho* strain in her nature, deliberately courted their admiration, and it gladdened her through and through. She had been educated with the daughters of proud old families with whom the very refinement of personal modesty and delicacy was a cult. But environment and training had been powerless to silence the voices which shouted to her senses from the blood of the desert generations. Ever since she had left the convent, three years previously, she had lived largely for the pleasure of feeling upon her the hungry gaze of men.

"*Alma mia!*" exclaimed her mother peevishly, behind her. "Why do you stand there in the sun? You will be toasted to the color of a tomato."

Mercedes threw her hands carelessly on the railing of the balcony and, half turning, said :—"They are so interesting, these *gauchos* of the desert! Will you not come and look at them, encamped along the street, like the gypsies we saw in the towns of the Spanish mountains last year? And the scenery, too, is splendid—come and see."

"Foolish!" chided the Señora Ortega, who was city-bred and cordially detested the desert and its people, likewise the dire political necessity which had brought her to San Ramon. "What interest can one take in a parcel of unspeakable savages? And as for the scenery, uff!—an ash heap!"

"But, *mamita mia!* how you talk. To me this San Ramon is lovely. It wins upon me at every moment. I find in it a something appealing—something I cannot express."

She spoke partly in willfulness. Yet there was more in her words than the mere expression of a passing caprice. For they came out of some strange new consciousness that had rushed upon her, in the surge of an unfathomable longing, with the first sight of the yellow sand dunes, and the sun-thrashed leagues of scrub, and the immeasurable distances, rolling in long, swinging waves of immensity into the blues and purples of the slopes that were crowned by the snow eternal.

"Such imbecility!" commented her mother scornfully, "and such taste! And for the love of Heaven, child, do not stay there any longer. Do you not observe how those savages gape and grin? See that tall one there," meaning Carmelino, "see how he has fastened his eyes upon you! The insolent! The shameless! Come in at once."

Mercedes shrugged her beautiful shoulders and laughed. Then her dark eyes swept down upon the crowd in amused, half-scornful curiosity, glanced for a moment at the upturned faces, and met the concentrated gaze of Carmelino. It held her, pierced her, thrilled her, defied her, implored her all at once; and when at length her lashes fell before it, she felt it upon her still. Moved by some wild impulse beyond her control, she sought it again, and it sent the hot blood back from her heart to her throat and cheeks and brow; and her proud head bent with a shame which stung, yet filled her with a wild abandon. Once more her eyes went to his. And this time it was as if a flame had leaped into flame.

She drew back the next moment in tremulous confusion, and shut the window. Another round of plaudits rose from the crowd, but she had no ears for it. There was something clamoring in her heart that deafened her, something that had never resounded there until now.

"Bravo!" cried her father, who, followed by the colonel, entered the room at that moment. "Did I not say how it would be! There is an enthusiasm delirious!"

The colonel was secretly infuriated that she should look for and receive the admiration of the mob. But he hid his jealousy under a smile and a bow. "Your beauty lays all hearts in the dust," he said.

Outside, on the street, Carmelino looked around him as if awakened from a dream. He tarried for a while in the hope of again beholding the vision which had entranced him. But it did not appear; and, with a wistful parting glance at the closed window, he turned listlessly away.

He strayed, without heeding whither, through the vineyards and past the alfalfa meadows which encircled the town, and into a wooded hollow, leading out to the great solitudes that stretch to the feet of the Andes

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HER DARK EYES MET THE CONCENTRATED GAZE OF CARMELINO.

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over blue waves of distant foothills. Here he threw himself on the ground and, with his eyes fixed dreamily on the desert, his soul, as untamed as the desert winds, matched itself against the artificial complexities of life. Passion never enters a heart like his in driblets. It had come to him like the sudden sweep of a mountain torrent after the thunderstorm has spent itself in a deluge on the peaks above. He gave no thought to the social barriers which civilization has raised between the smoke-grimed desert hut and the city palace. He had seen a maiden whose beauty filled him with a burning desire to possess her; and, after the look that passed between them, the only problem to be solved by his primitive philosophy of life was: how to make her his own.

He turned it over in his mind during the hot hours of the siesta, and when the cool breath of the hills came down across the plains in the late afternoon he was still there, thinking. It was the sound of voices, near at hand, mingled with the drumming of hoof-strokes on the hard ground, that brought him to his feet, at last. A bridle path passed close to where he had been lying, and, looking cautiously through the canes that bordered it, he saw several people on horseback riding toward him. At the head of the cavalcade rode La Bella Mercedes, on her dark bay thoroughbred. Immediately behind her was the colonel, followed by her father and a group of young people of San Ramon, sons and daughters of "the high commerce," who had organized a *cabalgata* in honor of their distinguished visitors, from which they were now returning at a walk.

From his place of concealment in the canes Carmelino watched them closely, and the slowness of their pace enabled him to observe that the expression of the Señorita Ortega was pensive and abstracted, and that she paid no heed to the merry chatter going on behind her. Just before she came abreast of where he was standing, the colonel rode up beside her, and at the same moment her father reined in his horse, leaving them to go on alone. They passed within a few feet of him, and he was, therefore, near enough to hear the colonel saying:—

"Why so distrait and sad all day, while everything goes so well? Our triumph is now assured. All is ready. When we announce the revolution to-morrow night, no less than eight hundred men will be ours. Then, dear charmer, I shall win a victory to lay at your feet——"

They were out of earshot by this time; but he had heard enough.

"The soldier man with the lover tone in his voice wants her, too," he said to himself as he sauntered back to town, after the party had ridden out of sight. "Well, we are going to see about it, yes! And as to this business that is to be announced to-morrow night—this revolution—Ah, my soul! to-morrow night there will be Troy!"

When a citizen in Carmelino's walk of life prophesies that there will be Troy, it means that he senses some approaching upheaval which will shake the toenails off society.

An hour later, he made a circuit of the Hotel Nacional, in quest of La Bella Mercedes and of an opportunity to have private speech with her. He found both. Something white caught his eye as he was passing an opening in the tall ligustrum hedge which surrounded the *quinta;* and, looking in, he saw her. She was seated on a bench under the arching vines which sheltered one of the walks. Her hands were locked behind her head, and her face showed traces of deep and cheerless musing. She was quite alone.

He promptly opened for himself a passage through the hedgerow and stood before her, uncovered. She rose hastily at his approach, with a fluttering heart, and with the telltale flush in her cheeks, yet with an imperious glance of inquiry. He spoke to her with slow, deliberate clearness, but in tones very low and caressing.

"Of you and nothing but you have I thought in all the hours since this morning," he said. "No matter where I look, it is all the same. I see nothing but your eyes burning upon mine."

Instinct, born of her up-bringing and the social atmosphere to which she belonged, told her to leave him there and then. But a wild, compelling witchery had laid its thrall upon her from the moment her eyes had encountered his across the sunshine of the street; and it was to its behest she listened now. It called to her to stay. Still, and because she was a woman, she threw up her head and flashed a haughty look at him as she asked:—"Who are you?"

He smilingly ignored her manner, and answered with the untaught gallantry of his people, which, like their remnant of old-world stateliness, is a heritage from the Spanish cavaliers:—"I am Carmelino Ram-

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irez, your humble servant who kisses your feet. And I have the happiness to know your name, for I heard them call you La Bella Mercedes. It has been singing in my heart ever since, because it is a sweetness, a music—Mercedes! Mercedes!—like a song it is."

For a moment her eyes fell before his; but she forced herself to raise them again as she demanded:—"How is it you dare to address me like this?"

"Ah, dare, did you say? I would dare all things in this life and the next only to hear you speak to me."

Every convention of the world from which she had come demanded of her that she should not tarry with him a moment longer. But the glamour of the undisciplined world on the verge of which she stood wooed her to remain. The two worlds were separated only by a generation; and across that narrow frontier the desert had spoken to her, in its own way, from the very hour that had brought her within reach of its voice. It was speaking to her now with a tenfold force because the man before her was the desert itself incarnate—elemental, forceful, alluring, with the desert strength in his will, and its mystery and sorcery in his eyes. When she spoke to him again, the hauteur in her mien was belied by the tremor of her accents.

"What do you want?"

"To tell you that I understood."

"Understood what?"

"All you said to me this morning."

"You must be dreaming."

"You mean that you have never seen me before?"

Under his searching gaze the color blazed suddenly into her face, then left it again as the breath-cloud vanishes from glass. She was unable to utter the lie which rose to her lips.

"I tell you again you must be dreaming," she insisted. "How should I know you?" But her eyes refused to meet his, and she listened to him with down-bent head as he said:

"What does it matter that we have never seen each other before to-day? Our destiny has spoken, and that is enough. It was a mystery to me at first, and a pain, and an anger; because one cannot think of things, so close to the houses and the noise. But it explained itself to me as I thought over it out yonder on the verge of the silent place where I belong," and he pointed to the southward, where the desert lay. "It is all clear to me now, and it will be clear to you very soon."

"What will?" she asked, regarding him again.

"Our road," he replied. "Destiny has fixed it for us, and it must be traveled." It was his way of enunciating the doctrine of fatalism which was part of their common blood.

She must have been anticipating a more definite answer to her question, for she said, "You speak in riddles."

But he would not elucidate; and it was of another matter that he spoke next.

"You were riding a bay horse this afternoon. Is it true that you will give him as a prize to the winner of *la sortija* to-morrow?"

"Yes, it is true."

"Then I am going to run; and also, I am going to win."

"You certainly have confidence in yourself," she said, with the dawn of a smile.

"Naturally, I have. And what is more, I will teach your soldier man how to ride, *sabe?*"

She understood the allusion, and it pleased her, although she ignored it.

"*Olá, la niña* Mercedes!" called some one from the other end of the gardens.

"They are looking for me," she said hurriedly, and turned to go.

"Until to-morrow, then," he said.

She did not reply in words; but when she had gone a few paces she stopped for a moment and, peering through the vines and trellis to make sure that she was unseen by those who were seeking her, turned her head and, smiling at him, waved her hand.

It was dark when he returned to his mother, whom he found humming the air of a *milonga* as she cooked the supper under the trees.

"*Olá!*" she cried joyously to him, "so here you are at last. Been diverting yourself, no?"

"Some. And you will have found some diversion also, it appears, since you are of such good humor."

"Oh, and why not? For although I have not been in the town, on account of circumstances which oblige me to sequester myself for the present, as I might say, I have had visitors and good news. Every man I sent for has come. Carreras was the last to arrive; and he brings me word that the Atuel has fallen and may be crossed under the Guanaco Tuetro range. That is the very

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thing I wanted to know for certain; and now that I know it, I have made up my mind."

"About?"

"Our business in San Ramon. All the friends are coming back here later on to a conference that we are going to have. In the conference I will tell them why I sent for them and what I want them to do. I will tell you now."

"I am listening," he said, seating himself in the firelight, his eyes bent eagerly on hers.

Her voice hardened as she proceeded:—"It is soon told. You have heard of how this Don Emilio Ortega is making politics, no doubt. The people up yonder in the cities where they elect governors and the like do not want to have him—so he decides to make them the revolution. He thinks, with all the feasting here, that he will get the men to march with him to the north and burst the souls of his enemies, you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Very well, then. He is mistaken. Emilio Ortega will never ride to the north again. To-morrow night he will set off southward to return no more. You know the hollow under the Pico Negro: that is the end of the last journey he will ever make."

"In the name of all the saints, what does this mean?"

"That between him and me there is an old account to settle, and that it will be settled now."

Every muscle in his body was tense, as he leaned forward and asked:—"What is this man's account with you?"

"He shot your father," was the answer.

Her words, although spoken in a half whisper, made him leap to his feet as if a thunderbolt had fallen by his side. His face showed pale and drawn and stern in the fitful light, and his eyes had narrowed to points of lurid fire.

"God!" he cried fiercely. "Is this true?"

"As true as that God hears," she said, and, reaching up to him, caught his clenched hands. She made him sit down again, and then, in a torrent of words, hot from the pent-up fury of the silent years, she told him all. He listened with brooding, sullen rage, and muttered curses fell from him as the lava current of her story welled out of her volcanic soul.

"Why did you always say it was the police who shot my father?" he asked when she had finished.

"Ortega was their leader, and he did the deed himself."

"And why did you never tell me until now?"

"I feared that you would have gone off after him yourself, and I did not want that. For see, this affair is mine, mine! And, being mine, it was for me to say how my vengeance should fall, and when. It has been a long time coming; but it is near me now. We will drag this assassin a prisoner to the very grave of my man, and there I will take life for life, in the name of him I loved."

She had spoken only in an undertone, but every note of her voice had quivered with the hatred and passion which rioted within her. Carmelino sat hugging his knees and staring fiercely into the fire. His jaw was set like iron. She looked at him for a few moments in silence, and then laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Do not blame me, my son, that I call this affair mine, and that I take it into my own hand. There are roads which each soul must travel by itself."

"That is so, no doubt," he responded after a pause.

Silence fell between them for some minutes, after which she asked, as a new thought struck her:—"And this girl that they praise so much, this daughter of Emilio Ortega, this great loveliness—you have heard about her in the town, of course?"

"I saw her."

"And what did you think of her?"

By way of reply, he merely shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands.

"We will see how many idiots will sing of her when this business is over," went on his mother. "It is very fine weather with her now, in her splendid clothes, and her grandeur. But it will not be so much longer!"

The hacking of large spur-rowels against the sand and pebbles was now audible, and in a few moments several bearded and desperate-looking men, in ponchos and untanned horse-skin boots, and large slouched hats, stood ceremoniously on the rim of the darkness, speaking stately and respectful salutations. They were the friends whom the message sent by Doña Amalia had evoked from the wilderness.

"*Adelante, caballeros*," she said, rising to receive them. Carmelino also rose, and for a brief interval there was an interchange of courteous greetings, followed by small talk on general topics, as the visitors seated themselves, cross-legged, in a circle around the fire. Then Doña Amalia began to explain

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why she had sent for them, and the nature of the service she required them to perform. They listened with respectful attention, nodding their heads from time to time, in token of comprehension, but otherwise making no sign. They understood that they were requested to lay violent hands upon and carry off a prominent citizen who had incurred the deadly wrath of their benefactress; and the proposition did not startle them in the least. When she had stated it to them, she turned to the man seated next her, and asked, "What do you say about it, Don Lopez?"

And Don Lopez, whose public record was distributed among the police archives of various provinces, answered her in this wise: "For my part, Doña Amalia, I am disposed to help in carrying off this Don Ortega, or whatever you call him, were he the very President of the Republic."

The others said the same, and she thanked them cordially. Furthermore, Don Lopez begged to remark that the only question for their conference to consider was how best to give the *golpe*, or stroke. And they considered this, accordingly.

After deliberating on various plans, they settled upon one which was bold and simple. It was agreed that Carmelino and six of them should go to the hotel on the following night, seize and gag their man, place him on horseback, and conduct him, by unfrequented ways, to the southern verge of the town, where Doña Amalia and the others would be waiting to start on their flight for the ford under the Guanaco Tuerto hills.

"With permission," said Don Lopez, when the conference had disposed of the main question, "I would mention that we shall have need of the best of horses to give this *golpe*. Hearing that the daughter of the personage who is going to accompany us to the Atuel is giving a pure blood of the Half Moon mark as a prize to-morrow, I made him a visit—oh, a splendid horse!—and I confess I thought of proposing to myself some measures respecting him. But now, if agreeable, I would, this very night, secure him."

"I have thought of him, too," said Carmelino. "If he were taken to-night, there would be many people out to-morrow, looking for his trail; and we want a clear road. Leave him to me. I will run in *la sortija*, and win him."

"Good!" applauded Doña Amalia. "It will be to laugh when Emilio Ortega makes this journey on his own horse."

They entirely agreed with her.

"It will call the attention, this!" she said to Carmelino, after the others had gone. "It will be told in years to come, like the tales of the Araucanos."

"Yes," he replied, "it will be of interest, eh?—like a troop of earthquakes turned loose in the Andes." At the moment, he was spreading his bed of sheepskin saddle covers on the ground, at some distance from the fire, and she could not see the cloud of sadness which had settled on his face.

He lay down in the starlight and drew his poncho over him; but not to sleep. She woke several times during the night, and noticed him tossing restlessly from side to side.

"It is the fever in his brain because of what I told him," she thought, "and no wonder—how often has it fevered mine!"

But in the gray dawn light she heard him bathing in the stream; and when he returned from watering his horses, no trace of weariness was to be seen in his face. After breakfast, he saddled his best horse with the greatest care, and she watched him with a gratified air as he silently adjusted the silver trappings of his riding gear.

"Like his father," she thought, as he rode away. "Not many words when there is blood in the eye; and my Carmelino has blood in the eye for you, Don Emilio Ortega!"

The tilting arch for *la sortija*, decorated with festoons of Argentine flags, was erected in the main thoroughfare; and the competitors were already racing through it when he reined in his horse among the spectators. The tilting ring, fastened to the arch by a thread, was about half an inch in diameter; and the horseman who, at full speed, could carry it away on his tilting peg most times in succession would win the thoroughbred. La Bella Mercedes, who was patroness of the event, was on the stand, accompanied by her parents; and her all-conquering presence was the admiration of the multitude.

Carmelino's head swam for a moment as she flamed on his sight, a radiant, shimmering, splendid being. But, as if wrenching himself free from the intoxication of her beauty, he turned his horse sharply, and went to the starting line. She had not seen him, and a shade of disappointment and impatience was on her face as she eagerly watched the riders gallop forward one by one. There were nearly a hundred of them, and they had all dashed past but a few when her color sud-

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denly rose and her eyes took a new luster; for she recognized his straight, tall form wheeling into the course.

"What is the highest score?" he asked of the mounted official stationed near him.

"Only two," was the answer.

"It is ours, then," he whispered to his small-hoofed, wiry, desert roan, facing him toward the arch. He sat easily in the saddle, swaying with perfect balance as the horse bounded from side to side under the pressure of the restraining bit. The reins were held lightly in the upturned left hand, and tightened merely by a curve of the supple wrist. The braided jacket was blown open, showing the lean waist playing like a swivel over the rigid hips. The wide leaf of his soft hat flapped backward, leaving the dare-devil face, with its flashing eyes, bare to the streaming light. As soon as he could distinguish the little brass ring, he slackened the reins and threw himself straight up in his stirrups. The horse shot like an arrow between the posts, and the tilting peg was driven clean through the narrow hoop, bearing it safely away. He repeated this four times without a miss, amidst a deafening uproar of applause, streaking like a condor on the swoop underneath the bunting, and then wheeling, without breaking his horse's stride, to carry the ring back to the judges, his right hand, with the tilting peg on which the little hoop was impaled, held at arm's length above his head.

Of the few remaining competitors, none equaled his performance, and he was declared the winner. He brushed his very stirrup with the flourish he gave his hat in bowing his acknowledgments to the cheer which greeted the announcement. But when La Bella Mercedes placed the silver-mounted halter of the bay in his hand, saying with a blush, "You won him splendidly," he did not thank her even with a look.

"I felicitate you," said Don Emilio, who stood beside her, speaking in his most ingratiating manner. He thought he could afford to be specially civil, since he reckoned upon obtaining the services of both the prize and the winner in a few hours.

But Carmelino merely stared him between the eyes, and, without a word, turned his back and led the thoroughbred away.

Late that night, when the moon had gone down, he rode out into the *alfalfares* on his roan, leading the racer saddled beside him. Six men were with him, mounted on their best horses. They moved very quietly, speaking scarcely a word; and they had tied their spurs under their saddle covers, to avoid making unnecessary noise. Having gone a little way, they changed their direction, and in a few minutes halted in the darkness behind the *quinta* hedge of the Hotel Nacional.

"Wait here," he whispered. "I will enter alone first and find out exactly where he is." He gave his horses to one of them to hold, and, parting the branches of the ligustrums, disappeared under the vines.

The hotel dining-rooms and porch were filled with people carousing and "making politics," for the revolution was on the point of being announced, and free drinks were at the disposal of every citizen with a thirst. The detonating skyrockets, considered indispensable on such high occasions, were ready; and Don Emilio Ortega, the colonel, and the other leaders, were closeted in one of the private rooms, putting the finishing touches to their decree ordering the mobilization of the departmental Guardia Nacional.

Suddenly, over the babble of voices rose piercing shrieks of terror, followed by a moment's silence, through which came the crash of broken glass and the sound of heavy footsteps. Instantly the whole place was in confusion. Men ran in one another's way trying to find out what had occurred. The council of the revolutionary junta was abruptly adjourned; and Don Emilio, followed by the colonel and the other members, rushed from the room to inquire into the cause of the tumult. But no one could tell him what had happened. He looked around for his wife and daughter, and, failing to see them, hurried to a little sitting-room at the end of the veranda, where he had left them about half an hour before. The room was in total darkness, and it was some time before he could obtain a light. When they brought it, he found the Señora Ortega lying on the floor in a faint. His daughter was not there. The lamp lay broken upon the marble-topped table; and the glass door opening on the gardens was shattered and ajar.

Just at that moment the astonished horsemen behind the *quinta* were opening the ligustrum hedge for Carmelino, who held the muffled figure of Mercedes in his arms. She was struggling faintly, but was half unconscious. She was unable to make any outcry, for he had thrown his poncho over her head and bound it across her mouth.

"Say, friend Carmelino," they objected

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CARMELINO SAT STARING FIERCELY INTO THE FIRE. HIS JAW WAS SET LIKE IRON.

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"this does not appear to be what we came for, eh?"

"Speak for yourselves, Señores," he replied. "This is precisely what I came for; and it is all we are likely to get. Listen to Troy, how it finds its lungs in there! It will be here in a moment or two."

They heard it. There were loud calls and shouted orders and the tramping of many feet inside the hedge. It decided them. They held the struggling girl while he leaped upon his horse, and then placed her before him on the saddle.

"None of our business, after all," they muttered, as they vaulted on horseback. "Let him explain it to his mother." And they followed him, one of them leading the bay. The thunder of their gallop reached the searchers in the garden, and when the colonel heard it he ran to look for his horse, telling the others to do the same. Don Emilio was attending to his wife. The revolution which he had so elaborately planned was going to pieces. Another one was on his hands.

Down a narrow gorge in the mountains, over the banks of the Atuel, a week later, rode the pursuers on jaded horses, a tracker from El Cerro Nevado leading the way. Haggard and saddle-sore, the eminent Don Emilio Ortega rode after the guide. The colonel was beside him. Neither spoke. Memory was bringing to the one associations of the wild scenery around him; and he cursed them in his heart, for they were shameful, and red with blood. To the other came the bitter thought that he had left the path of duty and honor to obey the call of a tempestuous passion, and that his hopes were burning to ashes. The men who tailed out behind, not a dozen in all, were silent and dejected.

"Halt!" shouted a voice which woke the echoes of the gloomy hills, and Carmelino appeared from behind a clump of cactus, in the rocks above the rugged way, a few paces ahead. They halted.

"There are men enough here," he said, "to dispose of three times your number; and if you try to fight your way down, not a man of you will reach the river bank alive. She whom you seek is down yonder, and her father may come with me to speak with her. But he must come alone."

The colonel threw up his revolver; but before he could aim it, a shot rang out from the scrub overhead, and his arm fell broken by his side. He spurred forward, but a second bullet went through his horse's head, and after a wild plunge or two the animal fell dead under him. The men behind were dumfounded, all but Don Emilio, who shouted:

"Come on. Are ye cowards to stand there gaping, now that we have come into a fight!"

But they showed no signs of obeying him. The fight was not theirs, and they said so.

"There is no need for a fight at all," said Carmelino. "You can come with me in safety, Señor, if you come in peace. And it is best to come in peace, eh? Your greatness ended at the Diamante River; and here you and I are man to man. And I am the stronger of the two. Will you, therefore, come in peace and alone, or will you stay?"

Don Emilio looked at the colonel, who lay stunned and helpless beside his horse, and then at his demoralized followers. He recognized the force of circumstances, and said sullenly: "I will come alone."

Together they went down to the river bank, where they found La Bella Mercedes, seated beside the stream, her chin on her hands. When she rose to her feet, it was easy to see that she was no longer the daintily gowned butterfly of society. Her dress was travel-stained and untidy. It was not even one of her own, but a rough cotton garment, given to her in one of the desert huts at which her captors had called in their flight. Her hair hung down her back in two long braids, from under the yellow kerchief she had bound upon her head. Her hands were uncared for and grimy, and her boots were caked with mud. But the outward change was insignificant compared with the transformation which had taken place in her inward self. Her eyes showed this, for, although dark-ringed from fatigue, they flashed with the spirit of the new existence into which she had come. After the days and nights in the desert, sleeping in the shelter of the scrub, or riding in the scorching sun; after the rancid smoke of the *ala*-wood fires, and the hard fare of the wilds; after the reek of the sweated horses and sweat-soaked saddle blankets; after the rough company of the lawless and primitive men who had been her companions for a week, she stood there with her past canceled, reckless of the present and the future, unrepelled by her surroundings, unabashed and unconcerned—a woman of the *gauchos*.

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"Here is your father," said Carmelino, gently; "he will take you back with him, no doubt, if you wish to go."

She looked straight before her and answered firmly, "I do not wish to go."

Her father started as if he had been struck with a whip across the face.

"Child!" he cried. "You do not dare in the sight of heaven to say such a shameless thing!"

"I say it," she replied, her eyes meeting his unwaveringly.

"Mother of God! Do you mean to say you left us of your own will?"

"I do not say that. But of my own will I remain."

"Child, child, you must be mad! Why should you remain with the man who has put this shame upon us?"

"Because I love him, and will marry him."

"After to-morrow, when we reach Las Lajas, where there is a *cura*," added Carmelino. "If I stole her, it was because I wanted to take her to a *cura* and make her mine forever."

"Impossible! Infamous!" cried her father. "This cannot be. Think, girl, of your education, of your culture, of your mother and me—of the life you madly think of leaving, of the life you madly think of facing!"

"I have thought of it," she said, "and it does not matter. Nothing matters now but what has happened. I have done with that world you belong to. My fate and happiness are here."

He pleaded, reviled, anathematized, but it was all in vain. Tears of mortification and shame, as well as of sorrow, were in his eyes. But hers were dry. There was some softness in the fire that kept them so, but also a determination which it was impossible to change or shake.

"We have to ride far to-day, my bride," said Carmelino, leading her horse to her. "It is time for us to start." Her father would have clung to her stirrup as she set out. But Carmelino intervened, saying:

"There is one here who desires a word with you, and she is waiting."

"And has been waiting for more than one and twenty years," added his mother, advancing from the shelter of the overhanging rocks. Carmelino rode after Mercedes along the river bank, leaving them alone.

"You remember me, Emilio Ortega," said Doña Amalia, as he cowered before her. "You remember the day you fell upon my husband here in this very place, with your police, and shot him, because you coveted me. I was lying sick in the bushes yonder, and the sight nearly killed me. But I swore to live for revenge; and I have kept my oath. This is not the revenge I planned, for I meant to bring you here and kill you over the grave of the man you murdered. I cursed my son when he came to me without you, and when I found he had deceived me. I cursed your girl when he brought her to me instead of you, and would have strangled her—only they held me. But when Don Lopez, who is a wise man, explained to me that fate was sending me, in another way, the revenge I had lived for, I saw it all. And now I am glad you are alive."

He sank, nerveless and crushed, upon a stone, and bowed his head.

"Would that you had killed me before I saw this day!" he said in the bitterness of his heart.

"Ah, no!" she responded. "You would not then be here to see your daughter the bride of a *gaucho*—pulled down by him from the heights of the world to be his mate in the desert. And he the son of the man you killed, eh? Imagine it to yourself! Nor would you be here to see how your great schemes and politics and revolutions have all gone to ruin because of this. It is fate, Emilio Ortega, fate that is stronger than either of us. God has willed it to be ; and now our children are going to the *cura* to have His blessing. It is not as I pictured it to myself in the waiting years. But still I am going with them. For I have been vexed with God long enough on your account, Emilio Ortega, and want to be friends with Him again."

She threw the reins over the neck of her mule, stepped lightly on a bowlder, and, seating herself in the saddle, rode on the trail of the lovers, without another word, leaving him there in his misery, his body bent, his face hidden in his hands.

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"WILL YOU PERMIT ME?" HE SAID GENTLY. "IT IS CHRISTMAS MORNING."

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THE STREET MUSICIANS

BY ANNA ALICE CHAPIN

Author of "Masters of Music," "The Heart of Music," etc.

Illustrations by Frank Snapp

THE angelic voices grew faint, the shining wings were slowly veiled by the falling curtain, and the last notes of the musical apotheosis were stilled. The audience sat silent for a moment; it had been a rare production, a most exquisite illusion. There were numberless curtain calls, and even the women in the boxes waited to applaud before putting on their cloaks and "going on" to parties. And at last the evening was over—Christmas Eve—and the most triumphant performance of the operatic season.

Even in this day of musical novelties the old favorites can still pack a vast theatre and thrill a mighty audience to its depths and heights. And probably "Faust" had never moved its hearers more profoundly than on this evening when it had been sung by such artists as the great tenor, Guido Fancini, of golden voice and compelling charm, Duchesne, the most distinguished of living "Mephistos," and Madame Carla, the young American soprano, whose beauty of tone and of person had made her famous in almost every part of the civilized world. People had wept, and clapped and shouted at the fall of the curtain, in a most surprising way. Anglo-Saxon opera houses are rarely so emotionally demonstrative, and this applause was by no means confined to the galleries, so well stocked with appreciative foreigners.

Finally the great curtain was down for the night, and to the artists on the stage the last sporadic clapping sounded in faint, subsiding gusts as from a far distance.

"*Enfin!*" said Duchesne, with a sigh. "It has been an evening—but an evening! And of a length! Never have I disliked this devil of mine so cordially."

"Nor sung him so well!" declared Fancini, with warm appreciation.

"For me," said La Carla, "I am never tired after *Marguerite*. It is a charming *rôle*, and does not hurt the voice like this modern stuff that one is expected to sing nowadays."

"Nothing could hurt your voice, child—*yet*," said Duchesne. "You are the incarnation of youth, and of genius. Wait fifteen years!"

"Fifteen years! It is a lifetime!" she laughed joyously. But there was a note of forced gladness in all their talk to-night. And no one had mentioned that it was Christmas Eve. They lingered together as if loath to separate, though their dressers were looking for them inquiringly from the various doors.

"*Ach, Gott!*" suddenly burst forth the swarthy little contralto, Madame Kraumer, with a sort of sob. "My *kinder* in Austria will have been singing carols to the Christ-child all the evening—and wishing for their *Mütterchen*, who may not be with them!"

Her sentimental brown eyes were full of tears, and the gay cloak of *Siebel* seemed to hang dejectedly about her plump little person.

"They are all three asleep now," she sighed. "Eh! It is hard to be alone on Christmas Eve!"

"The time in Germany is altogether different from what it is here," said Duchesne, unsympathetically. "There is, I believe, a difference of——"

"Never mind, Émile—suppose there is?" said Carla severely. She looked like an accusing angel, in *Marguerite's* straight white prison dress. "Dear Madame Kraumer, I am lonely, too. Come and have supper with me, won't you?"

The little Austrian dried her eyes, comforted at once; but Fancini glanced at her reproachfully. He adored Carla, and had planned an hour with her alone.

"Poor Guido, do you feel neglected?" she

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smiled. "We shall love to have you with us!"

Duchesne looked sulky. He, too, was melancholy, and angry with himself for being so.

"You might come too, Émile," said Carla, softly. And he told her, with a scowl and a twinkle, that she was a witch.

"You will all come to my rooms," declared Fancini, "and we will drink to each other and to our good comradeship."

They agreed, but Carla looked suddenly wistful.

"Somehow," she said, slowly, "I wish that we might have something more truly Christmas-like than just a merrymaking. We people of the theatre celebrate Christmas so little—and we can have supper any night. However," she broke off gayly, "there seem to be no available stockings to fill, nor any Christmas trees to dress, so let us by all means have supper together, and pretend that we are really doing honor to Kriss Kringle!"

No one spent any more time than was necessary in getting into street clothes. In barely more than fifteen minutes the four of them were in a closed carriage driving toward Fifth Avenue, east of which Fancini had his bachelor rooms. They were all rather silent, each absorbed in memories of other Christmas Eves, and of those with whom they had spent them.

"How much longer before it is Christmas morning, Guido?" asked Carla, breaking a stillness. Fancini peered through the lightly falling snow and discerned a dimly gleaming clock face near-by.

"Speaking literally, thirty minutes," he said. "It is precisely half after eleven."

It was at that moment that the oddest and most raucous of noises made itself audible. Some persons appeared to be singing—or, rather, emitting some species of vocal sounds. And there was also an instrumental accompaniment—unrecognizable as to character, insupportable as to tone, and utterly unintelligible as to tune.

"How deliciously funny!" exclaimed Carla, leaning forward, her charming face alight with laughter. "Do stop the carriage, Guido—I want to listen! Did you *ever* hear such extraordinary discords?"

"It is really marvelous!" said Duchesne, almost with awe. "Never by any chance are the voices and the violin together!"

"Can you see who is responsible?" asked Fancini.

"*Gott!* That last chord!" groaned Madame Kraumer.

They opened the carriage door and peered about through the snow. No storm was raging, just a delicate lace-work of feathery flakes, descending softly, without violence, giving an indescribably misty, silvery touch to the prose of the street.

The singers looked laughingly at each other after they had given a glance to the singular group before them. An old man, very shabby and shaky and unkempt, was playing the violin—an execrable instrument, with a permanent frog in its superannuated throat. A stout, melancholy-looking woman and a skinny little lad were supplying the vocal portion of the entertainment. All three appeared immeasurably cold, desolate, and grotesque; and the sounds they produced were hideous beyond all normal imaginings.

"*Might* we not leave our fellow artists now?" suggested Duchesne, in a tone of agony. "My nerves are a little tired, and—really—this concerted effect——!"

"Give them some money first," said Carla compassionately.

Both men threw generous coins to the miserable little group, which had now stopped playing. The old man came forward, ragged hat in hand, to thank them. His eyes were red and set in deep hollows, his lips quivered under his gray mustache and beard as he talked.

"It is the first money we have made to-night," he told them. "Though we have played and sung for more than an hour, yet it is the first. None have given to-night. Being Christmas Eve, all the world is concerned in its own affairs—which is but natural."

He spoke in careful English, with an Italian accent. Fancini spoke to him in their common tongue, and his face brightened slightly. He began to talk with eager Southern eloquence.

Yes, he was from Naples, but he had lived for many years in America. The woman was his only daughter, and the boy—the boy, there, with the divinely beautiful voice—was his grandson. The father was dead some years. Yes; they lived chiefly by their music. (He said this with a touching pride.) It was true that he was old, and could not play so brilliantly as he used to in *bella Napoli*, but people still appreciated his art. They gave him many pennies. And

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THE CONCERT WAS RESUMED. ONLY DOUBLY AUGMENTED BY THE SOARING VIOLIN-TONES.

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the lad ran errands, sometimes, for a shop on the Bowery. Thus they lived. They earned a great deal of money, sometimes—as much as fifty cents a day! But they were trying to save that they might go home to Italy. When one is a man in the prime of life, one may battle and succeed in America; but when one is very, very old, or when one is a woman or a child—one would be better at home. And there was an old, old sister waiting for him. She had been waiting for fourteen years. Always they had been about to return, and always there had been not quite enough.

He stopped at last, and apologized tremulously for taking so much of the Excellencies' time. He was ashamed, he said; and he drew back humbly. But the sound of his own tongue was always sweet in his ears. He wished the Excellencies the blessing of a happy Christmas.

As the four singers listened, somehow the group seemed less grotesque, and the recollection of their music less ludicrously nerve-racking. Carla's eyes were wet, and the little Austrian murmured "*Die Armen!*" in her liquid alto whisper. The two emotional Latins were also moved profoundly, and looked at each other in a touched, appreciative way.

"They *are* fellow-artists," declared Duchesne.

"They, like us," said Fancini, softly, "live by the making of music."

It was Carla who suddenly sprang from the carriage onto the snowy pavement. Framed in her rich, dark furs, and in the frosty half-light, her face was moon-white and lovely as an angel's.

"We are musicians, too," she said to the old man. "You are all three tired. Let us sing instead of you for a little time. Perhaps we can earn as much—and since we are all artists, shall we not help each other?"

She turned and looked at the two men, who, amazed and uncomprehending, had followed her from the carriage. Her lips trembled, her big, clear eyes entreated them.

"It is Christmas Eve," she said.

There was a little whirlwind of response. Madame Kraumer sprang from the carriage, and they all joined in a gale of excited laughter. Their emotional natures, tuned always to the perception of the unusual, the theatrical, and the romantic, had the further impetus of the season, the need, and their own mood of sentiment. They stood and chattered like children with each other, and with the ragged and wondering Italians, while the light, silver snowflakes fell on and on, and no one knew it at all.

Fancini turned to Carla for orders. "What first?" he asked. "We are ready."

They began with the love duet from "Faust," that most tender, most appealing of romantic musical numbers. The fragrance of it stole through the snow-filled night, and the pavement blossomed with a thousand delicate, languorous flowers. They had never done it half so well. A few carriages had stopped near-by at the beginning, Carla noticed, then, in the intoxication of the music, she lifted her face to the soft, snowy air, and, singing, forgot everything else.

Leon Karchewski, the celebrated violinist, came out of the smart private house where he had been giving a small and select recital. At sight of the snow he hesitated, standing a moment on the steps. He wanted to walk home, but he carried under his arm his precious Guarnerius—much dearer to him than his own life, or even that of the woman he loved. But the case was closely fastened, and he thirsted for the fresh, quiet air, with its delicate flutter of dancing flakes.

He walked toward the Avenue in a brown study, his pale, sensitive face fallen into lines of melancholy thoughtfulness. It was Christmas Eve, and Poland was very far away. Suddenly he heard something that made him stop short in incredulous astonishment. Two perfect voices were flowing across the night, combined in the rare and thrilling harmony for which managers and box-holders will be content to pay out fortunes until the stars are old. His trained ear noted a certain ringing, sweeping quality in a brief passage sung by the man alone which startled him still more.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed aloud. "It is one of three things: I am asleep and dreaming at home; or a new and godlike tenor has been born overnight into the world of music; or else that is Guido Fancini himself, singing in the street, like a madman!"

He hastened onward, excited and curious. Turning a corner, then, he found himself in a growing crowd of wondering and enchanted bystanders, listening to the rarest impromptu concert ever given. Carla had pushed back the hood of her sable cloak,

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and her red-brown hair was frosted with the gentlest powder of snow; Fancini stood beside her, a big, blond god of a man, all golden hair and beard, and voice more golden still. Duchesne and Madame Kraumer stood near, listening with the passionate appreciation that only artists know how to give to each other.

Duchesne saw Karchewski first, and hailed him with a joyous shout of recognition as the duet came to an end.

"We *needed* a violin," he said, while the crowd loudly applauded the music. "Come, Leon, and help us with an obligato. Come!"

"Yes, yes, come!" the others echoed. And some one in an automobile panting at the curb exclaimed excitedly, "Karchewski! It is Karchewski!"

Asking no questions, his Slavic pulse dancing to the novelty and charm of the moment, the greatest virtuoso of his day hurried to the shelter of a doorway, whipped his beloved instrument from the case, turned so that the drifting snowflakes could do it no injury, and began to tune it.

And then the concert was resumed, only doubly, trebly augmented by the soaring, wooing violin-tones, so piercingly yet so meltingly lovely that, as they were drawn across the souls of those who listened, it seemed as though the heartstrings must break. And it was touching to see the old Italian fiddler creep close to the master, watching his magical hands, listening to his Heaven-given tone, listening, listening until his whole feeble being trembled with the disciple's dumb yet adoring joy.

And the crowd grew, and still it grew. Carriage after carriage, motor upon motor paused in passing and was added to that strange audience. Men walking to or from their clubs, women driving home from late musicales, *débutantes* on their way to balls; the working people of the night, the street wanderers, Salvationists and those whom they sought to save, a few police officers who did not even try to disperse the crowd—never was there so odd a theatre, nor so motley an aggregation of auditors.

The spot was one rich in the opportunity fitted to such an adventure: a corner where the big, fashionable avenue of the city crossed a street the number of which stood for brilliant restaurants, exclusive clubs, famous gambling houses, and luxurious hotels. The hushed, gliding slur of motors formed a sort of dull pedal-point accompaniment to the rhythmic staccato of horses' hoofs. For the hour, too, was propitious. It is between eleven and twelve of the clock that New York is most vividly, enchantingly alive. All of wealth, splendor, interest, excitement are in the ascendency during the border-hours of midnight. Freed from the worthy, dun-toned influences of the useful and industrious toilers, the city becomes the kingdom of the dreamers of life—the idlers, the seekers, the sinners, and the seers. The gray and brown colors give place to opulent purple and cruel red: it is the imperial moment of the town. And anything may happen, and seem natural and fitting in the happening, at such hours.

"God save us!" cried a harsh voice from a brougham, as it came to a sudden stop. "What's all this? What are you—you idiots doing out in that storm? You'll all be ill! You'll be as hoarse as ravens! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! You—you——"

Grimm, their *impresario*, was glowering at them from the open door of his carriage. He was a small, fierce man, with fiery black eyes, and a big bush of dead-white hair. The whole world was afraid of him—always excepting Carla, who could invariably beguile him out of his irascibility and ill-temper with her soft, flattering voice, and clear, eager, young eyes.

She it was who came forward to explain now, telling the story of the Italians so eloquently and tenderly that those near enough to hear her vowed that the recital itself was well-nigh as sweet as her singing.

And the light, gracious snow fell on, and the three Italians stood stupefied and rapt in the dim light, humbly worshiping the strange and bright beings who had come to them as from heaven. They were still lost, these humble souls, in the divine dream which the unwonted music had brought to their starved, beauty-loving spirits.

The little *impresario* suddenly coughed savagely. Then he said, very crossly, "You are *my* singers, and are under *my* contracts! And you've no business to sing in public without *my* consent!"

He scowled at them one after the other. "Here!" he exclaimed, sharply. "At least I can pass around the hat!" He pulled Fancini's soft gray slouch from his golden head, and proceeded to pass it around with the belligerent air of a courageous if undersized highwayman.

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And then there was cheering, and clapping, and tears. For when a number of people are wrought to the very highest pitch of emotional excitement, the very air palpitates with an electrical sentiment, and the simplest matters take on a subtle flavor of the dramatic.

There was a breathless rush forward, and the payment for the entertainment began to come in. Men emptied their pockets—even the poorer passers-by had a few coins to give, sometimes only pennies. The range of the sums was wide. An old man, often cartooned for his miserliness, dropped a twenty-dollar bill from his *coupé* window and then told his coachman furiously to "drive on!"

And it was not only money that answered the appeal of Fancini's old gray hat, passed around by the white-headed little *impresario*. There were several rings and chains and pins—and one girl, who had long adored Fancini from afar, pulled a pearl-studded comb from her black hair and flung it into the growing pile, with tears running down her cheeks. And there were a few promises as valuable to the Italians as coins or jewels. The head of a great transatlantic steamship company offered a free passage to Italy. A man known as the maker and marrer of corporations agreed to furnish a comfortable little check in the morning. And in all the world that night there was surely no spot where the ageless spirit of Christmas ran riot so gloriously as on that snowy city corner, where a group of street musicians entertained a large and enthusiastic audience of rich folk in motor cars, and beggars on their aching feet.

The last thing that they sang was the great trio from "Faust." Key by key, that splendid melody leaped up into a vast eternity of music, rising, it seemed, with sweep on sweep of soaring, beating wings. Every moment, one felt, the voices drew nearer the very heaven of sound; every note carried them higher into the ether of the purest melodic inspiration. Unclouded, uncomplicated, graced with a simplicity known only to things divine, the bodiless beauty pulsed suddenly, sharply, supremely upward to the End——

The big, slow, brazen boom of a church clock pierced the snowy dimness. It seemed like a tangible sword of sound, striking through the feathery glitter of blowing flakes and broken lights. By a queer coincidence of drama, it was pitched to the last note of the trio; and to the wrought-up listeners it seemed a sort of miraculous *finale*, something which, in wonder and magic, partook of the strangeness of the occasion—the spell of the night.

"Here!" said Grimm. His voice was gruffer than ever, and his eyes glowered balefully as he held out the overflowing hat to Fancini. But Carla declared later that his nervous mouth twitched as it did only when he was much moved. "Go ahead, and give this to those Dagos of yours. It's your show."

Carla was crying softly. "What a *heavenly* Christmas Eve!" she sobbed.

Fancini carried the heavy hat to the spot where the old Italian fiddler stood shivering and marveling in a doorway. The bent, aged figure, and the tremulous face turned to meet him would have unnerved even a hard man. And Guido Fancini had the heart of a child. His kind eyes were very misty as he handed the old man the hat with his most exquisitely reverential bow.

"Will you permit me?" he said gently. "It is Christmas morning."

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"Christ Crucified"

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

WITH PAINTINGS
BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

NOW ere I slept, my prayer had been
that I might see my way
To do the will of Christ, our Lord
and Master, day by day;
And with this prayer upon my lips,
I knew not that I dreamed,
But suddenly the world of night
a pandemonium seemed.
From forest, and from slaughter house,
from bull ring, and from stall,
There rose an anguished cry of pain,
a loud, appealing call;
As man—the dumb beast's next of kin—
with gun, and whip, and knife,
Went pleasure-seeking through the earth,
blood-bent on taking life.
From trap, and cage, and house, and zoo,
and street, that awful strain
Of tortured creatures rose and swelled
the orchestra of pain.
And then methought the gentle Christ
appeared to me, and spoke:
"I called you, but ye answered not"—
and in my fear I woke.

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AGAIN I slept. I seemed to climb
a hard, ascending track;
And just behind me labored one
whose patient face was black.
I pitied him; but hour by hour
he gained upon the path;
He stood beside me, stood upright—
and then I turned in wrath.
"Go back!" I cried. "What right have you
to walk beside me here?
For you are black, and I am white."
I paused, struck dumb with fear.
For lo! the black man was not there,
but Christ stood in his place;
And oh! the pain, the pain, the pain
that looked from that dear face.

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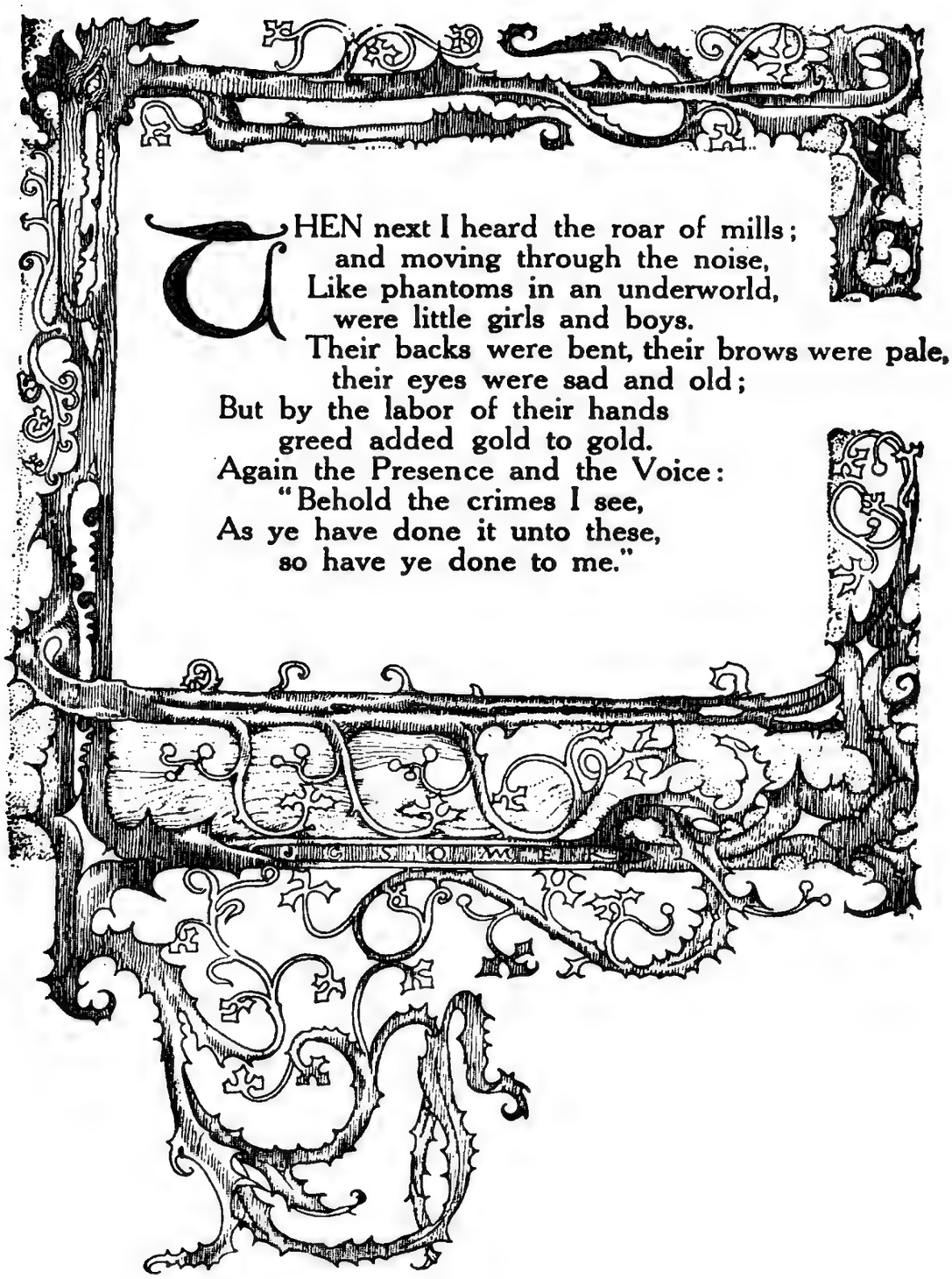
THEN next I heard the roar of mills;
and moving through the noise,
Like phantoms in an underworld,
were little girls and boys.
Their backs were bent, their brows were pale,
their eyes were sad and old;
But by the labor of their hands
greed added gold to gold.
Again the Presence and the Voice:
"Behold the crimes I see,
As ye have done it unto these,
so have ye done to me."

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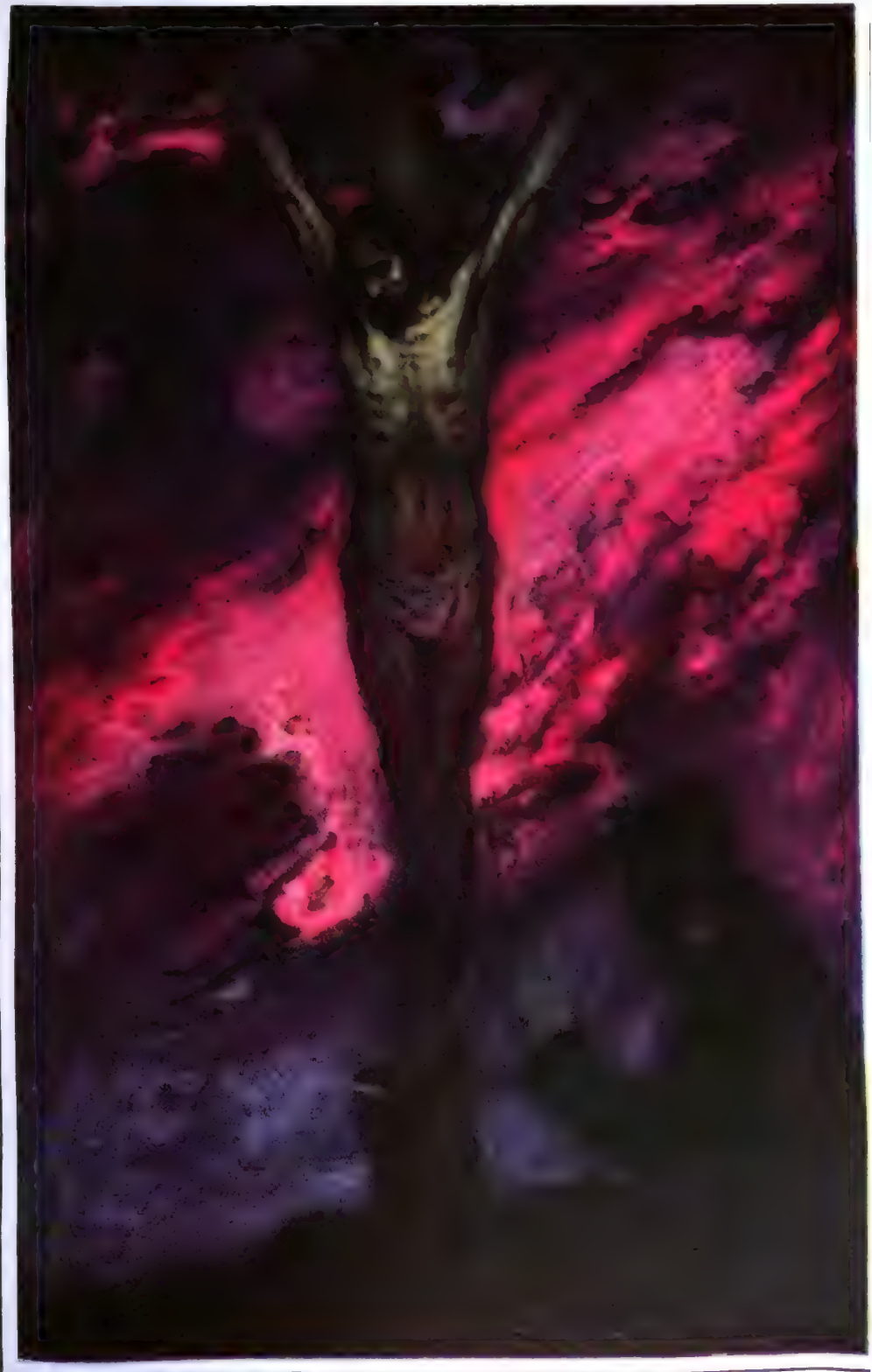

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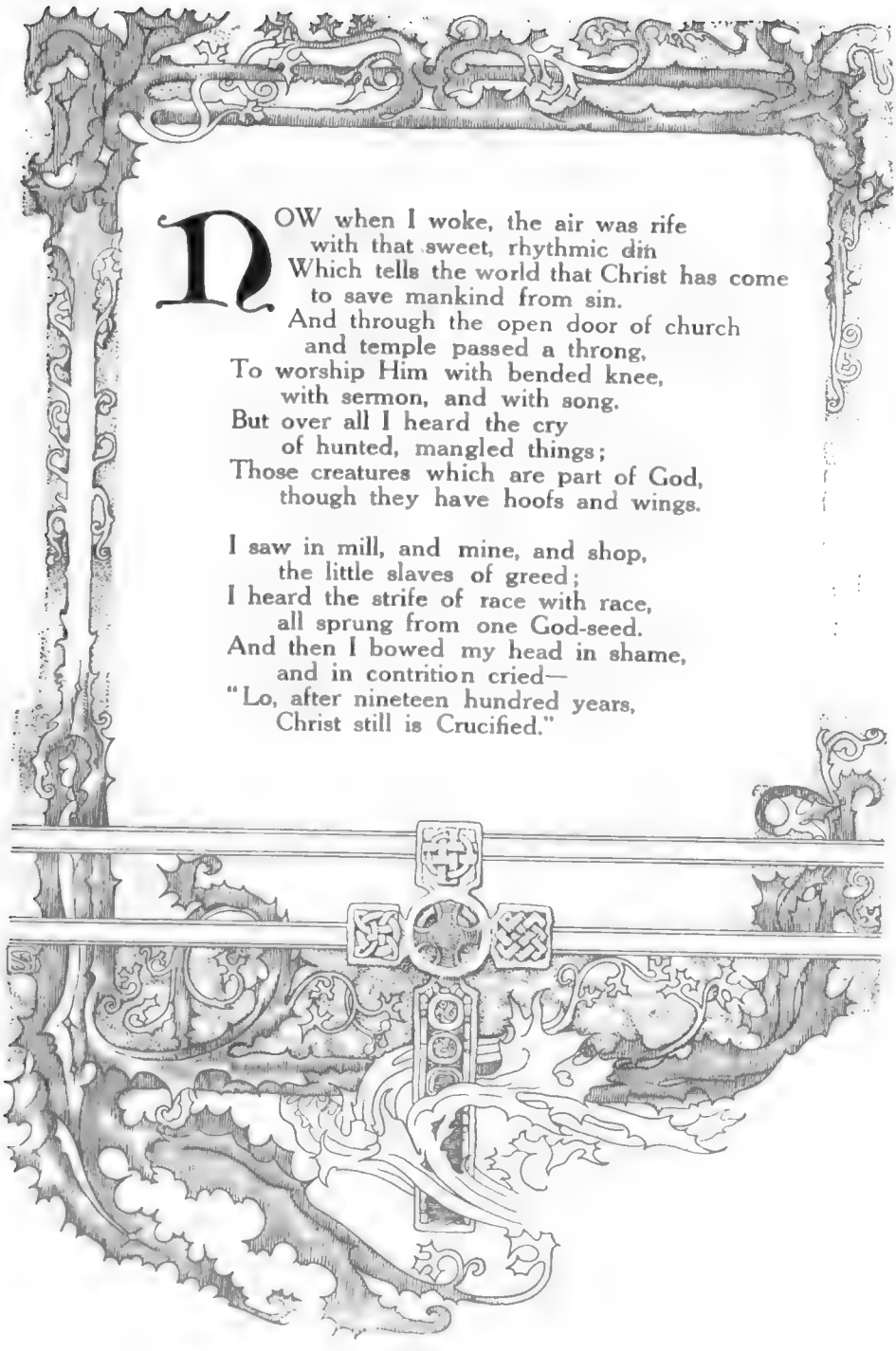

NOW when I woke, the air was rife
with that sweet, rhythmic din
Which tells the world that Christ has come
to save mankind from sin.
And through the open door of church
and temple passed a throng,
To worship Him with bended knee,
with sermon, and with song.
But over all I heard the cry
of hunted, mangled things;
Those creatures which are part of God,
though they have hoofs and wings.

I saw in mill, and mine, and shop,
the little slaves of greed;
I heard the strife of race with race,
all sprung from one God-seed.
And then I bowed my head in shame,
and in contrition cried—
"Lo, after nineteen hundred years,
Christ still is Crucified."

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THE BEAST AND THE JUNGLE

by Judge Ben B. Lindsey
Of the Juvenile Court of Denver

All virtuous men will rejoice to learn that a bad boy of ten has been sentenced to a prison term of six years. He will come out of prison peculiarly skilled in crime and entirely beyond reformation. Starting at a tender age with these advantages, he should rank high among the enemies of order and prove a source of great danger and expense to the State.—*N. Y. Sun, Nov. 6th.*

CHAPTER IX

THE BEAST AND THE BALLOT.

THESE days of 1902, 1903, and 1904 were the heydays of our Juvenile Court, and I should like to dwell upon them fondly—as the song says—because of what ensued. Our campaigns against the wine-rooms, the jails, and the grafting commissioners had made the court as popular as a prizefighter, and the newspapers kept it constantly in the public eye. The Denver Chamber of Commerce (let me boast of it!) invited me to luncheon, gave a reception in my honor, and praised me to the last blush. (This is the same Chamber that has since branded me an enemy of the state.) Philanthropic men and women assisted our Juvenile Improvement Association, helped with our charity benefits, and contributed to the Fresh Air fund, the summer camp, the day nursery, and other branches of our work, with all the delighted eagerness of Lady Bountiful herself. (At a recent "benefit" given in aid of the Juvenile Court by Miss Olga Nethersole, there were not 200 persons in the whole house; and "Society" was, conspicuously, elsewhere.) Mr. Walter S. Cheesman, president of the water company, was at the head of our Association, and if we needed money we had only to ask for it. (This is the same Walter S. Cheesman who afterward lent a vacant lot to a charity bazaar on condition that not a penny of the proceeds should go to the Juvenile Court work.) I was elected chairman of the building committee of the Y. M. C. A.—from which I afterward resigned when I found that my chairmanship hindered the work of

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raising money for the association. I was made a member of the Board of Trustees of the Denver University. (And Miss Ida Tarbell could not have been removed from the board of Rockefeller's Chicago college more shrewdly and softly than I was "transferred" from the Denver University Board when the days of my offense against the "interests" developed.) In short, I was receiving the same applause in Denver that Heney received in San Francisco before he turned from prosecuting grafters to prosecuting the big business men and "leading citizens" who *made* the grafters.

I had as yet done only one thing to offend business: that was the enforcement of the child-labor laws in 1902. Cotton mills had been established just outside of Denver, and poor families had been imported from Alabama and the Carolinas to work as operatives. I went through the factories, visited the homes, and talked with the children; and I found that the awful labor conditions of the Southern cotton mills had been transplanted to Colorado. The workers were practically slaves, for they had been imported under contract and had assigned part of their wages, in advance, to pay for transportation; and boys and girls from ten to twelve years of age were at work in the mills, without education and subject to the temptations of bad moral conditions, trying to help free their parents from the bondage of debt.

We took proceedings against the company—in spite of an outcry that we were interfering with a prosperous industry that added to the wealth of the state—and we fined the owners and the superintendent to the limit allowed by the law. One of the men of wealth interested in the mills came to my chambers and protested. He had lived in the community a good many years, he said, and he was no criminal. It was all right to fine the superintendent; the superintendent was responsible for the conditions at the mills. But it was all wrong to fine *him*, the owner; for he had a reputation and a good name and he did not propose to be branded a criminal. "We have never had any trouble," he said, "until this fight started. We're helping Denver, and we ought to be encouraged instead of being persecuted. I warn you, right now, that if this thing is kept up, we'll shut down the mills and you'll have to take the consequences."

The thing *was* kept up. The children were forced to go to school. The mill shut down. And I became "an enemy of prosperity"—prosperity founded upon the slavery of children and the stunting of young lives.

The child-labor problem is a problem of the Beast. If you, who read this, live in a city or a state where the mill and the factory are enslaving helpless little children, understand that these children are the victims of the Beast. It lives upon them. You must fight *it*, if you would save *them*.

We have had no child-labor problem in Denver since; but our work in ridding the city of it did not weigh heavily against the court; for the loss of the mills was not great enough to be offensive. The court continued to be popular; the politicians were aware of its popularity; they decided that its popularity would be a valuable political asset; and as I approached the end of my term of office, I was met by various advances on the part of those Democratic "leaders" who had so indignantly shunned and repudiated me at the time of the printing steal exposures. I had, however, learned to be suspicious of politicians, especially "when they come bearing gifts." And I soon learned that the gift they offered me in this instance was a "gold brick." Let me explain how I learned it.

My experience on the bench and in politics has convinced me that the confessional fulfills a need of humanity that is almost as instinctive as the need of religion itself. I have found that among young offenders the desire to "snitch" on themselves is practically irresistible; on the slightest encouragement they blurt out the truth as if their tongues spoke in spite of them. Strangest of all, the "bad" politicians, like the "bad" boys, have come to my chambers in scores, even while they were publicly fighting me, and confessed their crimes (sometimes before they committed them!) with a pitiful eagerness that would soften the heart of the bitterest cynic who ever sneered at human frailty.

The Beast could make them do its work, but it could not make them wholly bestial. There always remained in them some generous relentance that made them betray their faith with injustice. And in all the attacks that have been made upon me, in this curious struggle with the System, there has scarcely been a blow aimed at me of which I have not been forewarned. That, too, is one of the experiences of my life which has made me always hope.

While I was in forced retirement politi-

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cally—because of my exposure of the grafting County Commissioners—I was kept constantly informed of the secrets of the System by these confessions of the System's tools. I was informed, particularly, of the way elections were managed so as to keep the Beast in power.

Under the law, as we had it then, the county clerk appointed the deputy clerks before whom the prospective voter appeared to have his name registered on the voters' lists; and the applicant had to bring with him two witnesses to swear that he had a legal right to vote. Well and good! His name was duly entered on a sheet of paper, and these sheets were returned from the various wards to the clerk's office, there to be copied into the registration books. But then the original sheets were destroyed; there was no way of tracing a fraudulent registration back to the clerk who had made it; and these clerks, at the bidding of the men who appointed them, turned in sheets of "phony" names copied from the pages of directories from Omaha and Kansas City (for example) and kept a list of such names for use on election day.

On election day, the election "judges"—appointed to guard the ballot boxes by the same men who rebated the taxes of the corporations and the fines of dive-keepers—were given the lists of "phony" names registered in their precincts; and the judges would check off the fraudulent names on their poll books, and for each name deposit a ballot in the ballot box in support of the System! Could anything be simpler? Certainly nothing of the sort was ever more barefaced. I have seen typewritten lists of these "phony" names that were made out at the Democratic Club and furnished to the Democratic workers, so that no election judge

"NAPOLEON BILL" EVANS, HEAD OF TRAMWAY SYSTEM. FROM A SNAPSHOT TAKEN ON THE STREETS OF DENVER.

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might make the mistake of depositing a ballot for any voter who might later appear at the polls to vote for himself.

One day one of the county clerks of this period came to my chambers and said: "Ben, I don't know what I'm going to do about the lists of names that are coming in from the lower wards. They are bringing in thousands of names that I know are false." I advised him to refuse the names and expose the fraud. He did not do it. He has told me since that he tried to stand out, but the organization forced him to give way. He got his reward!

Long afterward, "Jim" Williams, a political henchman of William G. Evans, president of the tramway company, confessed to me: "Judge, it's really a shame when the thing gets as raw as it was that year. Why, one night, before that election, I carried $20,000 down to the Democratic Club, and I sat there around a table with Bill Davoren and Tom Phillips, with a bottle of whisky between us, and dickered about how much we ought to pay per majority per precinct!" And observe that the henchman of Evans, then "Republican" boss, supplies the Democratic ward-heelers with the money necessary to obtain fraudulent majorities for the Democratic ticket. The Beast is bi-partisan!

The result was that in one of the precincts of a ward of which city detective "Billy" Green was the "leader," the election returns showed 717 votes for the straight corporation Democratic ticket and nine votes for its opponents. The precinct, as everybody knew, did not have more than perhaps a hundred legal voters. And on one election night, when the returns were being announced, I stood outside a newspaper office and saw such returns from "Billy" Green's ward received by the crowd with shouts of laughter. A heart-tickling joke! And the people who applauded it were being plundered of the money that bought this laughable majority!

Did those people know it? Certainly not. They did not see the cat. I did not see it myself in *this* matter in those days. I thought the little "bosses," like Frank Adams of the Police Board, were alone responsible for the election frauds; and when the Honest Election League was formed and I was invited by the League to address mass meetings, I attacked the little "bosses" and the successors of the County Commissioners, and "bawled them out" amid the hisses and threats of their friends — threats that were made with the clenched fist brandished in my face. It was exciting work, but it was wasted. The Beast must have grinned like a Cheshire cat as it listened to me.

MILTON SMITH, CHAIRMAN DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE.

The other speakers of the League —with the one exception of Father O'Ryan — blamed the mere tools who stuffed the ballot boxes, an association of Democratic ward-heelers called "the Savages." They blamed the Savages as the good citizen of New York blames Tammany Hall. I knew a number of these Savages well; I had worked with them in the ranks of the Democratic party; and I knew that they had been corrupted by the political conditions, and that they had in them qualities of daring loyalty and unselfishness of which their employers had no trace. They would have followed honest leaders as unflinchingly as they followed these corrupt ones.

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REV. H. A. BUCHTEL, "THE CHANCELLOR DAY OF DENVER."

And the corrupt ones were not only corrupt; they were so greedily selfish that they had not even the human loyalty for the Savages that the poor Savages had for them. Note what they did:

In the spring and fall of 1903 were held the "charter elections" in Denver, by which the city and county of Denver were to be given a new instrument of consolidation; and under this charter the powers of the utility corporations were to be largely limited and the rights of the people protected. The corporations, through the agency of the Democratic machine, defeated a charter drawn up by an honest charter convention, elected a convention that was more to their taste, and obtained a charter that gave them more power than ever. In this campaign the election frauds were most open. "What chance have youse people got?" one of the Savages asked me. "Boss Evans and his crowd has fellows like me, good for 500 votes in a precinct, when fellows like you is only good for one vote. What show have *youse* got?" A watcher for the Honest Election League was thrown out of a polling booth by the Savages, and when an attorney for the League threatened the election judge with arrest and a sentence in jail, the ballot-box stuffer replied: "I don't care a damn for your District Court. We'll take it to the Supreme Court, and then you'll see what happens." As a matter of fact, the League prosecuted in the District Court, but the case was appealed to the Supreme Court and the ballot-box stuffer won.

Similarly, in the elections of the spring of 1904, the utility corporations used the Democratic machine and the Savages to elect our old friend, Robert W. Speer, Mayor of Denver, along with a Democratic ticket; and, according to the confessions of the agents of corruption themselves, there were 10,000 fraudulent votes counted at the polls. But six months later, in the fall of this same year 1904, the corporations for their own purposes wished to elect a Republican ticket in the city and the state; and the Democratic Savages were warned by their leaders—particularly by the Mayor, Robert W. Speer—that they must not stuff the ballot boxes. They did not obey the voice of their master. They did for themselves what they had so often done for the corporations—although the frauds were not as great as usual—and they succeeded in electing the Democratic ticket in Denver. Court proceedings were at once begun against them, and by an unprecedented use of the Supreme Court they were sent to jail. I went to them there and sat in their cells and talked with them. Their indignation was almost tearful. They were like a family of "bad" boys who had been taught by their father to steal for him and then had been handed over to the police by their unnatural parent when they stole for themselves. And the blind public rejoiced in their punishment and degradation! And the Supreme Court handed over to the cor-

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Photograph by Chas. S. Price, Denver, Colo.

CHANCELLOR BUCHTEL'S DENVER UNIVERSITY.

porations the "swag" which the young thieves had tried to keep for themselves!

This, however, is by the way and in advance of my story. The point I wish to make is merely that I knew the ballot boxes were being stuffed and knew how successfully it could he done. I knew, too, that in my previous campaign the Democratic machine had used fraud in an attempt to defeat me. One of the Savages, "Jack" Stoddard (afterward president of the City Board of Supervisors), had confessed to me that in his ward, when the ballots were being counted, hundreds of straight Democratic votes had been "scratched" against me by the Democratic election judges, who marked a cross against the name of my Republican opponent. If that had been done when I was a comparatively inoffensive opponent of the System, what would they not do now, after my four years of "grand stand" plays and exposures? I knew what they would do. They would put me on the Democratic ticket—because they wished to use the popularity of the Juvenile Court in support of the ticket—and then would "scratch" and "stuff" to defeat me. Their nomination was the gift they offered me; and it was the gift I feared.

I decided that I would not accept *their* nomination *alone*. The Juvenile Court had been helped by citizens of all political parties, and there was no reason why I should make a partisan campaign for reëlection. Moreover, the Republican organization had been deserted by the public utility corporations for the time, and a number of young reformers had seized it and hauled down the skull and crossbones. Several were old and close friends whom I had known since my school days. All were favorable to my candidacy; and, though I did not believe I could be elected on the Republican ticket alone, I knew I could be nominated on it. I was even offered the Republican nomination for the mayoralty, privately, by Mr. John W. Springer and Mr. Greeley W. Whitford in the office of the Continental Trust Company, before Mr. Springer had accepted that nomination himself; and I refused it because my work was in the Juvenile Court and I did not wish to abandon that. But Mr. Springer was fighting Evans; and I agreed that if the Republicans endorsed my candidacy for the judgeship I would accept their support, so that the popularity of the Juvenile Court might not be wholly an asset of the Evans Democratic ticket.

I made my decision known to my friends, and I immediately received an anxious visit from Harry A. Lindsley, the District Attorney who served the Beast so faithfully while he was in office. He took me out to luncheon, and for two hours he labored with

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me eloquently over the restaurant dishes. The registration, he assured me, had been fixed for the Democratic party to win, and if I did not agree to take the Democratic nomination and refuse any other, I would go down to defeat inevitably. Worse than that: once out of the County and Juvenile Court, I would find that I could not make a living in Denver with the insulted Powers against me. "You'll not be able to make a hundred dollars a month," he said. He named lawyers who, as I knew, had failed in Denver because they had fought the System; they had been unable to get any big cases to handle, because the corporations would give them none; and they had been unable to win even their little cases, because the corporation judges were against them. He painted a vivid picture of me, shabby, soured, and a failure in life; and I knew, from my own observation, that the picture was not overdrawn. Some of the most honest and promising young men in Denver have been driven from us in just such a state of crestfallen destitution.

However, I knew all this before Lindsley told it to me, and the scarecrow had lost its terrors. I told him I would not refuse the support of any party. My court was non-partisan, and I proposed to make its judge the same.

Next came a visit in my chambers from Earl Hewitt (Denver's present Police Commissioner), a "fixer" and "man-Friday" of Robert W. Speer; and after he had shut and locked my door, he drew from his pocket—so to speak—a gold brick of a peculiarly winning glitter. If I would promise to accept a Democratic nomination for the judgeship, and refuse the Republican nomination, and support Speer for the mayoralty, the Democrats would elect me Governor of Colorado in the fall! I must have looked dubious (though I tried not to), for he used all the eloquence of a horse-trader in order to persuade me. He succeeded in convincing me that the trap was set and sure, since the bait was so large and alluring. And after he had gone I wrote a letter to the newspapers refusing to bind myself to the Democratic party, and announcing myself as a non-partisan candidate for reëlection to a non-partisan court.

"You have signed your political death-warrant," a friend assured me; and I believed that he was right. An ex-Governor had written me a letter to the same effect. Milton Smith and "Bill" Davoren and all the other agents of the Beast saw my "finish." I saw it myself. But I was resolved to meet it on my feet and fighting.

The women rallied first. Mrs. J. B. Belford, Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, and Mrs. M. A. B. Conine, of the Woman's Club, organized indignation meetings, protesting against the opposition of the Democratic machine to my renomination; and the newspapers spread reports of the protest, written effectively by such able newspaper women as "Polly Pry" and Winifred Black and Ellis Meredith. The pulpits took it up. The newsboys began to parade the streets shouting:

"Who, which, when?
Wish we was men,
So we could vote for
our little Ben!"

(And for the first time in my life I found it an advantage to be "five foot six" and to weigh ninety-eight pounds!) The Democratic leaders began to fear that if the Republicans nominated me and the Democrats did not, the women would vote the straight Republican ticket, in

Photograph by Stuart Mace.

MAYOR SPEER.

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their blind resentment, and turn the whole election. The children marched with songs and banners, and even mobbed the doors of the Democratic Club with insults and catcalls. "Little ——," a Democratic "leader," said, "They're stirring up the whole town!" A professional politician is as cowardly as a gambler is superstitious. When the Democratic convention met I did not attend, but I was nominated.

I was nominated—but not for love. A Democratic candidate, named Robert J. Byrne, went to one of the young Republican "leaders" and said: "We had to nominate Lindsey because we thought you people were going to. But if you'll put up a Republican, we'll support him and bury Lindsey so deep he'll never be heard of again." Other Democrats made the same proposal to other Republicans. And we felt it necessary to hold a mass meeting, to give the reform Republicans the moral support of some public enthusiasm. We met in the opera house, under the auspices of the leading women of Denver; and Father William O'Ryan, Rabbi William S. Friedman, and Rev. John H. Houghton spoke in behalf of my candidacy. In the midst of the enthusiasm the news was brought that the Republicans had nominated me, and we adjourned with cheers.

REV. WILLIAM O'RYAN, DENVER'S FIGHTING PRIEST

My election was assured. There was no doubt of it. It was impossible to defeat me. But I knew another fact that was equally assured, namely, that my election would be declared void by the courts. I did not join in the cheering.

You see, those elections were held under the new charter consolidating the city and county of Denver. The charter provided for the election of two county judges; but the constitutional amendment that had provided for a convention to draw up the charter had particularly prohibited the convention from providing for the election of such judges. These judges should have been elected under the state statutes, as they had been previously. The charter convention knew it. I knew it, and I had written to members of the convention about it. But the System had seen an opportunity to get rid of me. "Let's mix it up," I was told that one of the Democratic bosses had said. "We'll see if we can't drop the little devil in the shuffle." If I were elected and my election declared void, the County Commissioners, under the law, would have the right to name a judge to take my place; but there was nothing for me to do but go ahead with them and try to provide that after the "shuffle" they should find me on top!

CHAPTER X

THE BEAST AND THE BALLOT.—CONTINUED.

A New England philosopher has said that the great virtue of a college education is to teach a man how unavailing it is. I have never been taught that. I have always had an envy of those men who have been able to live four years of their youth among the ideals of a university, protected from the disillusionments of the world, novitiates of culture and the liberal mind, happy among the boyish comradeships of the lecture room and the campus. It had always seemed to me that my life had been spiritually orphaned by this loss of an *alma mater*. And when—just after my reëlection in the spring of 1904—the Denver University, through its chancellor, the Reverend Henry Augustus Buchtel, offered to confer an honorary degree upon me, I felt as humbly flattered as if I were a quondam street waif whom some almost noble family now wished to adopt. (Intellectual snobbery? No doubt of it!)

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On the night that my degree was to be conferred upon me I went proudly to the commencement exercises in the Trinity Methodist Church. Mr. W. G. Evans, president of the tramway company, had been showing a new interest in the Juvenile Court, and had sent me word, through a friend, that he thought my work for the children ought to be publicly recognized by the university. I knew that the university had been founded by Mr. Evans's father, and that Mr. Evans himself had assisted it with large and frequent contributions. I knew that Dean Shattuck of the university had been a household friend of Mr. Evans and his family, that he had been elected a member of the charter convention that betrayed the city to the corporations, and that he had not opposed the betrayal. But all this meant nothing to me. The college had remained in my thought something as unworldly as a convent. The Honorable Henry M. Teller was to receive an honorary degree with me; and there was nothing but pride in my heart as I walked down the aisle of Trinity Church, arm in arm with Senator Teller and Chancellor Buchtel, to the raised platform on which I was to receive my patent of intellectual nobility.

The church, of course, was crowded—crowded with the young men and women of the university and their fond parents. I looked at them from the platform and saw their happiness, and knew—better than they did—their good fortune, and thought of the little waifs of our Juvenile Court, and was glad that here, at least, youth was what it ought to be. They looked up at me, and I was proud to be there, honored among them and raised in their innocent estimation by an academic distinction. The Chancellor, in his address, was eloquent in his praise of our court; he made me blush till I could scarcely see. "If Christ came to Denver," he said, "He would go straight to your court; for there you are doing the Master's work." He put my precious diploma in my hand, and I sat down with tears in my eyes, amid the generous applause of all those enviable young people. I felt that I had never been happier, never been more fortunate, never been more honored—and that I never *could* be.

While I was still blinking, in a flattered daze, a message was brought to me from Milton Smith, written on a calling card; he wished to see me after the meeting, on a matter of great importance; and I came back to earth and politics with a chill shock. He was the chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee. It was he, you remember, who carried the case of Cronin, the dive-keeper, to the Supreme Court in Washington. He was attorney for the telephone company and its associated corporations. I wished him at the ends of the earth.

"BILL" DAVOREN.

I suspected what he wished to see me about. The Democrats, with the assistance of William G. Evans, the Republican "Boss," had elected Democratic "Boss" Speer and his ticket; but the election frauds had been so gross and palpable that the Republicans and their mayoralty candidate, Mr. John W. Springer, had filed suit in my court, contesting the election. The matter was to come up on the morrow on a motion to appoint watchers for the sealed ballot boxes. I guessed that Milton Smith wished to see me about this. I wondered, for a moment, what he could have to say to me; and then my eyes returned to the young graduates who were receiving their degrees at the threshold of their college, with their faces to the unknown world out of which I had been

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momentarily uplifted; and I forgot Cronin's attorney in the spectacle of hope and youthful innocence beginning its career, like a bride turning from the altar—on the arm of an old rake! Would she reform him? I wondered.

Milton Smith was waiting for me with a young man whom I shall leave nameless because he was, I believe, a guiltless participant in what followed. They were waiting for me with a closed cab; for a thunderstorm had broken over the city and the rain was coming down as if the skies had burst. They invited Senator Teller and his wife into the carriage, and we drove first to Teller's home—a few blocks away—and nothing passed between us but congratulations on our academic honors and condemnations of the weather that had made such a sodden ending for the young people's commencement.

But when the Tellers had left us, and I sat back with my precious degree buttoned up in my breast pocket, Smith suddenly began: "Ben, we thought you wouldn't care to try those election cases." "Why?" I said, surprised. "Well now," he replied, "I'll tell you. You ran for election yourself, didn't you?" "I ran," I answered, "on both tickets." "Yes," he said, "but we don't want to embarrass you. There's no need for you to take the responsibility of deciding about elections in which you ran yourself. We feel that everybody would be better satisfied if you called in an outside judge." I asked: "Who, for instance?" He named a judge who has since become a notorious party crook.

The thunder was battering down the heavens overhead, with flashes of lightning and torrents of rain. The carriage splashed and jolted through the intermittent darkness. Milton Smith insinuated his way persuasively into his proposition that I should "job" the election cases for Republican Boss Evans and his Democratic agents; and I wondered whether there was any mark of the Beast on the diploma that I had been so absurdly proud of half an hour before.

They did not doubt my honesty, he said, but they were afraid that I was prejudiced, perhaps. I had been addressing mass meetings on the subject of ballot-box frauds; I had been a good deal wrought up, it seemed; I might not be as impartial as I ought to be. Besides, I ought to know what election cases were: both sides generally were equally guilty, and a judge was expected to stay with his party. They were afraid that I was squeamish. If I granted the Republicans this right to appoint "watchers" over the sealed boxes, I would be giving the ballots into the hands of the enemy; at least, that was what they feared.

I confess I was curious to know how far he would go in this attempt to persuade a judge to decide a case before it came to court. He did not go very far. Under my assurances that I would not shirk my responsibility, that I was not prejudiced, that I would give him a square deal, he lost his temper, and, pounding his fist into his hand, he declared they would get a change of venue, and to get it they would file affidavits that would make my "ears ring." This threat spoiled the whole situation, as far as I was concerned. I looked out of the window to see how near home I was, and a flash of lightning showed me headed for the City Park—which was no neighbor of mine. "Here," I said, "where are we going? Take me home."

It seemed that they had mistaken my address. Smith calmed down. The cab lurched around in the darkness, and the rest of the conversation was in a descending scale of irritation. We drew up, at last, at my door, and there we stayed talking uselessly, until, finally, I said: "Well, it's for you to determine the propriety of this business. All I have to say is that I intend to hear the case. Produce your affidavits, and if they convince me I'll give you a change of venue. But I don't intend to shirk my responsibility. I was non-partisan in my election, and I'll be non-partisan on the bench."

I got out. The door was slammed angrily behind me, and the carriage drove off. The rain had ceased. I went slowly into the house with my honorary "Bill Evans" degree.

I have often wondered whether any of the younger participants in those commencement exercises found as little gilt on their gingerbread as I did when I got home with mine out of that storm. Or is it only I who so often find the honorary bouquets of the world a bunch of thistles when I close my flattered hands on them? I hope so. Well——

The case came before me next morning, but neither side was ready to argue. Both asked a continuance, and I granted it. I

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was leaving town that night on a long trip to Portland, Maine, where I was to speak to a Charities Convention about our Juvenile Court work; and I arranged that Judge Frost should hear the preliminary motions in the election case during my absence, but keep the case itself till I returned. I had begun to suspect that the System had trapped itself in those sealed ballot boxes, and I wished to be at hand with a judicial club when they were opened.

That evening, when I was packing my valise, before I left the house to catch my train, I had a caller—a visitor from the past—my old partner in law, Senator Gardener. He was fatter; he looked more cynical and more prosperous, but he was the man with whom I had first been under fire in politics, and I was glad to see him. We talked of old times, as old friends do. We talked of our present, and I did not resent his complacent boast of a financial success that must have contrasted in his mind with my own circumstances. I knew him too well to resent it; I knew that to him I was still the same impractical simpleton I had always been.

We finally came down to the last elections and the case that was before my court. He said that he had been talking to Mr. Evans and to "Bob" Speer; in fact, Mr. Speer had been to his office to see him. He had been told that Charles J. Hughes, Jr., was to appear before me in my court and argue that I had no jurisdiction. "I'm to appear, too," he said. "You see I'm a Republican and Hughes is a Democrat, so the thing will be non-partisan. Hughes has an argument that'll convince any one. It'll let you out. You needn't hear the case at all. And you know your election as County Judge is no good; and if you had to decide this case against the Democrats, you could never get another nomination."

This sounded plausible—all but. There was one point I wished explained: Why did Mr. Evans feel that Charles J. Hughes, the corporation light of the Colorado bar, needed the support of such a lesser luminary as Gardener in the argument?

I said: "The statute of the state says that my court shall have jurisdiction in such cases, and the city charter expressly declares so. But if they have any law that will convince me to the contrary, you know well enough I'll do my duty."

He did not seem satisfied. "To be frank with you," he explained, "they have never quite understood you, Ben. They're afraid you're not just right—that they'll not get a square deal; all they want is a square deal." (The System has its own tests of a "square deal.")

"You can tell them," I assured him, "that they will receive absolute justice. I can't say more than that, can I?"

He fidgeted in his chair like a bad boy who is about to "snitch." I waited. "Well," he hinted, "they want to employ me in the case."

I saw it coming. "I'll be mighty glad, for your sake," I assured him, "to see you in it."

He looked up with a half-sickly smile. "Ben," he said, "you know I don't want to do anything wrong." (Surely not!) "But you and I have always been friends, and you know what politics are. One side's just as bad as the other, and you know it." He hesitated. "Besides if you do go ahead and try to hear the case, the Supreme Court will enjoin you."

"That's for the Supreme Court to decide," I said, and waited for him to come back to the secret that had stuck in his throat.

He talked around it for a long time. If I did open the ballot boxes, he said, I could put half the Democrats in town in jail, but it would not be enough to change the results of the election. It would do no good. He believed in taking a practical view of the case. I could resolve the reasonable doubts in the matter in favor of my own party. If I did not, I could never get another nomination.

"Well," I said, "you've been out on the Republican platform attacking the Democratic frauds. And now here you are defending them!"

He turned red. "It's all damn politics. They said they would pay me a big fee." He looked at me with a dubious expression of guilt and pleading shamefacedness. "It'll be the biggest fee I ever got in my life. And you know I'll be square with you." This last was given with an insinuating slowness.

I remained dense. "I have no objection to seeing you in the case. I don't see what *that* has to do with it."

"Well," he said, "unless I can guarantee that you'll dismiss the case, they'll not employ me."

I do not know whether they had expected

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me to ask how much of the fee I was to receive; or whether it was supposed that because of my old friendship with Gardener I would help him earn the money.

I looked into his face, as I try to look into the faces of the "bad" boys who come to my court. "Don't you see," I said, "that these fellows are either trying to trap me, or trying to make me disgrace my calling—and they're just *using* you? Why do you let them do it? You know they sent you here with this message. *I* know it. Why do you play catspaw in such a game?" He rose from his chair, looking ugly and mean.

He reached for his hat, with a scowl. I saw that it was useless to talk to him. "Well," I said, "you can go back to them, then, and tell them this case will be tried fairly and justly. I have done nothing to make them think I'm 'not right.' Their own conduct is the cause of that suspicion."

He stopped at the door. He asked, guiltily: "Can't you get me out of here without any one seeing me?"

There was only one way out, and that was through the front door. He took it—and he left behind him the last faint sense of our old friendship. It was he who soon after introduced in the Senate a bill forbidding the Judge of the County Court to leave Denver, except in the month of July, under a penalty of forfeiting fifteen dollars a day during his absence; and it was he who introduced another bill, at the same time, forbidding the County Judge to call in an outside judge to assist him with the legitimate work of a crowded docket. At that time our court was doing sixty per cent. more work than the four judges of the District Court combined; and I was doing it practically alone. We had held one hundred and four night sessions in one year. We were turning into the county nearly $10,000 a year from litigants after all our salaries and expenses had been paid. (And this was one of the complaints the politicians had against us. We should have used the surplus to provide "jobs for the boys," as the other courts did.) Instead of taking the holidays allowed judges by custom, I had spent my spare time lecturing, in various states, in support of Juvenile Court laws and the work of the Juvenile Improvement Association, which, as a children's protective and betterment league, was becoming a national organization. President Roosevelt had only just recommended our laws to the District of Columbia, and I had personally induced many governors in many states to do the same thing. . . . . However, this attempt of the interests to hamper me in a work that was being approved all over the country is out of its order of consideration here. The fight against Senator Gardener's "spite bills" did not begin till some time later, and I shall save the story of it for its proper place.

"BILLY" GREEN.

Meanwhile, I went on my trip to Maine. The Supreme Court granted the predicted writ of prohibition temporarily enjoining the County Court from trying the cases, and before this writ was made permanent something else happened. Our old friend Boss Graham, of the Evans Republican machine, went to Mr. John W. Springer, the Republican candidate for the mayoralty (who was protesting the election of Speer, the corporation Democrat), and told Springer that if his protest was not dropped and his case in my court withdrawn he would be ruined. He and his trust company would have "the four utility corporations of the city to whip financially." Graham claimed that the threat came from Evans. Mr. Springer said: "I conferred with the others interested in pushing the cases and said: 'Boys, we had better quit before we begin. We haven't

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enough money to beat four utility corporations.'" The tools of the Beast had first threatened him with the ruin of his reputation; they had showed him "fake" photographs of himself in company with various indecencies; and he had replied that he "would clean them out with a gun" if they attempted any such vilification. Some offensive articles about him were printed in *Clay's Review*,* a corporation paper of special circulation; and an attempt was made to get copies of a scurrilous pamphlet delivered to Mrs. Springer, who lay fatally ill at the time. (Oh, the Beast has no compunction!) Mr. Springer was not intimidated. "But," he said, "I could not fight them on the other issue. I could not jeopardize the savings of the widows and orphans that were invested in our trust company. They had me there. And they knew it."

Of course they knew it. Widows and orphans were nothing to them. They live by making widows and defrauding orphans. It is part of the profits of the System. (It is cheaper to make a wife a widow than to pay her husband a living wage, or protect him at his dangerous work.) Mr. Springer had some human feeling of social responsibility. The others have nothing but the animal cruelty of the preying Beast in their hearts when they are on the hunt. (Mr. Walter S. Cheesman, president of the water company, afterward told a well-known banker: "It cost us more to defeat Springer than any other man who ever ran for office in Denver!")

Mr. Springer withdrew his protest on condition that the Evans Democratic candidates should pay the court costs thus far incurred. This was agreed to. Mr. Evans saw that the money was deposited to the credit of the Republican chairman, and $1,000 of the sum came from Chase! Ed Chase! Do you understand? He was, and is, one of the "leaders" of the gambling syndicate in Denver. *There* you have the Beast scratching its right ear with its left hind leg—so to speak. Evans and Chase!

And do not for a moment imagine that this unholy alliance of Evans and Chase is peculiar to Denver. You will find it in every American city in which the heads of utility corporations and the other "captains of industry" are trying to obtain special privileges to steal from the people. The Evans of your city—whichever one it is—is partner with your Chase, your Cronin, your Tammany "Savages," your Frank Adams, your Billy Adams, and all your enemies of law, promoters of graft, and buzzards of public loot. Chancellor Buchtel is only the Chancellor Day of Denver. The Beast is everywhere the Beast, and its agents are always its agents.

*Perry A. Clay, its proprietor, is a man whom I saw among the armed gamblers on the steps of the City Hall, defending the corrupt Fire and Police Board from Governor Waite's militia. He turned up again among the negro deputies who precipitated the election riots in 1900, and he was undersheriff to the Democratic sheriff who sold the use of his office for $20,000 to the Republicans during that campaign. Clay has since been politically rewarded with the clerkship of the District Court! His *Review*, long supported by the advertisements of saloons, dives, and brothels, is now disguised as a temperance advocate; and, in this disguise, delivered free from door to door, whenever the beast needs aid, it carries the arguments of the corporations to the homes of "the church element."

B. B. L.

The Fifth Instalment of **The Beast and the Jungle** will appear in the February Number.

One Night in the Northwest

By ARTHUR STRINGER

WHEN they flagged our train because of a broken rail,
I stepped down out of the crowded car,
With its clamor and dust and heat and babel of broken talk.
I stepped out into the cool, the velvet cool, of the night,
And felt the balm of the prairie-wind on my face,
And somewhere I heard the running of water,
I felt the breathing of grass,
And I knew, as I saw the great white stars,
That the world was made for good
And God was watching us!

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A REJECTED UPLIFT

By BESSIE R. HOOVER

Illustrations by John Conacher

"SHUT that screen door, Jed," commanded Ma Flickinger. "Do you want the flies to eat you up?"

"I am a-shuttin' it," returned her son, "as soon as Snup gits all in."

"If that cat'd git her tail squoze onct, she'd hurry her pegs after that," observed Ma.

Pa Flickinger, in his shirt sleeves, bent wearily over the evening paper. "A firebug'd be ashamed to show such a glim as this'n," he complained of the glass-bangled hanging-lamp.

Jed, who was also in his shirt sleeves, grabbed the other half of the paper, and pawed it over to find the weather report; for, being a farmer, he had a keen, though disgruntled, interest in the weather man.

"Opal, what've you got your hair all flossed out like a wax doll for?" inquired Ma Flickinger. "I'll betche, Pa, that young one wastes three hours a day on her hair."

"It'd be nice if we'd all slick up a little every evening," hinted Opal, who, now that she was a young lady, was what her mother called "finicky." "Mr. Bistle never sits down in the evening without putting on his coat."

"Woods's men folks never do, neither," spoke up Jed, though himself unmoved by Opal's hint. "Even the hired man's gotta slick himself up when he comes to the table; and Mrs. Woods's hair always looks jest so."

"Land! I shouldn't think they'd do much else but trig theirselves up," criticised Ma. "And then what does it amount to? Your victuals don't taste no better."

"Woods's don't know no difference," stated Jed. "But they're mighty fine folks, anyway; why, Seftie Woods has been fetched up like a lady."

"And I suppose it's all on account of your expectin' Seftie this evenin' that all this agony is wished," said Ma; "but Seftie needn't think that he's comin' here as a beau to you, Miss Opal—nor to none of us," added Ma, merely for emphasis.

"But it looks so for Pa and Jed to sit around so slouchy," criticised Opal, "whether anybody comes or not; and for you, Ma, to go without your hair combed all day."

"I comb it when I git up in the mornin'—if I have time—and that's enough," declared Ma.

"But you could brush it back when it sticks out so——"

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"Opal!" thundered her father in a tremendous voice that he used only when rasped to the edge of desperation, "cut it out!"

"Listen to the newspaper," ordered Jed. "It says that Willie Briggs is goin' to make a speech at the Berrien Springs picnic, and——"

"That makes me think," interrupted Ma, "that I met Willie comin' home from store; and he ast was Opal goin' to be home this evenin', so I had to ast him over to set awhile."

"If Willie comes, I'll go right over to Sophie's," threatened Opal.

"No, you won't," vetoed her mother. "He says he's goin' to teach at Stump's Corners, and that the next school ain't got no teacher yet. You ast him about it. I want you to teach school, now that we've educated you."

"There ain't hardly a night in the paper but what Willie Briggs is a-goin' to read from our beloved poet, James Biddicombe Smiley, or make a speech," complained Jed.

"Which shows that Willie has his moral courage by him," defended Ma. "I'll betche, Jed, if you tried to speak a piece, your tongue'd clapper to the roof of your mouth without giving out any sound."

"And Willie ain't never got nothin' worth sayin'," observed Pa.

"No, but he loves to say it," added Jed.

"And when Willie's made a durned fool of hisself," went on Pa, "the daily paper comes out and prophesies a brilliant future for the wordy little rat."

"I dunno what speakin' a piece'll do to Willie's future; but it wouldn't add many bright days to mine," stated Jed dryly.

"There's Willie now, Opal; I know his ladylike tap, tap on the screen door," said her mother. "Remember to ast him about that school.

"Land o' Goshen! Willie's all togged out in his Sunday black," informed Ma, as she caught sight of Willie when Opal went out. "What's got into Willie?"

"Mebbe he's come a-courtin'," suggested Jed.

"Willie Briggs! Land, no," laughed Ma; "he's a widow's only son, and brung up to think of his ma afore anything else. Willie's only an old schoolmate of Opal's, and a neighbor's boy."

"When was you and Mrs. Briggs neighbors, Ma?" asked Jed.

"She lives in the next block."

"But she's never called on you," reminded Jed.

"No, but I've met her at our Longfeller Club on Rec'procity Day. She's presidunt of the Elder Bloom Society, and she says to me that she thought Longfeller was a lovely man."

"I never knowed afore, Jed, that you was so keen to have your ma go into society," grinned Pa.

"I ain't; I'm only showin' that we don't owe the Briggses nothin'; and if Willie pesters Opal by hangin' round—and then wants to marry her," said Jed bluntly, "you won't feel so funny."

"Willie never thought of such a thing," assured Ma.

"I dunno about that," allowed Pa; "he'd be jest the kind to bring home a wife for his ma to feed."

"Land! shut up," cried Ma. "Croak, croak, croak. Gimme a piece of that there paper to read."

Willie Briggs, sitting on the front porch with Opal in the full glare of the electric street light, was immaculate with shining linen and painfully smoothed hair. And though he was a large young man, his black suit made him look more boyish than usual, accentuating his fat, rosy cheeks and gleaming freckles.

"I have been reading," he told Opal, "a

"IT'S A GREAT MORAL AWAKENER—NOT THAT I NEED IT MYSELF."

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grand book on character building; and I thought maybe Jed would like to read it. It's a great moral awakener—not that I need it myself."

"But Jed is so busy," murmured Opal.

"No one should ever be too busy to read a good book. Time spent in self-improvement is well spent."

"Yes, I believe that," agreed Opal, thinking of her family; "but how are you going to interest people who don't care to change?"

"Present the subject of self-improvement to them, present the subject," repeated Willie ministerially.

"But suppose they won't listen," objected Opal.

"Then something must be wrong with your presentation." Willie's chubby face glowed with ardor.

"Maybe that's it," responded Opal; "but I think it's everybody's duty to learn as much as he can, and not be prejudiced and narrow and always in the same old rut."

"Yes, indeed," assented Willie smugly.

"And it takes only a little more effort to have things go right than it does to be slack and let things go wrong," declared Opal, who was striving unhappily for perfection.

"I feel, Opal," said Willie, suddenly changing the subject, "that this will be a memorable year for me—and for you. "Everything is conspiring to make it memorable," he went on blandly: "my twenty-first birthday—my first year as a school-teacher—my first vote. And your asking me about up-lifting your family just fits in nicely with the purpose of my call."

Opal was astonished, for she did not suppose that Willie knew that she had referred to her parents.

"I have something pretty important to say to you, Opal; in fact"—here Willie reached over, and, much to Opal's surprise and embarrassment, took her hand— "I have always respected you—" which was not at all what he had meant to tell her. And Opal, inwardly protesting, dared not snatch her hand away.

"And I'm going to ask you——" Willie began, when the sound of wagon wheels broke the evening's stillness, and, perched on the high seat of his old berry rack, and wearing a great straw hat, came Sefton Woods, on his way home from the dock. He had driven around to the Flickingers' with the intention of calling.

Opal was sitting so that she could not see the team, which turned down Bistle Avenue; but Sefton Woods saw Opal, and the painful tableau of Willie Briggs holding her hand was vividly illuminated by the street light. As Willie formally bowed, Sefton took off his old straw hat with elaborate politeness, and went by without stopping.

Spurred on by the sight of his rival, Willie Briggs blurted out, "I was going to say—that is—*Opal, you can marry me,*" and the ends of his fair, plastered hair were dark with honest perspiration.

Opal drew her hand quickly away.

"Yes, I have decided to get married," he continued. "Mother has finally given her consent to my marrying you—would the first of September be early enough? I couldn't make arrangements much sooner."

"But, Willie——" Opal began to protest.

"No need of a definite answer now. Give yourself time," advised Willie, almost cheerful again, as if a prize like him could not possibly be refused when she came to think it over.

"Time will make no difference," Opal told him.

"Pardon me, but I know it will," assured Willie. "Why, you'll make just the wife for me; you have a sweet disposition, and you've been brought up to do housework; besides, you have a progressive mind; in fact, you have all the qualities that make an excellent wife."

"But, Willie, I don't want to get married."

"You will, though, when you think what a benefit it'll be to you and your folks to be connected with *us*; why, we're *one of the old families*. And Mrs. Samuel Apsley Brown, my aunt, is the social leader of this town."

"I couldn't think of it now—or ever," said Opal.

"You surely must understand the worth of what I am offering you!"

"But you're so young," spoke up Opal, annoyed at his persistence.

"Young!" echoed Willie, getting very red in the face.

"And I know I shouldn't be happy with you," stated Opal plainly.

"There is something above mere happiness," argued Willie gloomily; "you should consider your highest good, your duty to yourself."

"I am," asserted Opal.

"Pardon me, but you are not," contradicted Willie in a disagreeable voice, for he was considerably put out. "Besides, by

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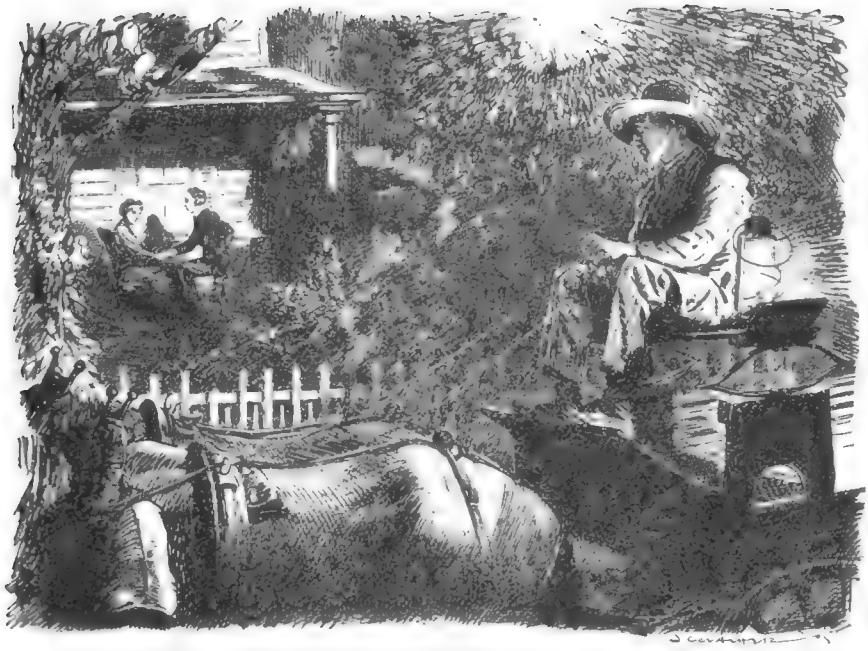

THE PAINFUL TABLEAU OF WILLIE BRIGGS HOLDING HER HAND.

helping yourself you would help your family, and you know how much they lack refinement and social polish."

Opal said nothing, but she did not relish having her own thoughts about her parents put into plain language.

"Of course, I am not including you in this," added Willie more pleasantly; "you could be coached by Mother and me for society. When we're married, Mother'll have a little reception and introduce you to the members of the Elder Bloom Club—the real culture club of this town; then Mrs. Apsley Brown's daughter'll propose you for the Daughters of the Elder Blooms. We're going to live with Mother; and this winter, when I get to teaching school, you can have everything that heart could wish."

"But, Willie, I can't possibly marry you—because I don't care enough for you."

"If that's all," cried Willie in a gush of cordiality, "we can change all that."

"No, you don't understand. I *never* could care enough—now."

"What!" demanded Willie, plainly ruffled, "do you mean to say, Opal, that you have let what is just a summer flirtation influence you?" It had evidently influenced Willie, for he continued: "And I can't help but feel that you have been listening to a trifler. I name no names, but he lives in the country—and he takes life lightly." Willie spoke as if to take life lightly were the one unpardonable sin.

"We don't need to talk about him at all," broke in Opal quickly, knowing that Willie referred to Sefton Woods.

"I could count five girls that he has acted to just as he has to you," went on Willie stubbornly, "and you'll live to see him acting that way to five more."

"I don't think that way," denied Opal, though she could not help but wonder if Fernie Bistle had been one of those five girls.

"Then there's your duty to your family—let alone yourself; your parents are, to say the least—illiterate," informed Willie solemnly, as if referring to a criminal offense.

The angry red deepened in Opal's usually pale cheeks.

"And though Jed's had a few years at the Agricultural College, he lacks polish. I am sure I could help Jed; that boy's got good stuff in him," conceded Willie patronizingly, "though he's a sort of a clod when it comes to good manners."

The lilac bushes beside the porch now began to sway gently. "The wind must be rising," noticed Willie. "And I'll show Jed that a boor is never welcome in society; I'll

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get him into our ethical club—that'll be one refining influence. Oh, I'm sure I could polish Jed up. I must have a good talk with Jed on just what he needs. "And I think I can do a little missionary work for your nephew Clarence, or Butch, as you call him." Here the lilac bushes swished violently. "It won't bore me a bit; I'll gladly do it on account of your being in our family. And now it seems to me, Opal, that this is about the best thing for you and your family that ever came your way."

"But, Willie——" began Opal determinedly.

Willie cut her short: "I just won't take 'no' for an answer—think it over. And I wouldn't say a word against you know who, if I wasn't sure that he is a trifler; because personally I like him; he has a brilliant—though shallow—mind," Willie added, struggling to be just.

"Opal don't care how long Seftie Woods holds her hand," sang out a husky voice tauntingly, and Butch Panner, Opal's harum-scarum nephew, almost a man in size but a boy in years, bobbed up on to the porch from behind the lilac bush.

"Oh, Butch!" cried Opal, "go away. Don't mind him, Willie, he just does it to tease you."

"Whatever he does it for, it can have no effect on me," returned Willie, his chubby cheeks brick-red with anger. "But an eavesdropper, Clarence——"

"Aw, cut it out," sneered Butch. "Opal's sweet on Seftie, she is."

"Butch, stop, please stop," pleaded Opal.

"Gramma," yelled Butch, "Willie Briggs's tryin' to git hisself engaged to Opal."

"In such an environment as this, how can there be—any—progress?" sputtered Willie, hastily jerking on his gloves. "Such a personality as Clarence's is—death—to any refined feeling."

"Aw, listen, Gramma," exulted Butch loudly; "here's Willie Briggs a-usin' language."

"Butch," cried Ma Flickinger, appearing, scandalized, at the front door, "come right in here, sir. How dare you talk so to Willie? You ought to be cuffed!" And his grandmother dragged him in, laughing and protesting, shoved him into a chair in the sitting-room, and slammed the parlor door.

"Shame yourself, Butch, to act like a young hoodlum to Opal's gentleman friend," admonished Ma severely.

"Friend nothin'," scorned Butch, in no way squelched; "he's askin' Opal to marry him."

"No!" exclaimed Ma, in a shocked voice. "Don't tell me that!"

"Sometimes, Butch, you carry your joshin' a leetle too fur," blamed his grandfather.

"'Tain't no josh, Grampa, honest, hope to die; I was a-listenin' by the lilac bush, and he ast Opal about marryin' him, and said what they'd do when they was married."

"Didn't I say so?" triumphed Jed.

"But who'd a-thunk it?" demanded Pa, displeased.

"I'm clean besnizzled—I dunno what to say," remarked Ma in a dazed way.

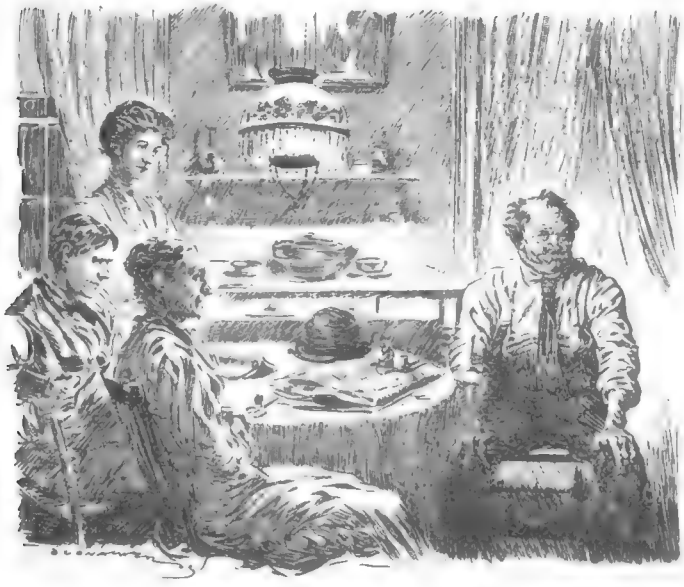
"And first he helt Opal's hand," informed Butch.

"Shut yourself right up, sir," commanded Ma; "we don't want no eavesdroppin' tales here."

"Aw, let Butch tell us, Ma—what hurt'll it do?" urged Jed.

"'Tain't polite," defended his mother.

"What Willie said was polite, I'll betche," observed Pa.



"BUT I NEVER TOOK YOU FOR A HUMBLY MAN," SAID MA.

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"Aw, come on, Ma, what'd you care? Let Butch tell it," coaxed Jed.

"But it looks so," protested Ma, "for us to be pickin' Willie's remarks out'n Butch second-hand. What say, Pa?"

"What's the harm?" grinned Pa. "Opal's our girl—mebbe we ought to know how 't is."

"But if anything disagreeable comes from it," said Ma, "you can remember that I wa'n't one bit in favor of it. And make it short, Butch, if you're bound to tell it."

"Willie held Opal's hand and spielt away on how much he'd respect her always," narrated Butch.

"Nothin' fierce in that," grinned Jed.

"But I can't make it seem right for us to be listenin' to Willie's love-makin' second-hand," worried Ma.

"'Twa'n't love," denied Butch. "And Willie's got it in for you, Jed; he says you're turrible woodsy."

"Aw, the dumb-head!" cried Jed.

"And he says you need polishin' up," continued Butch.

"Mebbe my grammar machine ain't so well oiled as his'n; but, shucks!" grinned Jed, "what's the use of gettin' mad at Willie? His Ma's made a little man of him—he don't know no better."

"Wot do you care for a starched hop-toad like Briggs, Jed?" demanded Pa, scornfully.

"Nothin'," laughed Jed, good-naturedly.

"And Willie he says he'll polish you up hisself," added Butch.

"Polish Jed up!" sniffed Ma. "Jed's sharp as a needle now."

"And he says the Flickingers ain't nobody 'cause they ain't a old family," remembered Butch.

"Listen to that!" cried Pa violently. "Ain't a old family! Well, I was here afore the canal was."

"I dunno but some of the old families'd looked kinder frazzled out alongside us Flickingers," remarked Ma.

"But to be sot on by a young lad with an empty pod for a head," fumed Pa.

"And it tickled me to hear Willie call Seftie Woods names," chuckled Butch. "And Seftie he's goin' to suffer yet for the way he pounded me onct."

"Shut that up, Butch," commanded Jed; Seftie didn't pound you; but I wisht he had."

"Butch is always a-carryin' a grudge ag'in somebody," declared Ma. "But when Seftie Woods and Opal ride by Willie's house on their way to the Old Folks' picnic next week, it'd do me a pile of good to know that Willie saw 'em," laughed Ma.

"Hear that, Opal?" asked Jed, as Opal came into the sitting-room after a prolonged and importunate farewell from Willie Briggs.

"If you'd 'a' hollered for your Pa, Opal, I'd 'a' come out and tended to young Mr. Hop-toad," her father told her.

"When I was a girl," said Ma unexpectedly, "and a feller begun to git funny, I begun to git froze; Opal, you might of. And I don't suppose you ast him a word about that school."

"I never thought of it," confessed Opal.

"What'd you let him ask you for, Opal?" blamed Jed. "Why didn't you turn him down?"

"But he wouldn't stop," cried Opal, almost in tears; "he would go on; he couldn't get it into his head that I wouldn't marry him! And he talked so mean about all of you —I won't stand it to have anybody run down my folks."

"You've been a-singin' about the same song as Willie Briggs, about our talk, and havin' scurcely no manners, and a-bein' slouchy, Opal," reminded her mother dryly.

"Maybe I have," admitted Opal, "but I didn't mean it the way Willie did."

"And what's a graduated daughter for," inquired her father loyally, "if it ain't to use her education on her folks? Opal's gotta right to open her head on any old subject a-goin' in her own family."

"And I don't thank anybody for saying that our Jed is coarse and needs polishing," cried Opal. "Just think how Jed has earned his money and gone to school. He's always worked hard and sacrificed without a bit of pleasure." And Jed's blunt features glowed with a curious satisfaction. Very few people had ever praised Jed.

"And Willie Briggs don't have nothin' to do but to set in his glass case and preen his feathers," added Pa. "But who cares *wot* Mr. Hop-toad says, anyway?"

"I do," answered Opal warmly, "because Jed *has* developed his character. Jed *is* manly."

"Why, our Jeddie's growin' good-lookin' actually," exclaimed Ma, struck by her son's glowing face. "If he keeps on, he'll be pretty nigh as well-favored as his brother Bill."

"Bill!" snorted Jed scornfully.

"Shucks, Ma," disparaged Pa. "Jed's humblier than I be."

"But I never took you for a humbly

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man, particularly," contended Ma. "Your features may not all be on the plumb, but it's what's back of your face that I look at."

"And he said Ma and Pa were illiterate," began Opal.

"What's that?" Ma wanted to know.

"It means woodsy—and more," explained Pa.

"Land o' livin', where's that there Butch? Did anybody see him go into my pantry?" asked Ma apprehensively.

"Butch's home by this time," assured Jed.

"I won't have my folks called illiterate," declared Opal. "Why, Pa's superintendent of his part of the factory. And everybody respects Pa—he's never done *anything* but *good* to everybody all his life."

BUTCH.

At this loyal tribute to Pa's superiority, Ma openly wiped her eyes.

"What're you on the p'int of bellerin' for, old woman?" demanded her husband.

"It makes me feel so good to hear Opal talkin' like a human bein', and not continually findin' fault with us," said Ma.

"And I won't have my mother looked down on," went on Opal. "See how hard Ma's always worked; she's never had time to go in society like Willie's mother."

"Who'd trade our Ma for Missus Briggs?" cried Pa scornfully. "Why, Missus Briggs has brung up her only son to be a sissy!"

"I dunno exactly what a sissy is," confessed Ma, "but it don't sound like nothin' I'd stand for."

THE WAY OF BUSINESS

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Keziah Coffin," "Cy Whittaker's Place," etc.

Illustrations by Martin Justice

IT had got to be the reg'lar thing, as you might say, and, though we didn't charge nothin' for it—which was next door to sacreligion at the Old Home House—'twas one of the most popular amusements on the male boarders' program that particular fortni't in August.

Take it of a dull day, for instance. Sky overcast and the wind aidgin' round to the sou'east, so's you couldn't tell whether 'twould rain or fair off; too cold to go off to the ledge cod-fishin' and too hot for billiards or bowlin'; a bunch of the younger womenfolks at one end of the piazza playin' bridge; half a dozen men, includin' me and Cap'n Jonadab, smokin' and tryin' to keep awake at t'other end; amidships a gang of females, mainly widows or discards in the matrimony deal, doin' fancy work and gossip. That would be about the usual layout.

Conversation got to you in homeopath doses, somethin' like this:

"Did you say 'Spades'? *Well!* if I'd known you were going to make us lose our deal like that, I'd never'd have bridged it—not with *this* hand."

"Oh, Miss Gabble, have you heard what people are sayin' about"—? The rest of it whispers.

"A—oo—*ow!* By George, Bill! this is dead enough, isn't it? Shall we match for the cigars or are you too lazy?"

Then, from away off in the stillness would come a drawn-out "Honk! honk!" like a wild goose with the asthma, and pretty soon up the road would come sailin' a big red automobile, loaded to the guards with goggles and grandeur, and whiz past the hotel in a hurricane of dust and smell. Then all hands would set up and look interested, and Bill would wink acrost at his chum and drawl:

"That's the way to get over the country! Why, a horse isn't one—two—three with

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that! Cap'n Wixon, I'm surprised that a sportin' man like you hasn't bought one of those things long afore this."

For the next twenty minutes there wouldn't be any dullness. Jonadab would take care of that. He'd have the floor and be givin' his opinions of autos and them that owned and run 'em. And between the drops of his language shower you'd see them boarders nudgin' each other and rockin' back and forth contented and joyful.

It always worked. No matter what time of day or night, all you had to say was "auto" and Cap'n Jonadab would sail up out of his chair like one of them hot-air balloons the youngsters nowadays have on Fourth of July. And he wouldn't come down till he was empty of remarks, nuther You never see a man get so red-faced and eloquent.

It wa'n't because he couldn't afford one himself. I know that's the usual reason for them kind of ascensions, but 'twa'n't his. No sir! the summer hotel business had put a considerable number of dollars in Jonadab's hands, and the said hands was like a patent rat-trap, a mighty sight easier to get into than out of. He could have bought three automobiles if he'd wanted to, but he didn't want to. And the reason he didn't was named Tobias Loveland and lived over to Orham.

Tobias and Cap'n Jonadab never did hitch, anyhow. When they was boys together at school they was always rowin' and fightin', and when they grew up to be thirty and courted the same girl—ten years younger than either of 'em, she was—'twa'n't much better. Neither of 'em got her, as a matter of fact; she married a tin peddler named Bassett over to Hyannis. But both cal'lated they would have won if t'other hadn't been in the race, and consequently they loved each other with a love that passed understandin'. Tobias had got well-to-do in the cranberry-raisin' line and drove a fast horse. Jonadab, durin' the last prosperous year or two, had bought what he thought was some horse, likewise. They met on the road one day and trotted alongside one another for a mile. At the end of that mile Jonadab's craft's jib-boom was just astern of Tobias's rudder. Inside of that week the cap'n had swapped his horse for one with a two-thirty record, and the next time they met Tobias was left with a beautiful, but dusty, view of Jonadab's back hair. So *he* bought a new horse. And that was the beginnin'.

It went along that way for eighteen months. Fust one feller's nag would come home freighted with perspiration and glory, and then t'other's. One week Jonadab would be so bloated with horse pride that he couldn't find room for his vittles, and the next he'd be out in the stable growlin' 'cause it cost so much for hay to stuff an old hide-rack that wa'n't fit to put in a museum. At last it got so that neither one could find a better horse on the Cape, and the two they had was practically an even match. I begun to have hopes that the foolishness was over. And then the tin peddler's widow drifts in to upset the whole calabash.

She made port at Orham fust, this Henrietta Bassett did, and the style she slung killed every female Goliath in the Orham sewin' circle dead. Seems her husband that was had been an inventor, as a sort of side line to peddlin' tinware, and all to once he invented somethin' that worked. He made money—nobody knew how much, though all hands had a guess—and pretty soon afterwards he made a will and Henrietta a widow. She'd been livin' in New York, so she said, and had come back to revisit the scenes of her childhood. She was a mighty well-preserved woman—artificial preservatives, I cal'late, like some kinds of tomatter ketchup—and her comin' stirred Orham way down to the burnt places on the bottom of the kettle.

The news of her got over to Wellmouth, and me and Jonadab heard of it. He was some subject to widows—most widower men are, I guess—but he didn't develop no alarmin' symptoms in this case and never even hinted that he'd like to see his old girl. Fact is, his newest horse trade had showed that it was afraid of automobiles, and he was beginnin' to get rabid along that line. Then come that afternoon when him and me was out drivin' together and we— Well, I'll have to tell you about that.

We was over on the long stretch of wood road between Trumet and Denboro, nice hard macadam, the mare—her name was "Celia," but Jonadab had re-christened her "Bay Queen" after a boat he used to own—skimmin' along at a smooth, easy gait, when, lo and behold you! we rounds a turn and there ahead of us is a light, rubber-tired wagon with a man and woman on the seat of it. I heard Jonadab give a kind of snort.

"What's the matter?" says I.

"Nothin'," says he, between his teeth. "Only, if I ain't some mistaken, that's Tobe Loveland's rig. Wonder if he's got his

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spunk with him? The Queen's feelin' her oats to-day, and I cal'late I can show him a few things."

"Rubbish!" says I, disgusted. "Don't be foolish, Jonadab. I don't know nothin' about his spunk, but I do know there's a woman with him. 'Tain't likely he'll want to race you when he's got a passenger aboard."

"Oh, I don't know!" says he. "I've got you, Barzilla; so 'twill be two and two. Let's heave alongside and see."

So he clucked to the "Queen," and in a jiffy we was right astern of t'other rig. Loveland looked back over his shoulder.

"Ugh!" he grunts, 'bout as cordial as a plate of ice cream. "'lo, Wixon! that you?"

"Um-hm," begins Jonadab. "How's that crowbait of yours to-day, Tobe? Got any go in him? 'Cause if he has, I——"

He stopped short. The woman in Loveland's carriage had turned her head and was starin' hard.

"Why!" she gasps. "I do believe—Why, Jonadab!"

"*Hettie!*" says the Cap'n.

Well, after that 'twas pull up, of course, and shake hands and talk. The widow, she done most of the talkin'. She was *so* glad to see him. How had he been all these years? She knew him instantly. He hadn't changed a mite—that is, not so *very* much. She was plannin' to come over to the Old Home House and stay a spell later on; but now she was havin' *such* a good time in Orham. Tobias—Mr. Loveland—was makin' it *so* pleasant for her. She did enjoy drivin' so much, and Mr. Loveland had the fastest horse in the county—did we know that?

Tobias and Jonadab glowered back and forth while all this gush was bein' turned loose, and hardly spoke to one another. But when 'twas over and we was ready to start again, the cap'n says, says he:

"I'll be mighty glad to see you over to the hotel, when you're ready to come, Hettie. *I* can take you ridin', too. Fur's horse goes, I've got a pretty good one myself."

"Oh!" squeals the widow. "Really? Is that him? It's awful pretty, and he looks fast."

"She is," says Jonadab. "There's nothin' round here can beat her."

"Humph!" says Loveland. "Git dap!"

"Git dap!" says Jonadab, agreein' with him for once.

Tobias started, and we started. Tobias makes his horse go little faster, and Jonadab speeded up some likewise. I see how 'twas goin' to be, and therefore I wa'n't surprised to death when the next ten minutes found us sizzlin' down that road, neck and neck with Loveland, dust flyin', hoofs poundin', and the two drivers leanin' way for'ard over the dash, reins gripped and teeth sot. For a little ways 'twas an even thing, and then we commenced to pull ahead a little.

"Loveland," yells Jonadab, out of the port corner of his mouth, "if I ain't showin' you my tailboard by the time we pass the fust house in Denboro, I'll eat my Sunday hat."

I cal'late he would 'a' beat, too. We was drawin' ahead all the time and had a three-quarter length lead when we swung clear of the woods and sighted Denboro village, quarter of a mile away. And up the road comes flyin' a big auto, goin' to beat the cars.

Let's forget the next few minutes; they wa'n't pleasant ones for me. Soon's the "Bay Queen" sot eyes on that auto, she stopped trottin' and commenced to hop; from hoppin' she changed to waltzin' and high jumpin'. When the smoke had cleared, the auto was out of sight and we was in the bushes alongside the road, with the "Queen" just gettin' ready to climb a tree. As for Tobias and Henrietta, they was roundin' the turn by the fust house in Denboro, wavin' by-bys to us over the back of the seat.

We went home then; and every foot of the way Cap'n Jonadab called an automobile a new kind of name, and none complimentary. The boarders, they got wind of what had happened and begun to rag him, and the more they ragged the madder he got and the more down on autos.

And, to put a head on the whole business, I'm blessed if Tobias Loveland didn't get in with an automobile agent who was stoppin' in Orham and buy a fifteen-hundred-dollar machine off him. And the very next time Jonadab was out with the "Queen" on the Denboro road, Tobias and the widow whizzed past him in that car so fast he might as well have been hove to. And, by way of rubbin' it in, they come along back pretty soon and rolled alongside of him easy, while Henrietta gushed about Mr. Loveland's beautiful car and how nice it was to be able to go just as swift as you wanted to. Jonadab couldn't answer back, nuther, bein' too busy keepin' the "Queen" from turnin' herself into a flyin' machine.

'Twas durin' the followin' week that he got himself swore in special constable to arrest

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auto drivers for over-speedin'; and for days he wandered round layin' for a chance to haul up Tobias and get him fined. He'd have had plenty of game if he'd been satisfied with strangers, but he didn't want them anyhow, and, besides, most of 'em was on their way to spend money at the Old Home House. 'Twould have been poor business to let any of *that* cash go for fines, and he realized it.

'Twas in early September that the widow come to our hotel. I never thought she meant it when she said she was comin', and so I didn't expect her. Fact is, I was expectin' to hear that she and Tobe Loveland was married or engaged. But there was a slip-up somewheres, for all to once the depot wagon brings her to the Old Home House, she hires a room, and settles down to stay till the season closed, which would be in about a fortn't.

From the very fust she played her cards for Jonadab. He meant to be middlin' average frosty to her, I imagine—her bein' so thick with Tobias prejudiced him, I presume likely. But land sakes! she thawed him out like hot toddy thaws out some folks's tongues. She never took no notice of his coolness, but smiled and gushed and flattered, and looked her prettiest—which was more'n average, considerin' her age—and by the end of the third day he was hangin' round her like a cat round a cook.

It commenced to look serious to me. Jonadab was a pretty old fish to be caught with soft soap and a set of false crimps; but you can't never tell. When them old kind do bite, they gener'lly swallow hook and sinker, and he sartinly did act hungry. I wished more'n once that Peter T. Brown, our business manager, was aboard to help me with advice, but Peter was off tourin' the Yosemite with his wife and her relations, so whatever pilotin' there was I had to do. And every day fetched Jonadab's bows nigher the matrimonial rocks.

I'd about made up my mind to sound the fog horn by askin' him straight out what he was cal'latin' to do; but somethin' I heard one evenin', as I set alone in the hotel office, made me think I'd better wait a spell.

The office window was open and the curtain drawed down tight. I was settin' inside, smokin' and goin' over the situation, when footsteps sounded on the piazza and a couple come to anchor on the settee right by that window. Cap'n Jonadab and Henrietta! I sensed that immediate.

She was laughin' and actin' kind of queer, and he was talkin' mighty earnest.

"Oh no, Cap'n! Oh no!" she giggles. "You mustn't be so serious on such a beautiful night as this. Let's talk about the moon."

"Drat the moon!" says Jonadab. "Hettie, I——"

"Oh, just see how beautiful the water looks! All shiny and——"

"Drat the water, too! Hettie, what's the reason you don't want to talk serious with me? If that Tobe Loveland——"

"Really, I don't see why you bring Mr. Loveland's name into the conversation. He is a perfect gentleman, generous and kind; and as for the way in which he runs that lovely car of his——"

The cap'n interrupted her. He ripped out somethin' emphatic.

"Generous!" he snarls. "'Bout as generous as a hog in the feed trough, he is. And as for runnin' that pesky auto, if I'd demean myself to own one of them things I'll bet my other suit I could run it better'n he does. If I couldn't, I'd tie myself to the anchor and jump overboard."

The way she answered showed pretty plain that she didn't believe him. "Really?" she says. "Do you think so? Good night, Jonadab."

I could hear her walkin' off acrost the piazza. He went after her. "Hettie," he says, "you answer me one thing. Are you engaged to Tobe Loveland?"

She laughed again, sort of teasin' and slow. "Really," says she, "you are— Why, no, I'm not."

That was all, but it set me to thinkin' hard. She wa'n't engaged to Loveland; she said so, herself. And yet, if she wanted Jonadab she was actin' mighty funny. I ain't had no experience, but it seemed to me that then was the time to bag him and she'd put him off on purpose. She was ages too ancient to be a flirt for the fun of it. What was her game?

Two days after this we went auto ridin'. The widow and me—yes, I'm tellin' the honest truth—and Cap'n Jonadab. 'Twas Henry G. Bradbury that took us out, him and his bran-new big tourin' car. You see, he landed to board with us a little while after Henrietta come—this Henry G. did—and he was so quiet and easy-spoken and run his car so slow that even a pizen auto-hater like Jonadab couldn't take much offense at him. He wa'n't very well, he said, subject to some kind

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of heart attacks, and had come to the Old Home for rest.

Him and the cap'n had great arguments about the sins of automobilin'. Jonadab was sot on the idee that nine folks out of ten hadn't machine sense enough to run a car. Bradbury, he declared that that was a fact with the majority of autos, but not with his. "Why, a child could run it," says he. "Look here, Cap'n: To start it you just do this. To stop it you do so and so. To make her go slow you haul back on this lever. To make her go faster you shove down this one. And as for steerin'—well, a man that's handled the wheels of as many catboats as you have would simply have a picnic. I'm in entire sympathy with your feelin's against speeders and such—I'd be a constable if I was in your shoes—but this is a gentleman's car and runs like one."

All Jonadab said was "Bosh!" and "Humph!" but he couldn't help actin' interested, particular as Mrs. Bassett kept him alongside of the machine and was so turrible interested herself. And when, this partic'lar afternoon, Henry G. invites us all to go out with him for a little "roll around," the widow was so tickled and insisted so that he just *had* to go; he didn't dast say no.

Somehow or 'nother—I ain't just sure yet how it happened—the seatin' arrangements was made like this: Jonadab and Bradbury on the front seat, and me and Henrietta in the stuffed cockpit astern. We rolled out and purred along the road, smooth as a cat trottin' to dinner. No speedin', no joltin', no nothin'. *'Twas* a "gentleman's car"; there wa'n't no doubt about that.

We went way over to Bayport and Harniss and beyond. And all the time Bradbury kept p'intin' out the diff'rent levers to Jonadab and tellin' him how to work 'em. Finally, after we'd headed back, he asked Jonadab to take the wheel and steer her a spell. Said his heart was feelin' sort of mean and 'twould do him good to rest.

Jonadab said no, emphatic and more'n average ugly, but Henry G. kept beggin' and pleadin', and pretty soon the widow put in her oar. He must do it, to please her. He had *said* he could do it—had told her so—and now he must make good. Why, when Mr. Loveland——

"All right," snarls Jonadab. "I'll try. But if ever——"

"Hold on!" says I. "Here's where I get out."

However, they wouldn't let me, and the cap'n took the wheel. His jaw was set and his hands shakin', but he done it. Hettie had give her orders and she was skipper.

For a consider'ble spell we just crawled. Jonadab was steerin' less crooked every minute and it tickled him; you could see that.

"Answers her hellum tiptop, don't she?" he says.

"Bet your life!" says Bradbury. "Better put on a little more speed, hadn't we?"

He put it on himself, afore the new pilot could stop him, and we commenced to move.

"When you want to make her jump," he says, "you press down on that with your foot, and you shove the spark back."

"Shut up!" howls Jonadab. "Belay! Don't you dast to touch that. I'm scart to death as 'tis. Here! you take this wheel."

But he wouldn't, and we went on at a good clip. For a green hand the cap'n was leavin' a pretty straight wake.

"Gosh!" he says, after a spell; "I b'lieve I'm kind of gettin' the hang of the craft."

"Course you are," says Bradbury. "I told— Oh!"

He straightens up, grabs at his vest, and slumps down against the back of the seat.

"What *is* it?" screams the widow. "Oh, what *is* it, Mr. Bradbury?"

He answers, plucky, but toler'ble faint-like. "My heart!" he gasps. "I—I'm afraid I'm goin' to have one of my attacks. I must get to a doctor quick."

"Doctor!" I sings out. "Great land of love! there ain't a doctor nigher than Harniss, and that's four mile astern."

"Never mind," cries the Bassett woman. "We must go there, then. Turn around, Jonadab! Turn around at once! Mr. Bradbury——"

But poor Henry G. was curled up against the cushions and we couldn't get nothin' out of him but groans. And all the time we was sailin' along up the road.

"Turn around, Jonadab!" orders Henrietta. "Turn around and go for the doctor!"

Jonadab's hands was clutched on that wheel, and his face was white as his rubber collar.

"Jerushy!" he groans, desperate, "I—I don't know *how* to turn around."

"Then stop, you foolhead!" I bellers. "Stop where you be!"

And he moans—almost cryin' he was. "I—I've forgotten how to *stop*."

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Talk about your situations! If we wa'n't in one then, I miss my guess. Every minute we was sinkin' Harniss below the horizon.

"We *must* get to a doctor," says the widow. "Where is there another one, Mr. Wingate?"

"The next one's in Bayport," says I, "and that's ten mile ahead if it's a foot."

"She handles like a yacht, Barzilla," he grunts, between his teeth. "See me put her around the next buoy ahead there. Hey! how's that?"

The next "buoy" was a curve in the road, and we went around it beautiful. So with the next and the next and the next. Bayport

"THE WIDOW,—SHE DONE MOST OF THE TALKIN'"

However, there wa'n't nothin' else for it, so toward Bayport we put. Bradbury groaned once in a while, and Mrs. Bassett got nervous.

"We'll never get there at this rate," says she. "Go faster, Jonadab. Faster! Press down on—on that thing he told you to. Please! for *my* sake!"

"Don't you—" I begun; but 'twas too late. He pressed, and away we went. We was eatin' up the road now, I tell you, and though I was expectin' every minute to be my next, I couldn't help admirin' the way the cap'n steered. And, as for him, he was gettin' more and more set up and confident. wa'n't so very fur ahead. All to once another dreadful thought struck me.

"Look here!" I yells. "How in time are we goin' to stop when we— *Ow!*"

The Bassett woman had pinched my arm somethin' savage. I looked at her, and she was scowlin' and shakin' her head.

"S-sh-sh!" she whispers. "Don't disturb him. He'll be frightened and——"

"Frightened! Good heavens to Betsy! I cal'late he won't be the only one that's fri——"

But she looked so ugly that I shut up prompt, though I done a heap of thinkin'.

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On we went and, as we turned the next "buoy", there, ahead of us, was another auto, somethin' like ours, with only one person in it, a man, and goin' in the same direction we was, though not quite so fast.

Then I *was* scart. "Hi, Jonadab!" I sings out. "Heave to! Come about! Shorten sail! Do you want to run him down? Look *out!*"

I might as well have saved my breath. Heavin' to and the rest of it wa'n't included in our pilot's education. On we went, same as ever. I don't know what might have happened if the widow hadn't kept her head. She leaned over the for'ard rail of the after cockpit and squeezed a rubber bag that was close to Jonadab's starboard arm. It was j'ined to the fog whistle, I cal'late, 'cause from under our bows sounded a beller like a bull afoul of a barb-wire fence.

The feller in t'other car turned his head and looked. Then he commenced to sheer off to wind'ard so's to let us pass. But all the time he kept lookin' back and starin' and, as we got nigher, and I could see him plainer through the dust, he looked more and more familiar. 'Twas somebody I knew.

Then I heard a little grunt, or gasp, from Cap'n Jonadab. He was leanin' for'ard over the wheel, starin' at the man in the other auto. The nigher we got, the harder he stared; and the man in front was actin' similar in regards to him. And, all to once, the head car stopped swingin' off to wind'ard, turned back towards the middle of the road, and begun to go like smoke. The next instant I felt our machine fairly jump beneath me. I looked at Jonadab's foot. 'Twas pressed hard down on the speed lever.

"You crazy loon!" I screeched. "You—you—you— Stop it! Take your foot off that! Do you want to——!"

I was climbin' over the back of the front seat, my knee pretty nigh on Bradbury's head. But, would you believe it, that Jonadab man let go of the wheel with one hand—let *go* of it, mind you—and give me a shove that sent me backward in Henrietta Bassett's lap.

"Barzilla!" he growled, between his teeth, "you set where you be and keep off the quarter-deck. I'm runnin' this craft. I'll beat that Loveland this time or run him under, one or t'other!"

As sure as I'm alive this minute, the man in the front car was Tobias Loveland!

And from then on— Don't talk! I dream about it nights and wake up with my arms around the bedpost. I ain't real sure, but I kind of have an idee that the bedpost business comes from the fact that I was huggin' the widow some of the time. If I did, 'twa'n't knowin'ly, and she never mentioned it afterwards. All I can swear to is clouds of dust, and horns honkin', and telegraph poles lookin' like teeth in a comb, and Jonadab's face set as the Day of Judgment.

He kept his foot down on the speed place as if 'twas glued. He shoved the "spark"—whatever that is—'way back. Every once in a while he yelled, yelled at the top of his lungs. What he yelled hadn't no sense to it. Sometimes you'd think that he was drivin' a horse and next that he was handlin' a schooner in a gale.

"Git dap!" he'd whoop. "Go it, you cripples! Keep her nose right in the teeth of it! She's got the best of the water, so let her bile! Whe-*e-e!*"

We didn't stop at Bayport. Our skipper had made other arrangements. However, the way I figgered it, we was long past needin' a doctor, and you can get an undertaker 'most anywhere. We went through the village like a couple of shootin' stars, Tobias about a length ahead, his hat blowed off, his hair—what little he's got—streamin' out behind, and that blessed red buzz wagon of his fairly skimmin' the hummocks and jumpin' the smooth places. And right astern of him comes Jonadab, hangin' to the wheel, *his* hat gone, his mouth open, and fillin' the dust with yells and coughs.

You could see folks runnin' to doors and front gates; but you never saw 'em reach where they was goin'—time they done that we was somewheres round the next bend. A pullet run over us once—yes, I mean just that. She clawed the top of the widow's bunnit as we slid underneath her, and by the time she lit we was so fur away she wa'n't visible to the naked eye. Bradbury—who'd got better remarkable sudden—was pawin' at Jonadab's arm, tryin' to make him ease up; but he might as well have pawed the wind. As for Henrietta Bassett, she was acrost the back of the front seat tootin' the horn for all she was wuth. And curled down in a heap on the cockpit floor was a fleshy, sea-farin' person by the name of Barzilla Wingate, sufferin' from chills and fever.

I think 'twas on the long stretch of the Denboro road that we beat Tobias. I know we passed somethin' then, though just what

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I ain't competent to testify. All I'm sure of is that, t'other side of Denboro village, the landscape got some less streaked and you could most gen'rally separate one house from the next.

Bradbury looked at Henrietta and smiled, a sort of sickly smile. She was pretty pale, but she managed to smile back. I got up off the floor and slumped on the cushions. As for Cap'n Jonadab Wixon, he'd stopped yellin', but his face was one broad, serene grin. His mouth, through the dust and the dirt caked around it, looked like a rain gully in a sand-bank. And, occasional, he crowed, hoarse but vain-glorious.

"Did you see me?" he barked. "Did you notice me lick him? He'll laugh at me, will he?—him and his one-horse tin cart! Ho! *ho!* Why, you'd think he was settin' down to rest! I've got him where I want him now! Ho, ho! Say, Henrietta, did you go swift as you—? Land sakes! Mr. Bradbury, I forgot all about you. And I—I guess we must have got a good ways past the doctor's place."

Bradbury said never mind. He felt much better, and he cal'lated he'd do till we fetched the Old Home dock. He'd take the wheel, now, he guessed.

But, would you b'lieve it, that fool Jonadab wouldn't let him! He was used to the ship now, he said, and, if 'twas all the same to Henry G. and Hettie, he'd kind of like to run her into port.

"She answers her hellum fine," he says. "After a little practice I cal'late I could steer——"

"Steer!" sings out Bradbury. "*Steer!* Great Cæsar's ghost! I give you my word, Cap'n Wixon, I never saw such handlin' of a machine as you did goin' through Bayport in my life. You're a wonder!"

"Um-hm," says Jonadab, contented. "I've

'WAVIN' BY-BYS TO US OVER THE BACK OF THE SEAT."

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"I DREAM ABOUT IT NIGHTS AND WAKE UP WITH MY ARMS AROUND THE BEDPOST."

steered a good many vessels in my time, through traffic and amongst the shoals, and never run afoul of nothin' yet. I don't see much diff'rence on shore—'cept that it's a little easier."

Easier! Wouldn't that— Well, what's the use of talkin'?

We got to the Old Home House safe and sound; Jonadab, actin' under Bradbury's orders, run her into the yard, slowin' up and stoppin' at the front steps slick as grease. He got out, his chest swelled up like a puffin' pig, and went struttin' in to tell everybody what he'd done to Loveland. I don't know where Bradbury and the widow went. As for me, I went aloft and turned in. And 'twas two days and nights afore I got up again. I had a cold anyway, and what I'd been through didn't help it none.

The afternoon of the second day, Bradbury come up to see me. He was dressed in his city clothes and looked as if he was goin' away. Sure enough, he was; goin' on the next train.

"Where's Jonadab?" says I.

"Oh, he's out in his car," he says. "Huntin' for Loveland again, maybe."

"*His* car? You mean yours."

"No, I mean his. I sold my car to him yesterday mornin' for twenty-five hundred dollars cash."

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I set up in bed. "Go 'long!" I sings out. "You didn't nuther!"

"Yes, I did. Sure thing. After that ride, you couldn't have separated him from that machine with blastin' powder. He paid over the money like a little man."

I laid down again. Jonadab Wixon payin' twenty-five hundred dollars for a plaything! Not promisin', but actually *payin'* it!

"Has—has the widow gone with him?" I asked, soon's I could get my breath.

He laughed sort of queer. "No," he says, "she's gone out of town for a few days. Ha, ha! Well, between you and me, Wingate, I doubt if she comes back again. She and I have made all we're likely to in this neighborhood, and she's too good a business woman to waste her time. Good-by; glad to have met you."

But I smelt rat strong and wouldn't let him go without seein' the critter.

"Hold on!" I says. "There's somethin' underneath all this. Out with it. I won't let on to the cap'n if you don't want me to."

"Well," says he, laughin' again, "Mrs. Bassett *won't* come back and I know it. She and I have sold four cars on the Cape in the last five weeks, and the profits'll more'n pay vacation expenses. Two up in Wareham, one over in Orham, to Loveland——"

"Did *you* sell Tobias his?" I asks, settin' up again.

"Hettie and I did—yes. Soon's we landed him, we come over to bag old Wixon. I thought one time he'd kill us before we got him, but he didn't. How he did run that thing! He's a game sport."

"See here!" says I. "*You* and Hettie sold— What do you mean by that?"

"Mrs. Bassett is my backer in the auto business," says he. "She put in her money and I furnished the experience. We've got a big plant up in—" namin' a city in Connecticut.

I fetched a long breath. "*Well!*" says I. "And all this makin' eyes at Tobe and Jonadab was just—just——"

"Just bait, that's all," says he. "I told you she was a good business woman."

I let this sink in good. Then says I, "Humph! I swan to man! And how's your heart actin' now?"

"Fine!" he says, winkin'. "I had that attack so's the cap'n would learn to run on his own hook. I didn't expect quite so much of a run, but I'm satisfied. Don't you worry about my heart disease. That twenty-five hundred cured it. 'Twas all in the way of business," says Henry G. Bradbury.

I don't think Jonadab minded the widow's leavin' so much. He was too crazy about his new auto to care for anything else. Then, too, he was bilin' mad 'cause Loveland swore out a warrant against him for speedin'.

"Nice trick, ain't it?" he says. "I knew Tobe was a poor loser, but I didn't think he'd be so low down as all that. Says I was goin' fifty mile an hour. He! he! Well, I *was* goin' some, that's a fact. *I* don't care. 'Twas wuth the twenty-dollar fine."

"Maybe so," I says, "but 'twon't look very pretty to have a special auto constable hauled up and fined for breakin' the law he's s'posed to protect."

He hadn't thought of that. His face clouded over.

"No use, Barzilla," says he; "I'll have to give it up."

"Guess you will," says I. "Automobilin' is——"

"I don't mean automobilin'," he snorts, disgusted. "Course not! I mean bein' constable."

So there you are! From cussin' automobiles he's got so that he can't talk enough good about 'em. And every day sence the Old Home House closed for the season, he's out on the road layin' for another chance at Tobias. I hope he gets that chance pretty soon, because—well, there's a rumor goin' round that Loveland is plannin' to swap his car for a bigger and faster one. If he does . . .

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THE GREAT FIVE-CENT CASE

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

DRAWINGS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

WILD horses cannot extort from me the name of the state; and let me add emphatically that all names have been purposely altered, so that no curious or nosing human brother will be able to fit the right caps on the right heads. It is enough to say that it was in the West, in a parched and desolate region where a row of saloons constituted a city and you were lucky if the landscape were enlivened by even a prairie dog.

Such was Stifleburg before a paternal government and a Congress whose only thought was the welfare of the people passed the Irrigation Act of 1893; and in 1902, after an expenditure of twenty million dollars, the flashing torrent of the Lackapoo was diverted from its Rocky Mountain lair and meekly reduced to a checkerboard pattern of ditches and malaria.

Of course the desert blossomed like the rose. That was what it was expected to do, and it promptly did it—per schedule. Incidentally, all sorts of poor, cheap little people blossomed too, metaphorically irrigated by the resultant prosperity. While Nature put on her green, lush coat, they were not behindhand with their boiled shirts, silk hats, Paquin gowns, and in a similar though much less lovely efflorescence.

Old "Judge" Feltenshaw, who kept the broken-down general store, rose on the crest of the Lackapoo and became a man of mark and millions. "Colonel" Baps, the liveryman, who personally operated half the Lone-Tree stage line, bobbed up with a corresponding financial buoyancy, grabbing—not at straws—but at franchises, corner lots, and at the pockets of the incoming host of strangers. It was just a case of Johnny-on-the-spot roping off land that had suddenly grown enormously valuable, and using a part of the profits thus obtained in clinching a stranglehold on a flourishing young city.

Of all the wealthy Stifleburgers, the Judge and the Colonel were by far the wealthiest, and local circumstances caused them to be continually pitted against each other. When Feltenshaw built a gingerbread Italian castle, Colonel Baps at once duplicated the little Trianon—somewhat amplified and improved by John F. Scoots, the well-known architect of Beale Hot Springs. When Feltenshaw acquired a fifty-one per cent. interest in the Board of Supervisors and tore up the streets for his new trolley system—the Stifleburg Street Railroad Company, it was called—Baps, by a strategic movement in the dark, landed the telephone monopoly in his own lap. When Feltenshaw captured the city water, Baps corralled the city gas; and so it went on, with alternate slices of municipal melon for the two principal citizens of Stifleburg.

Outwardly they were friends, though beneath the surface a smoldering enmity existed between them. Snarling old Feltenshaw, bull-necked and coarse, often picked at the Colonel's elderly briskness and air of fashion; while the latter's opinion of "that old gazabus, with a supervisor in one pocket and a Bible in the other" was often expressed with freedom. Both were inordinately vain, inordinately touchy, and colossally swollen with a sense of self-importance. In that crude little community, money was worshiped in a way that would have shamed the venerable adherents of the Golden Calf and made them feel their own spiritual deficiencies. In Stifleburg our ordinary terms of praise—cultured, distinguished, able, clever, brilliant—could all be compactly replaced by the single word "rich." Sixty thousand people daily abased themselves

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before Demigod Feltenshaw and Demigod Baps and called them blessed; and blessed also were their sons and daughters, their bondservants, their chauffeurs, and all that was theirs, yea, to the last ass within their walls.

The principal ass in the Feltenshaw establishment was, decidedly, young Feltenshaw. He was a shambling, bean-posty, very silly-looking youth of twenty, with the brains of a tomtit, and manners elaborately copied from any stranger of distinction who happened to pass. But there wasn't a speck of harm in him; he was good-natured and refined, and delicately resentful of everything "low."

The sons of Western parvenus are not seldom of this type—shooting monogram cuffs where their fathers shot grizzlies, turning up their supercilious noses at the harsh and ugly surroundings in which they have been born, and going to the other extreme of fastidiousness and dilettanteism. But their contempt for the grossness of the earlier generation is not without its good side. They are often more honorable; they despise trickery and "smart" dealing. If they shrink at the sight of a citizen in a frock coat and yellow shoes, they undergo a similar shiver at broken pledges, evaded obligations, and the varying forms of tolerated dishonesty.

Gunny Feltenshaw in many respects was a pretty nice boy, straight, clean, frank, and likable. He had a drawling, sissyfied way of speaking, to be sure; and every second phrase on his lips was "our set," pronounced with an intolerable affectation of exclusiveness; and the older generation frequently expressed a desire to take him by the seat of his pants (alas, the older generation could *never* learn to say "trousers"), and pitch him headforemost into a horse-trough. But just the same, Gunny was not without some points to admire.

Now Colonel Baps had a daughter, Vennie Baps, or Ven, as she was usually called—one of those precocious, old-young daughters of the desert, who are women at fifteen, and capable of taking charge of anything or anybody at twenty. She was a slim, fluffy blonde, all audacity and sparkle, and given to wearing enormous hats. She had been getting engaged and unengaged ever since she was three feet high, and at seventeen felt herself somewhat disillusioned and *passée*.

It was at this period—at a time of open rupture between Demigod Feltenshaw and Demigod Baps over what was called "the new City Hall grab," with much attendant chatter of a possible encounter and the admission of daylight through these distinguished citizens at each others' hands—it was at this period that romance awoke in the hearts of Gunny and Ven. At the ball where they met under these altered conditions, Romeo Feltenshaw bristled at the sight of Juliet Baps, who, in return, pierced him with a look of the iciest disdain. At supper they talked "at" each other, till Romeo's face turned beet-red, and Juliet's underlip quivered in girlish passion. Juliet was incomparably the better fencer, and the tilt ended in poor Romeo's attempting, none too successfully, to hold back his tears of mortification.

Relenting followed; apologies in a cozy corner; a vivid, pleading face begged Gunny's forgiveness.

"Oh, Gunny, I didn't mean half I said, and I feel turrible—and to make you almost cry before everybody—oh, something just seemed to go right through me when they all laughed—and I couldn't bear it."

"That's all right, Ven. I kinder brought it on myself. Of course I oughtn't to have spoken like I did of your Popper."

"But you forgive me, don't you?"

"If you won't despise me too awful."

"Gunny, I don't despise you."

"Really and truly, Ven—you don't?"

"Not a bit."

"Oh, I'm so glad. It seemed to me you never looked so sweet and nice as you did tonight, and it sorter broke me all up to pretend like I hated you. I don't see why you and I shouldn't be friends, even if our Poppers ain't.—Do you?"

"No, indeed."

"Better friends than ever?"

"Lots better."

"You aren't going with Morty Brown any more, are you, Ven?"

"No, I shook him two months ago."

"I'm glad you shook him—he wasn't half good enough for you, Ven."

"Oh, I'm nothing extra."

"I'm glad, just the same. Mayn't I be glad?"

"Yes, if you want to, though what'll Josie Beach say!"

"She ain't anything to me—Josie ain't."

"Chi-chi-chi-chi!"

"Honest, she isn't."

"You change so often nobody knows who you are going with."

"Now that ain't true, Ven, and you know it."

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"You just play around, and don't care who gets hurt."

"Girls never get hurt—it's the boys, poor fellows."

"The folks will be wondering to see us sitting in here, won't they?"

"Let 'em."

"Didn't Alice stare just, as she peeked at us!"

"I'm going to make them stare worse than that!"

"How do you mean, Gunny?"

"Why, by asking you to dance, Ven! There ain't any law against it, is there? Come along."

"Say, Gunny, you're splendid."

"Are you game to do it?"

"Just watch me!—Ain't you the best waltzer in Stifleburg! I could just die dancing with you, Gunny, you're that light on your feet."

"I never knew you liked me very much, Ven."

"I said *dancing*."

"Nor that, either."

"It's only at Cinderella parties where girls can ask, silly."

"Say, that makes me feel awful good."

"It don't take much to make some boys feel good, does it?"

"I'd call it a heap. You're the prettiest girl in Stifleburg."

SHE HAD BEEN GETTING ENGAGED AND UNENGAGED EVER SINCE SHE WAS THREE FEET HIGH.

"Funny you never noticed it before."

"Oh, I've always noticed it."

"Then you won't ever say any of those horrid, nasty things again, will you?"

"No, *sir*."

"Poor Josie—I feel awful sorry for Josie."

"Is that so, Ven?"

"If I'd been in her place I'd have cried my eyes out."

"Oh, you're making fun of me."

"No, I ain't—to lose such a nice fellow as you are."

"I guess Morty Brown might have said the same thing."

"Oh, Morty was never anything to me—he just filled in the time between ice cream sodas."

"Perhaps you'll say the same thing about me some day."

"*Perhaps* you'll never give me the chance, Mr. Feltenshaw."

"*Mr.* Feltenshaw—oh, my!"

"Gunny, then! Dear old Gunny with his laughing blue eyes, and just my idea of what a real prince should look like! Ain't it funny I should be telling you this while our two Poppers are prancing around and getting the drop on each other!"

"Funnier still that I——"

"Oh, Gunny, you mustn't!"

"Why mustn't?"

"I won't, I won't, I won't, and—oh, Gunny, they saw us!"

"I don't care!"

"But kissing me like that—it's turrible!"

"Not if you love somebody an awful lot—and, anyway, it was only on the tip of your ear——"

"And my hair's all mussed!"

"It's your fault for not letting me!"

"Letting you? I like that! I ain't Josie Beach!"

"What do you want to bring her in for?"

"Oh, because——"

"Because what?"

"If I go with a boy I don't want to be second-best."

"If you went with me there wouldn't be any second-best. It would be all you—you, you, you!"

"Honest and truly, Gunny, cross your heart and hope you may die?"

"You bet."

"Would you like it very much—very, *very* much?"

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"Oh, Ven, you're awful sweet and fetching, and there ain't a girl like you in our set, but you always seemed crazy about somebody else, and I hated to be running after you when there wasn't a chance. Do you remember that night at Mrs. Bush's when I sat outside and wouldn't dance? It was all you, Ven, so pretty and gay, with the boys fighting for a dance and those army officers rushing you off your feet. I tell you I felt mighty blue out there in the dark, trying to be proud."

"Poor Gunny—but how was I to know that? I thought you were sitting out with Nelly Holder."

"So I was—but pshaw, I wouldn't have been any company that night for a yellow dog."

"I guess I was proud too, Gunny."

"We were awful fools, Ven, weren't we?"

"'Faint heart never won fair lady,' you know—I reckon you were more fool than I was."

"NOW LET'S SURPRISE THEM BY DANCING THIS TWO-STEP TOGETHER."

"But that's all over now, ain't it?"

"What's over?"

"Pretending we don't—love each other, Ven."

"I'm not pretending I don't."

"Then say it right out."

"Oh, you first."

"Ven, I love you."

"Gunny dear, I love you—oh, look out for my hair!"

"Now let's surprise them by dancing this two-step together."

"I ain't afraid if you ain't."

"Come on, then."

The effect of the engagement was magical. The two Mommers wept and embraced. Demigod Baps publicly shook hands with Demigod Feltenshaw, and, swept away by a tide of sentiment, they then and there agreed to pool their graft in the new City Hall. It was a gentleman's agreement and sacredly lived up to—eighty-seven thousand dollars profit being honorably divided, and a goodly portion of it spent in the ensuing festivities. As the affianced couple were very young, judged even by Stifleburg standards, the marriage was postponed until Vennie should reach the mature age of eighteen. But oh, how happy they were! she and Gunny, in that blissful meanwhile, with every one cooing over them as though they were the original discoverers of Love, with a basic patent fully entered and protected at Washington.

Nothing has been said of Gunny's profession, because he didn't have any. He was supposed to attend his father's office—which he did in a casual sort of way, with a packet of cigarettes—and to qualify for demigodery by carrying an occasional check to the bank for certification, or lunching important visitors at the club, with perhaps an auto ride afterward to show them Feltenshaw Park and the Baps Memorial Arch. But Stifleburg re-

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sented idleness, and even in "our set" everybody had an ostensible occupation. Not to keep office hours was unheard of.

Gunny knew that, as soon as he reached twenty-one, he was to be made a police commissioner or assistant public administrator, or—if the chance offered—he would be given the receivership of some unfortunate bank that could be legally burglarized of twenty thousand dollars or so by a few months' mismanagement of its affairs. The son of a Demigod had only to ask and he would not be sent empty away.

But there was something innately decent in Gunny that balked at this program. Cheap little nonentity though he was, he was none the less touched by that vast stirring of national conscience and national resentment at precisely such conditions as his father exemplified. Of course he did not put it in such big words, nor did he, in the dimmest way, suspect its source. He conceived it, indeed, as a matter quite personal to himself, as several other millions of Americans were simultaneously doing. "I ain't going to let the old man make a monkey of me," he artlessly remarked. "If he thinks I'm going to diddle the city out of a salary I ain't worth, and pad pay rolls for bums, he's badly fooled!" His future was beginning to force itself insistently on his attention, for, with marriage and twenty-one both approaching, a "man" had to face the realities of life. The "man," after much self-communion, decided to learn the beet-sugar refining business from the bottom.

A decision so characteristically American, and one so creditable to a wealthy young fellow, was received with effusion. Gunny, in overalls and carrying his dinner-pail, aroused a civic joy, the fullness and richness of which no foreigner could ever be made to understand. People pointed respectfully at the boiling house, and told of whom it sheltered. The Sugar Boilers' Union, Local No. 7, inserted that honored name on its list of apprentices, waiving the age limit by unanimous consent. Demigod Baps informed Demigod Feltenshaw, with genial emphasis, that "Gunny was All Right!" To which Demigod Feltenshaw replied, with some relaxation of his usual snarling expression, that "he guessed the boy Would Do."

Inspired by all this praise, Gunny did do in great shape, and skimmed scum and boiled sugar assiduously from six A. M. till five. It tired him dreadfully at first; and the gradual shedding of his sissyfication under the contact of ruder and stronger natures left him with a sand-papered sensation that was far from agreeable. But there was Ven, adorably fresh and pretty, to pet him on his return and sustain his drooping resolution. And in the fragrance of her young womanhood the eternal verities of labor, love, and rest seemed very beautiful to Gunny, and his heart swelled with fellow-feeling for all striving, struggling humanity. Hand in hand, girlish head on boyish shoulder, the pair dreamed aloud and with every kiss grew nearer heaven. And it was not a selfish heaven, either. All lovers were taken under their special protection, then and forever, and the world was to be a better place for an appreciable distance round Romeo Feltenshaw and Juliet Baps, with fuller dinner-pails, and better houses, and playgrounds everywhere for little children.

Had it not rained on a certain Sunday afternoon, all would have been well. But alas, it *did* rain, and that like the very dickens; and alas, Demigod Baps was caught in it on his usual afternoon stroll and had to get into an Oak Street trolley with his silk hat spattered, and his temper correspondingly inflamed. His feelings were not allayed by the crowded state of the car, nor by a very wet umbrella that a stout lady preferred to rest against his knee rather than against her own; nor by a gurgling infant of Italy in lightning blue velvet who would call him "Pa-pa, Pa-pa," while every one tittered. Grimly holding his Main Street transfer, he bore these inflictions with what patience he possessed—which wasn't much—and descended at the transfer point to find it flooded with two inches of muddy water. Here he waited and waited for a Main Street car, bedraggled and furious, only to be informed at the end of ten awful minutes that something had gone wrong with the power and that this branch of the system had ceased running.

He boarded the next Oak Street car, intending to stop at a livery stable farther up and get a rig to take him home; and when asked for his fare he showed his transfer to the conductor and explained the circumstances. He said he was certainly not going to pay another nickel; since the Main Street line had broken down, the company was obliged to continue him on his original journey. Now the conductor, by the perversity of fortune, was a comparatively recent importation from the Fatherland (via New York), where Demigods

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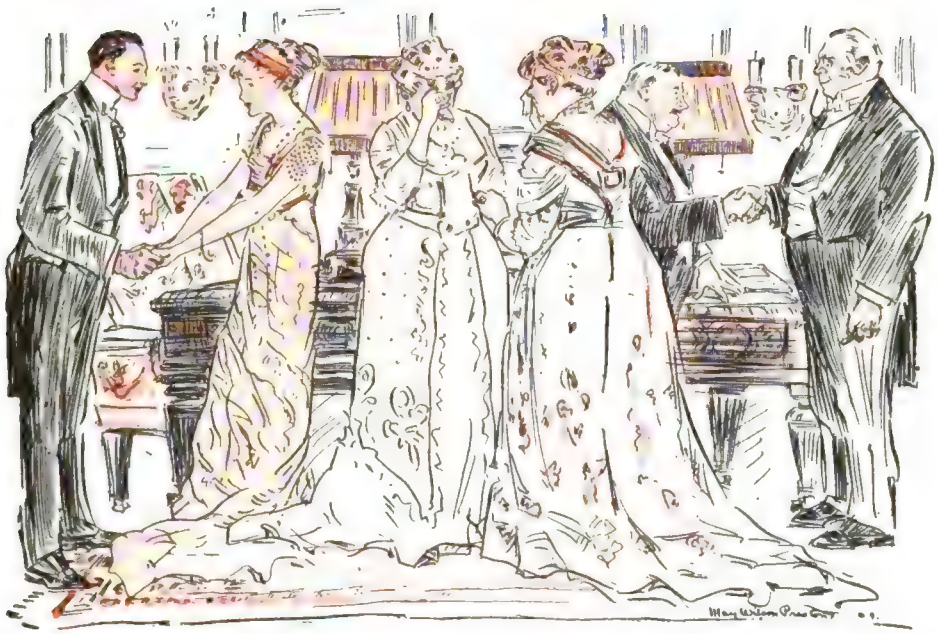

THE EFFECT OF THE ENGAGEMENT WAS MAGICAL. THE TWO MOMMERS WEPT AND EMBRACED.

are plainly marked by cocked hats and gold-striped trousers. He had no realization, therefore, that the glowering old gentleman with the turned-up coat collar and sodden shoes was of this sublime caste, and his rejection of the transfer and of the whole contention was brief and brutal. After some fiery passages, in the course of which Colonel Baps threatened to slap Mr. Tiedelmann's face and was dared to do it by that redoubtable Teuton, the latter stopped the car and invoked the assistance of the motorman, who entered, handle in hand, "to help put off this yere old goat."

The "old goat," bursting with rage and shaking in every limb, was at first for making an active physical resistance; but the mortification of a struggle and its uselessness against such odds—besides the prospect of landing on all fours in the mud alongside—prevailed on him to take his medicine. He took it, as may be imagined, with ferocious unwillingness; and his nickel was surrendered with convulsive vows of vengeance.

"If that ain't repaid in twenty-four hours, I'm going to smash this road," he blurted out.

"Yah, you go chase yourself!" exclaimed Mr. Tiedelmann, ringing up.

"And have you fired, you low, insolent hoodlum."

"Talk's cheap, you old guff-barrel."

"I'll have you know I'm Colonel Baps, and I'll put this road on its knees if it costs me a million."

"Oh, Baps, is it?" exclaimed the conductor in affected recognition. "Say, it ain't you what keeps the peanut stand down at Menlo? Or was it peddling bananas I seed you last? Gee, you ought to be put under a glass case, you ought, children half price!"

Mr. Baps, reduced almost to speechlessness, muttered something about "whelps," and a "low, dirty, thievish railroad."

"Oh, ga'rn," retorted the conductor, moving to the rear as though the incident were closed. Here he whistled with ostentatious unconcern; bullied a man who was smoking; cuffed a small boy off the tail of the car; and hustled in some fresh passengers. He knew how to handle an old crank, he did, and was on to his job every minute of the day.

It must be borne in mind that the Stifleburg Street Railroad Company was one of the manifestations of Demigod Feltenshaw. It was all his with the exception of one share that was held by his typist, and another in the name of his office-boy—these owing to

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the exigencies of the law governing the creation of corporations. So when Demigod Baps returned home, breathing fire and destruction, it was against no soulless trust that his anger flamed, but against a very concrete old gentleman, who was at that moment snoozing in a library chair with a newspaper over his face.

Gunny had been calling on Ven, and both were sitting very snugly on the parlor sofa when the Colonel stumbled in, a veritable tornado of indignation, and smarting with his wrongs. He was in a humor to hold Gunny personally responsible—lacking Gunny's father—and, waving his unused transfer in his hand, he proceeded to explode. But Gunny, with more tact than might have been expected, hurried to pour balm on those gaping wounds. He conceded that it was an outrage; he guaranteed the company's apologies; the nickel would be repaid with becoming humility; conductor No. 118 would find that his suggestion to put Demigod Baps in a glass case, children half price, would be resented by the swiftest of swift kicks. The motorman, too, should bite the dust.

DEMIGOD BAPS WAS CAUGHT IN THE RAIN.

Gunny, in fact, rose magnificently to the occasion. If he promised a good deal more than he could perform, or than his surly old father was likely to fulfill, it must be remembered that the occasion called for imaginative treatment. This wretched affair was as potential for harm as dynamite, and Gunny, full of terror, laid hold of the sizzling fuse with determination. Demigods were notoriously thin-skinned; the dignity of a Demigod—to himself—was quite the most important thing under the sun; and this one, to do him justice, was not without some cause for resentment. There had already been four Baps-Feltenshaw wars, each beginning with a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, and each subsequently involving enormous social and material havoc—and poor Gunny shuddered in every nerve at the awful prospect of a fifth.

He contrived to restore calm; Demigod thunders gradually subsided; the most insensate of warriors cannot go on hammering a pillow forever. Nothing could make Gunny fight; nothing could induce him to palliate the offense; not a single remark of his could be twisted or perverted into a defense of the Stifleburg Street Railroad Company's unblushing robbery of that nickel. Finally a very much placated, softened, smoothed-down Demigod was prevailed upon to go up-stairs and change his wet clothes, and all would have been well had he not noticed the telephone on the way. The temptation to ring up Demigod Feltenshaw was irresistible; here was the chance to roar out his wrongs at the fountain-head; the Colonel suddenly ravened afresh for more humble pie, and the immediate repayment of that nickel by messenger.

What happened may be guessed. The dove of peace hopped off the wires with its claws scorching. With infuriated old Baps at one end, and infuriated old Feltenshaw at the other, the intervening space was soon all blue fire. No nickel was to be forthcoming, not one cent of it; old Feltenshaw would die in the ditch first; the conductor had only done his duty by the company, and the company would do its duty by him. Sue? Go ahead and do it! Smash the line? Go ahead and do it! Wipe it off the earth? Wipe away!

War number five had begun in bloody earnest.

The first victim, as usual in war, was a harmless noncombatant. "Get right out of here," bellowed Demigod Baps to Gunny. "Get out and stay out, and never come back as long as I wear boots!"

"But, sir——!" protested Gunny.

"No Feltenshaw shall ever darken this house again. Your father has just called me a jackass, a swollen old jackass with a sore head! That's what your father called me when I politely requested him to repay an

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infinitesimal sum that his hirelings had filched. You cannot demean yourself by marrying into the family of a swollen old jackass with a sore head; nor can I, sir, give my daughter to the son of a creature who values a nickel more than the regard of an honest man. Go!"

"Oh, Popper——" pleaded Ven, running up to him.

"My child," exclaimed Demigod Baps, pointing witheringly at Gunny, "that person henceforth is nothing to me, and must be nothing to you. All is over between you."

"It will never be that, Popper, as long as I live! Never, never, never!"

"For God's sake, Mr. Baps——" groaned Gunny in a voice of anguish.

The Demigod wavered as his glance rested on the two stricken faces. "Well, I'll put it this way," he said in a relenting tone. "No nickel, no marriage! If Gunny can bring his idiotic father to his senses, well and good; if he fails, he can just look for a wife somewhere else."

Gunny gazed expectantly at Ven, hoping for her dissent. But there was a strain of Demigod in her, too. In former days of feud and foray, the Bapses had been noted for their undying loyalty to one another, and for their limitless family pride. Clannishness was in their blood, and to side up solidly against the enemy was the primitive religion of the plains.

"Popper's right, Gunny," Ven said; "there ain't any other way out of it but that. You've got to hustle for that nickel or lose yours truly."

"You might as well make it a million dollars," returned Gunny helplessly. "I know Popper, once his dander's up. He won't pay in a thousand years, not him!"

"In that case," said Demigod Baps, with the smile of a Red Indian dressing down a captive at the stake, "in that case I don't calculate we shall have much trouble in replacing you, young man."

Gunny, in a choking voice, asked how much time he was given.

"All my life," cried Ven, drowning what seemed to be the lesser period of two days on her father's lips. "All my life, Gunny, for I'll never marry any one but you, or love any-

THE MOTORMAN ENTERED, HANDLE IN HAND, "TO HELP PUT OFF THIS YERE OLD GOAT."

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one, or do anything but wait and long for you to come back to me.'

Thus it was that Gunny passed out, heartbroken, to take up his struggle for the nickel.

He had not exaggerated his father's obstinacy. Millions for defense, but not one nickel in tribute, was the slogan of that defiant old gentleman. He sustained the conductor in everything; he declared that if Baps had waited forty minutes longer in the downpour the company would have honored his transfer on the delayed Main Street car; but by getting off the Oak Street car Baps had forfeited his right to a continuous passage on his original fare. Voluminous reports were made of the whole episode; witnesses were hunted down, and sworn affidavits extorted from them; the Feltenshaw legal breastworks were reënforced by Messrs. Pincham and Squeezeboy, the famous lawyers of Teepee City, who, with their cannon loaded to the muzzle, and ready to fire at the first rustle in the grass, waited for the enemy to come on.

The enemy *did* come on, bright and early Monday morning, demanding that nickel with loud yells. All they got was hot shot and plenty of it, which was returned no less vigorously—and with this opening skirmish the war began. It was known as the Great Five-Cent Case, and bade fair to last forever. Baps lost on the first trial; Feltenshaw was nonsuited on appeal; then the State Supreme Court reaffirmed the original decision against Baps. But by this time the case had grown beyond the power of the State courts to deal with it. An imported legal giant from New York, a Sandow of constitutional law, managed to heave it, with a resounding bang, into the Federal jurisdiction. Here it had to start all over again, to climb the tedious stages that in time promised to bring it before the Supreme Court of the United States.

While this was proceeding, an exasperating guerrilla warfare was also maintained with varying success on either side. Feltenshaw, for instance, discovered that the conduits of the Standard Electric Light and Power Company—a Baps concern—had never been inspected by the city before the wires were laid. He therefore had seventeen miles of streets ripped up in order that this oversight might be remedied. Remedying it cost Baps forty-seven thousand dollars, but in his turn the latter caught a Feltenshaw interest, the Fulton Ice Works, one in the solar plexus, and undersold them into bankruptcy. Feltenshaw rooted up a right of way through a Baps business block, and was the father of an expensive tunnel through the structure. Baps retaliated by knifing the Second National Bank, which might have lived through its troubles had he not got after it.

These two vindictive, headstrong, grossly selfish old fellows took no more thought of the rights of others than if they had been a pair of Oriental despots. Hundreds were ruined by the failure of the Second National, but what was that to Baps, who, in vanity at least, was altogether Superman? Feltenshaw grinned like an old gorilla as he likewise scattered ruin, and struck at every enterprise that was even remotely connected with his enemy. They were both money-mad, power-mad, self-proclaimed High Mightinesses, drunk with their own importance, who in no real sense had ever earned a penny of their fortunes.

These, it is pleasant to state, were becoming somewhat attenuated. Between them, seven hundred thousand dollars had been spent outright, or lost indirectly, in the depreciation of their various companies. The Great Five-Cent Case was eating them alive, and there were occasions when each of them realized it in the sleepless, early hours, and each of them fervently wished he had never got into it. But once in it, each had to stay. No Demigod could admit that he was wrong. Past wars had been settled through the efforts of common friends, but the bitterness and hopelessness of this one had passed beyond all such alleviating means. If neither side would give way an inch, where was there any room for concession? The nickel couldn't very well be split; compromise on a two and a half cent basis was incompatible with Demigod dignity. The tininess of the sum at issue was in itself the greatest obstacle to peace.

Those were wretched days for Gunny and Ven. The former suffered worse, as he had no partisanship, no feud-instinct to buoy him up. He never hid his opinion as to the silliness of the whole business. His father might call him a mean-spirited young hound and rail at him across the table, but Gunny's attitude remained unshaken. He could not understand why Ven should not be of the same mind. In their stolen interviews they were always quarreling about it, and twice came near an open rupture. Gunny wanted to "cut out the old folks and go ahead." He was now making three dollars a day at the Works, and old Smith, the general superintendent,

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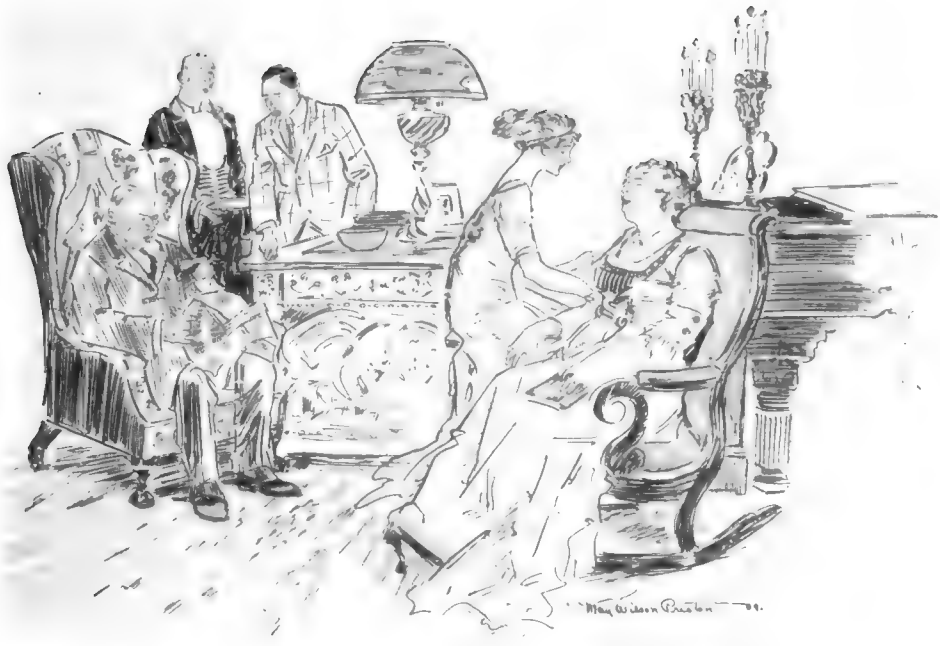

GUNNY, BRUSHING PAST THE SERVANT, LAID A NICKEL IN FRONT OF MR. BAPS.

was "solid" for him. "Solid" old Smith, with a very soft streak for lovers, promised a cottage and a raise and unbounded personal enthusiasm. But Ven wouldn't hear of it. She might cry all night, and write the most pathetic of notes, but no, she would not marry Gunny. She was too much of a Baps for that. It seemed to her an immense concession even to go on loving Gunny. The earlier generation would have potted him from a hayrick, and hamstrung Feltenshaw horses and cows, and waylaid Granny on the road to church. A modern Baps set her pretty mouth and declared that never, never, never, would she marry Gunny till the Great Five-Cent Case was settled in Popper's favor.

To Gunny, skimming scum and thinking —thinking, oh, so hard—there seemed no way out of the tragedy at all. He was being crushed like a beet in life's pulper, a poor woe-begone little beet, powerless to resist. Sometimes he was a raging little beet, and battled furiously with his father; sometimes he was a sullen little beet, and maintained an unbroken silence for days; sometimes he was a despairing little beet, and wept. But he always kept thinking—thinking, thinking, thinking.

Things went on in this heartrending manner for sixteen heartrending months. The case continued to snail up the Federal courts with baggage that increased like that of a rich lady traveling in Europe. The Baps contention now covered nine thousand closely printed pages; the Feltenshaw rebuttal stood at eleven thousand. Fine houses were bought, opera boxes, large, red, honking automobiles—all paid for by the Great Five-Cent Case, which, to half a hundred people, had become the Great Five-Cent Gold Mine.

One night, as Demigod Baps was reading the evening paper beside the lamp, with Ven sadly pumping the pianola, and Mommer Baps dozing in a rocking-chair, a card was brought in which caused Mr. Baps to sit suddenly bolt upright, and exclaim in a startled voice, "I won't see him!" But even as the words passed his lips Gunny loomed in the doorway, and, brushing past the servant, walked straight up to the table.

"There it is," he said, and, with the air of a Lee offering his sword to a General Grant, laid a nickel in front of Mr. Baps!

The Demigod had risen. Such vast issues could not be settled sitting down. Mrs. Baps and Ven were also on their feet, gazing with awe-stricken eyes at the coin on the table, and from it to Gunny's pale, desperate face. History was being made right there before them. Demigod Feltenshaw had surrendered to

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Demigod Baps, and had sent the Prince of the Blood to sue for peace.

"Dad is sick and tired of the case," went on Gunny, "and if you'll call off your lawyers and make no further claims, he'll call off his and do the same. There's the nickel, Mr. Baps, and I hope you will see your way to accept it."

"You bet I'll accept it," said old Baps, laying a greedy hand on it. "That's all I ever wanted or asked for. It may seem a mighty small amount, but it was the principle of the thing that made me hot under the collar, and I should have gone on till I dropped."

"Then you will not mind signing this receipt?" asked Gunny, placing a small typewritten paper in front of Mr. Baps.

The latter read it aloud in a tone of heartfelt satisfaction: "I hereby acknowledge the receipt of five (5) cents, United States coin, in final and complete satisfaction of the case I have brought against the Stifleburg Street Railroad Company to recover this amount for a fare wrongfully charged, and paid by me under compulsion. I pledge myself to make no further claims whatsoever against the said company, in consideration that the said company makes no further claims whatsoever against me."

Then, taking the fountain pen that Gunny had ready, Demigod Baps reseated himself, and drove his big, ugly, sprawling signature across the bottom of the sheet. Gunny took the paper from him, dried it over the lamp, and carefully folded it away in his wallet.

"That ends the Great Five-Cent Case," he said, in a voice much less triumphant than might have been expected.

"Thank God, yes!" exclaimed Demigod Baps. "Though I should never have believed your father would have admitted he was wrong—such a pig-headed old cuss as he is, and that obstinate."

"Well, he hasn't admitted it exactly," quavered Gunny.

"Hasn't!" roared Baps, glaring at him. "Why, the paper says 'wrongfully charged, and paid by me under compulsion.'"

"I hope you won't think I've taken an awful liberty," explained Gunny tremblingly. "It's every bit true about Popper's withdrawing from the case if you will, and he's that sick of it and worried that he can't sleep, and I've got him in black and white right here in my pocket just as I have you—and so—and so, you see—I—in the interests of both parties—er—decided, don't you know—*to pay that nickel myself.*"

For a moment old Baps was stunned. Had he been tricked, humiliated, outgeneraled by this gawky and terrified youth? Had he been bamboozled by a sham apology, and made to accept—and sign a receipt for—a nickel that old Feltenshaw had never seen? He struggled with a suffocating impulse to leap on Gunny; to rise then and there, and cancel both the young man and the paper with his fists; to restore the *status quo* and recover his self-respect by a brisk application of his footgear. But hold on—hold on! Wasn't the infernal case ruining him? Had he not regretted in his heart of hearts, and with a consuming bitterness, that he had ever got involved in it? Had he not stayed with it because he had to, like a man who had caught a wild bull by the tail? Great Scott! perhaps this was the way out of the mess! It might even be argued into a victory, what with a Feltenshaw nickel to show and a Feltenshaw acknowledgment of his just claim against the railroad. Enough to save his face, at any rate—enough to let him declare that he had won.

"Gunny," he said at last, as all waited for his decision with bated breath, "Gunny, you're the brightest boy in these parts. Gunny, you're a wonder. Shake!"

Gunny shook.

"It was a great idea," continued Demigod Baps solemnly. "It was genius. It was what Lincoln or Henry Clay might have done. Sakes alive, how did it ever occur to *you?*"

"Oh, I don't know—it just kind of came as I was laying down five cents for a ham sandwich," answered Gunny, modestly.

"If you and Ven are still of the same mind, go ahead," said Mr. Baps.

"Oh, Ven, do you hear that?" cried Gunny.

"I haven't changed if you haven't," said Ven, smiling through her tears.

"And you'll marry me?"

"Sure!"

Demigod Baps took up the nickel, looked at it with a queer expression, and then handed it to his daughter. "You have that set in gold," he said, "and wear it at the wedding; and if there's any special kind of stone for damned fools, I guess you had better back it with them solid."

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Photograph by Ashmead.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

By FRANKLIN CLARKIN

"Not I," said the Plumer,
"It's nothing but rumor."

AIGRETTES had risen to thirty-two dollars an ounce. Out of these love-feathers, the decoration which Nature confers upon herons and egrets during the marital period—in effect, the marriage ring—it was easy to make a lot of money. A plume-hunting schooner therefore waited impatiently by a Florida key, ready to swoop down upon a cypressed island where these simple birds bred most numerously. What delayed it was uncertainty as to the whereabouts on this day of the bird-warden, a recent institution of Audubon Societies. The word arrived. He was piloting some scientific bird-collectors to the very same breeding place.

"Curses!" cried the commercial plume-hunters, postponing their plundering. "It's taking bread from our mouths!"

"We arrived in time," the ornithologists congratulated themselves, "to save the rookery from being 'shot out.'"

The comment of the Audubonists was: "Birds sacrificed to the need of a collection are just as dead as those killed for plumes."

I suppose there is no reason to look for sympathy between men who slay for money and men who work to add to human understanding. But it is strange to learn that there are also antagonisms, disagreements, acrimonies, among those who are in beneficent alliance on behalf of "our little brothers of the air." They are in three groups, the bird *savants*, separate as the angles of a triangle:

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Courtesy of the New York Zoological Society.

TRUMPETER SWAN—A VANISHING SPECIES.

(1) Zoo or Museum Hunters.
(2) Private Collectors.
(3) Fighters for Protection.

Plume-hunters are entirely outside the pale. Robbing henroosts grades as a respectable occupation compared with plume-hunting. The reason follows:

It is spring. Discovering where herons or egrets are nesting, the plume-hunter pushes his boat into rushes and bushes. Eggs are being hatched or helpless young are already out, waiting there for the parent birds to come home with food. Overhead, the parent birds arrive and stop, spread the plumes which are the sign of bride or bridegroom, and, although there are thousands of nests, drop unerringly toward their own. But, in their course, the plume-hunter gets an unerring drop on *them*. After, say, two hundred birds have fallen by his bullets, beside their nests, the plume-hunter goes to them with an open knife. The simple young gape at him wistfully, clamoring piteously for their supper. Quite vainly. He answers by scalping the plumes from the shot parents. Then he leaves them bleeding, to rot, sink into the slime, and draw swarms of buzzing flies. The dies [illegible]

have the orphaned, starved nestlings, as well, to feed upon; and the breeding place is miserably desolate.

As for *savants* of the triangle, Bird Protectors quarrel with Collectors when they pursue wild birds with less consideration than they would show toward a private aviary of their own. Museum Hunters complain of Private Collectors because, like collectors in art, their personal competitions have set too high a range in prices. And what the Hunters and Collectors think of Protectors is not entirely respectful. Many will not join the Audubon Society. For one thing, because certain zealous members once wrought reckless havoc by means of a gun; and now, like converts generally, are "extreme."

You might think, from what one group says of another, that chaos was threatening their better impulses. But, taking them by and large, I do not myself find bird-men (excluding plume-plunderers) so easily subject to criticism as they find themselves. Virtue is always severely reproached for defects; while vice gains indulgence for its good qualities. Numerous are the workers in ornithology; slight is the evidence of special or fiendish violation of mercy against the creatures they pursue. In fact, a member of the British Ornithological Union suffers expulsion if he assists any action leading to the extermination of a British species. *Bird Lore*, of New York, carries the motto: "A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand."

Just as it is not all of fishing to catch fish, so, in bird-collecting, it is not everything to net or kill your bird. A. E. Pratt, of the Royal Geographical Society, happened upon the bower bird and its bower in New Guinea a year or two ago, and called it "the prettiest and most fascinating of all the sights provided by Nature in New Guinea, that land of surprises." Not only did it build the most architectural nest known—a long, tunnel-

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shaped bower, framed like a delicate Gothic arch—but it actually laid out a garden.

"I myself saw the creature's marvelous achievement," he says. "It has definite color-sense, for it picks the blossoms of orchids and arranges them in alternate lines of mauve and white. The whole impulse is the universal one of love. Among the rows of flowers it dances to its mate." Upon this, another ornithologist comments: "To kill a creature that makes a garden and looks after the flowers in it, taking them away when they wither and bringing fresh ones in their stead, is, to my mind, to do something but little short of murder."

Courtesy of the New York Zoological Society.

WHOOPING CRANE—NOW SCARCELY KNOWN.

What the plume-hunter is, in comparison with the ornithologist, is fixed by the sequel to that occasion when the Florida egret rookery was saved from being "shot out." Hearing guns there one day later, the Audubonists' bird-warden started out alone in his skiff to investigate. When he came upon those who were shooting—they shot *him*.

Immediately afterward they pulled up anchor and hurried off, leaving the dead warden to be borne away by his own unsteered skiff to wherever the wind listed.

Their plea was "self-defense," and it was successful. They had defended themselves against the law's policeman!

"Not I," said the Bird-man,
"I'm half-brother to Pan."

Nearly all ornithologists who do laboratory service—so far as I know, quite all of them—take their vacation by going outdoors to make similar work their play. Indeed, scarcely any other calling appears to the outsider so happy a case of showing how very near "vocation" can come to spelling "vacation." Perhaps it's the same with other naturalists: at Columbia University there is a biologist whose pleasure during twenty summers has been to spend his holidays in Hawaii studying snails!

Sights, sounds, scents of fields, the cool breath of forests, intimate companionship with dwellers in the wild—these are among the satisfactions of the scientific bird-hunter. There might well be, too, in the attraction winged creatures have for him, some subconscious admiration for the marvel of flight. In addition, the appeal of birds to admiration, as set down by an old-time hunter, Dr. J. A. Allen, includes beauty of form, the charm of song, and richness of ornament unequaled elsewhere in animate nature.

What Mr. F. M. Chapman, of the American Museum of Natural History, recalls as an experience unparalleled in the annals of ornithology, and for him the most thrilling of his "Camps and Cruises," was his stay on one of the Bahama Isles, in the midst of a city of flamingoes. Measles laid him low, and he was left two weeks on the coast of Andros to convalesce. Starting finally to find the swash where flamingoes had settled, a thin pink line was discerned. Ten minutes farther, and the thin pink line enlarged to a wide, flaming streak. The birds were in multitudes—"and with an utterly indescribable feeling of exultation we advanced to view this wonder of wonders in bird life!"

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Courtesy of the New York Zoological Society.

ONLY THREE HARPY EAGLES ARE NOW IN CAPTIVITY.

But when he was within three hundred yards, the birds rose, stepped slowly forward; the leaders sprang into the air, and file after file of the winged host followed: "The very earth seemed to empty birds; fiery masses streamed heavenward. It was an appalling sight. One of the boatmen said: 'It looks like hell!'"

On the following morning, risking a movement toward them, Mr. Chapman pitched his umbrella bag in the midst of the city, in the midst of the nests, within arm's reach of them. It seemed beyond probability that the birds would take their places so near him. But they did: the vast red army which had retreated at his coming noisily returned and surrounded him. He was "engulfed in color and clarionings." Out of that beleaguering resulted the most remarkable reproduction of flamingo home life available to the public.

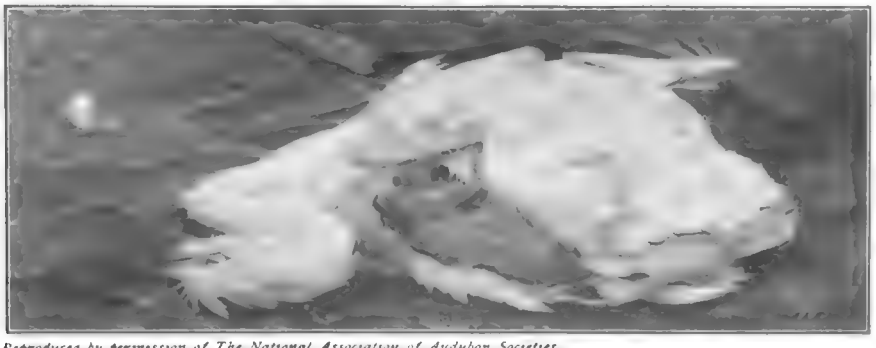
Bird-taking is like butterfly-netting and orchid-hunting in this—that what would seem a gentle pastime for a mild summer's day can often put a finger of fear upon the nerves of the hardiest adventurers.

Some collection wants a golden eagle. The most promising places to look for the golden eagle are Scotland and America. One goes for it, say, to Scotland, to the "last remnants of primeval Britain."

Mountains tower; there are rocky glens through which wild streams tear their way; and beyond these lie moorland wastes. Even in this seclusion the golden eagle is not common: in pursuit of food it wings over vast widths and expanses. But here, one day, is descried on some lofty crag, silhouetted against the sky, a slant of sun making head and neck shine like burnished gold, a keen-eyed, silent, motionless, Napoleonic bird, wings folded, monarch of all it surveys. That will be a golden eagle.

How catch him? An eider duck you easily bring to captivity because you can let down from the cliff edge a noose of hair over its head—docile thing—and bring it up in a strangling flutter. But the eagle knows a snare. You can't take him alive, unless he's very young. Then you must climb four hundred feet, as did Charles Dixon, the eminent English bird-hunter, and from that point let yourself down by a rope, hand over hand, above a thrashing sea, the rope burning your palms till you think it would be a relief just to let go and drop—drop—. Mr. Dixon, having taken his eaglet, remarks: "It made us feel thankful we are ornithologists and able to realize and rightly enjoy the poetry of such a scene as this."

All the essentials of fierce toil, risk, and bodily suffering were surely satisfied in that recent march of Professor Donald McMillan with Peary to the 85th parallel. For days he clambered along the hummocky ice with one foot frozen. The Pole was not for him; all he was after was a few bones and skins and eggs, and the opportunity to make some



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"HE ANSWERS BY SCALPING THE PLUMES FROM THE SHOT SNOWY HERON."

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annotations on "Birds of North America" and "Natural History." He filled two hundred notebooks with observations, and discovered for the first time the egg of the *Tringa canutus*. You will remember that this man's first enthusiastic cable home was: "Best two years of my life!"

It was as a bird and butterfly gatherer

Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

A FLAMINGO CITY IN THE BAHAMAS.

that A. E. Pratt made an expedition to the scarcely explored island of Papua, or New Guinea. During thirty years, Pratt has almost continuously toiled and endured in earth's roughest solitudes—the Andes, the forests of the Amazon, the Rockies, the Yangtze gorges, the snowy Thibetan tablelands—to gather additions for private and public natural history collections in England and France.

His trail toward butterflies and birds led among cannibals. Worse, at the very outset he infringed on the frontier of the fierce Tungeri tribe of head-hunters. As an incident of the expedition, he thought he would make the first original study of this people —mix ethnology with ornithology and lepidoptery. Certain sorts of ethnology really mix better with powder; and this was one.

In his progress, some Javanese convicts working for the Dutch on a clearing at the edge of the hostile bush "were heard to shout as though in distress." The cry was genuine enough. When an armed guard reached the convicts five minutes after, "their heads had been taken off so cleverly with a knife of bamboo that the doctor on board our ship told me," says Mr. Pratt, "that no surgeon with the latest surgical instruments could have removed so many heads in so short a time."

Pratt decided that ethnology was too big for a side line. He stuck to ornithology and lepidoptery. Tramping along the dark, stony trail, the gloom lightened only by splendid orchids, a touch from a leaf of the stinging-tree—the under side of which is roughly set with spines—would wound him and raise blisters which maddeningly irritated for twelve hours; when he might be touched by another. And no antidote known. Leeches got over the tops of his boots, into his stockings, and attacked his ankles, "inflicting a sort of three-cornered bite." Nevertheless, he noted seven hundred and seventy bird species, collecting some, not to mention butterflies. Now he has returned there as ethnologist, venturing his neck against the fearsome, severing blade of those other ethnologists, the savage, un-

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Photograph by Julian A. Dimock.

THE FRIENDLINESS OF THE TERN—A SPECIES THAT IS BEING SACRIFICED TO FASHION.

studied head-hunters, in order to classify and describe them.

Long journeys are not imperative to get to bird haunts strange or weird.

An ornithologist who is a New Yorker, with acceptable credentials, may quickly run down to the ocean side of Long Island, by train and carriage, where, at a given spot, he will build a fire, as a signal to a certain island that the invited bird-man is here ready to come across. A boat will be sent for him, and he will, by the kindness of the families who have owned the island and guarded the birds upon it during three centuries and a half, find himself in close and neighborly association with more varieties of birds than may be found together in any other place so small north of the Tropic of Cancer.

Open to all as a country of exploration is the vast Hackensack marsh, which visitors to New York coming from the South and the West must pass through toward their journey's end. It's the Dismal Swamp of the metropolitan district. Into it, not long since, ventured Clinton Abbott, H. H. Hann, and J. P. Callender—half-holiday bird students from the business district of Manhattan.

Walking up a railroad track from Newark, they came, on the edge of the marsh, to an old barn. Here they put on uninjurable clothes and waded in—a black-crowned night heron flying lazily over with an eel dangling from its claws "provided the last necessary suggestion of wildness." They entered water thigh deep, sinking in ooze till it was breast deep—giving each other a hand now and then, like mountain climbers roping over a special peril. Cat-tails were higher above their heads than they could reach. Having no compass, they had to lay bearings by the chimney of a bluing factory.

Thus floundering in the morass, they made odd discoveries. Exotics, like coots, and Florida gallinules, and pied-billed grebes, and least bitterns, and green herons, re-

Photograph by Julian A. Dimock.

YOUNG SNAKE BIRDS, OR WATER TURKEYS.
HARNEY RIVER, FLORIDA.

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vealed themselves, not to mention the red-winged blackbirds which may be seen from a car window—all securely courting and nesting and bringing up families, with the roar of Manhattan and the endless comings and goings of steam trains always in hearing.

One may travel far before finding cliffs so sheer and worthy of a brave foot as the Palisades of the Hudson. The accumulated earth on the narrow shelving which you take as a foothold may be only the accumulated dust and soot of the great city across the river, and may give under your weight like quicksand. Here is ornithic hunting of a picturesque sort. The falcon comes here. It is our representative of that peregrine falcon, no longer common anywhere, which soars through Scott's romances and is part of the *ancien régime* of France. In England it is now an outcast—driven to rocky islets or cliffs where man, who flung it first "thro' the crimson dawn to pluck him a prey from the skies," seldom is seen.

In those solitudes, as well as in these odd heights so near to one of the greatest cities, the falcon carries on falconry to support its own neglected fate. Through all vicissitudes it has remained a true sport. It will not choose birds smaller than itself. Mr. Chapman declares that, in pursuing prey, so fearless is it that it will dash down and capture a wounded bird within reach of a gunner's arm. Yet once any possible prey eludes its strike, it grants the boon of liberty. . . . Being near to Wall Street cliffs, where ideals are somewhat lower as to prey, it has been about discouraged from coming to the Palisades. Only three pairs came there last year. Eggs, its own young, even its nest, are stolen from it.

Yet the breed still sustains a wistful trust in man, its olden companion. To collect a peregrine falcon nest, Dixon visited Bass Rock, off the English coast. "As I descended," he relates, "big masses of rock gave way and went crashing down, striking the water like thunder. Two old peregrines were sweeping higher in air and circling. I could see the glitter of the black eye. I found the nest on a narrow ledge which permitted just standing room. Above the nest lay quantities of bones and feathers, and in it a single young bird, covered with gray down, which allowed me to examine it minutely without the least show of resistance."

Photograph by Julian A. Dimock.

LITTLE BLUE HERON (YOUNG). HARNEY RIVER, FLORIDA.

> "Not I," said the Seller,
> "It's some brutal feller."

So many birds have vanished or are becoming rare that the zest of collecting constantly increases—likewise the expense and the labor, not to speak of the recriminations as to who is responsible for the scarcities. Doubtless you know the seriousness to mankind of bird annihilation. A *Bird Lore* contributor declares: "Were all the birds sud-

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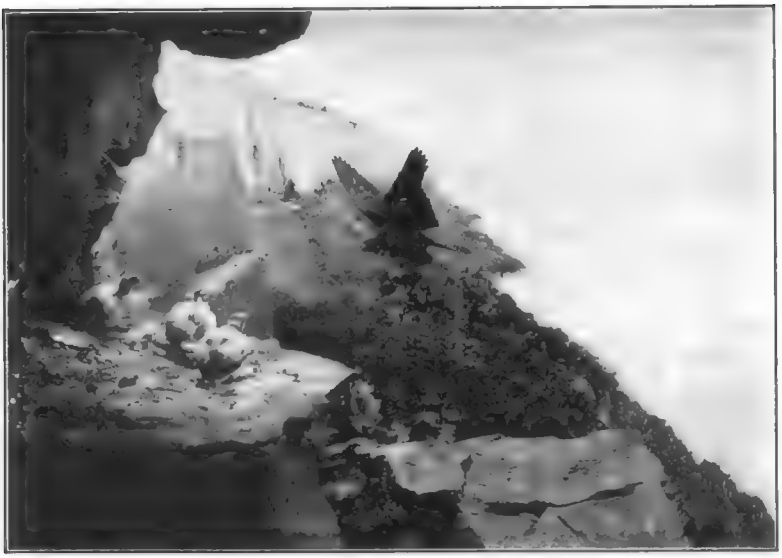

Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

FALCON GROUP ON THE PALISADES OF THE HUDSON.

denly killed, in seven years man would be unable to exist upon this earth, the increase of insects and worms would be so great."

In times of record the chief birds absolutely to drop from human sight are the dodo (1681), great auk (1844), *Nestor Productus* parrot (1851), and Pallas' cormorant (recently). These can only be reconstructed from skins and bones and old descriptions.

New Yorkers remember when the Labrador duck was common in the markets. Sailors easily shot and brought it to port by thousands. Now only three are preserved in all the world. Walter Rothschild, of England, has two of them—one obtained from Gordon Plummer of Brookline, Massachusetts, who bought it in Fulton Market, New York, in 1860; the other from William Dutcher, of New York, by whom it was received from the widow of a man named Thompson, who shot it in the St. Lawrence River in 1852. Nine years afterward one was killed on Grand Manan, and four years later the last to be known was shot by J. G. Bell, who sold its skin to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

You see how carefully the roll is called and identifications are made when the battle is over! The battle is about over for the beautiful passenger pigeon. In 1848 it came down the Hudson River in such numbers that the then owner of "Claremont," near the place where Grant's Tomb now is, shot from his roof one hundred in a morning. Twenty-eight years later a "pigeon nesting" near Petoskey, Michigan, occupied

Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

EGRETS AND OTHER BIRDS IN THE HACKENSACK MEADOWS.

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an area twenty-eight miles long, averaging four miles wide. That season (according to freighting records) a billion passenger pigeons were destroyed in Michigan, when roosting, by guns, bludgeons, and pots of sulphur. Railroads had been laid, and markets were ready. The birds sold in New York for a cent apiece.

Nobody has noted a passenger pigeon, and proved it, since 1900. The only attested living specimens for years past were in captivity. A few were in the Cincinnati Zoo, a few in Milwaukee; others had been bred from a single pair owned by Professor C. O. Whitman, of Chicago University. Six years ago, Professor Whitman's refused further to interbreed. All that were known were presently dead, except one male in Cincinnati, and one female in the Whitman aviary. The lone female was sent to the disconsolate male. Of the tremendous flocks which once flew over the United States only these two birds are left. And the female is infertile.

Being good enough to eat, this, like the heath hen of Martha's Vineyard, of which a pure specimen has not been taken in eight years, was too good to live.

So with the moho of Hawaii. To native kings and to the mongoose it appealed as a dainty edible. To see one now you would have to go to the Tring Museum in England or Honolulu Museum in Hawaii. So eager has Mr. Rothschild been for a specimen that he had a dog specially trained to know its scent, and to pursue it. Then he despatched his field collector, Henry Palmer, and this dog to undertake a thorough hunt. Months of work through jungles produced no trace of the bird.

"Not I," said the Hatter,
"See Paris in matter."

No nest of the Carolina parrakeet ever has been collected—notwithstanding offered rewards. It is the only United States parrot —except those that come over the borders from Mexico—and was last seen in 1904 in Florida. It deserted the Carolinas forty years before Forty-niners rediscovered it on the "Pike's Peak or Bust" expedition. "Victim of slaughter by idlers" is its epitaph—which doubtless means for wings to decorate women's hats.

Many parrots have shown themselves "unable to stand civilization." Lands so new to human settlement as Norfolk Island and New South Wales have lost the *Nestor Productus*, a charming parrakeet. Even stuffed, there remain only about ten. It was half a century ago that the last live one was seen. That was in a cage in London.

Only by chance did Bronx Zoo obtain a live whooping crane. It came from the Boston Sportsman's Show last year, a wilderness hunter having contributed it as a variety of game! Once its wing feathers were desired by milliners. For thirteen years this crane has been recorded as "scarcely known." The American Museum now has a young man out in Alberta, Canada, searching for a nest of it.

Bronx Park has long desired a trumpeter swan. No one has reported it in six years. Has this, too, "passed along"?

The general human instinct to "go out and kill something" has much to answer for. Yet why should it extirpate things so gentle as the swan—accompaniment of Poetry's great loves and passions—or a parrot, the only bird or beast that can speak man's language? The "instinct" operated, in most instances, for hire; and its employer chiefly was—Fashion.

Thus, natives of Hawaii pursued the great hook-billed creeper to make war cloaks from its golden-yellow feathers. For half a century it had been a lost bird, till Walter Rothschild's hunter, Palmer, got a specimen in 1902, through the aid of old Hawaiian bird-catchers who had once chased it for its plumage. None has been taken since, and you would need to journey to Vienna, Leyden, Paris, Honolulu, or Cambridge (England) to see a dead specimen.

Once America had the second largest woodpecker in the world—the ivory-billed woodpecker. Milliners began to utilize it; dealers would offer prices that poor countrymen could not resist. I suppose the name "ivory," too, intimated that the bill itself had value (which it had not), and the bird, wild and wary, was hunted out or scared off to far solitudes. It is twenty-eight years since it has been reported.

"Not I," said the Cat.
"Would I ever do that?"

John E. Thayer and Outram Bangs, collectors, a year or two ago, sent to the islet of Guadeloupe, off southern California, E. E. Brown, Jr. and two assistants. There they lived among six or seven thousand goats, and an unreckoned number of house cats that had

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gone half-wild from human desertion. The goats were destroying the plants. The cats were "doing for" the birds; but seventeen species were brought back by the expedition.

In spite of these well-laid and costly searches by men, the glory of discovering and capturing the latest new bird belongs to a cat. It was the pet cat of Peter Lyall, the keeper of the lighthouse on Stephen's Island, in Cook Strait, New Zealand. One day, in 1894, it brought in a strange, dark-brownish and olive-yellow wren, four inches long. On being sent to learned societies in England, the bird was named *Traversa Lyalli.*

Only twelve specimens were ever obtained. After giving ornithology a few species, the cat proceeded immediately to "corner" it, and make it not only rare but extinct!

"Not I,"—the Collector,
"I'm partly Protector."

Private Collectors in America, mostly Audubonists, probably have among them about 100,000 specimens. William Brewster, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, possesses 30,000 skins (600 mounted), and an uncounted number of sets of eggs. Not many of the North American rarities are missing. John E. Thayer's museum, at Lancaster, Massachusetts, is also nearly complete in mounted North American birds; and Outram Bangs, of Boston, and Jonathan Dwight, of New Haven, have gathered far and wide.

What *The Auk* calls the "most complete private collection extant of mounted birds *with their nests and eggs,*" is that of John Lewis Childs at Floral Park, Long Island. Mr. Childs took up the hobby of assembling the birds recognized by the American Ornithologists' Union. Of that list of about 1,185, he lacks at present specimens of only thirty, and of the eggs only 155. For two years he has had a man out in Cuba, looking for the masked duck.

Two recent expeditions sent to Arizona for the masked quail were without result. No live one has been seen in five years. I have trace of three masked quails. One is possessed by Manly Hardy, of Brewer, Maine, one by the State Museum of Arizona, and one by William Brewster, who also has a series of the type obtained in Mexico. Manly Hardy regards the black masked quail as extinct. He has two of these, among the 3,300 United States and fifty foreign species he has brought together in thirty-five years.

There are no "prices current" for rare birds, as for coins, or stamps, or orchids, or diamonds; nor is there any great mart with settled quotations, like that for furred animals, in Hamburg. Individual birds frequently fetch surprising sums. William Dutcher, of New York, sold to Walter Rothschild, of England, a Labrador duck for $1,000. John Lewis Childs, of Long Island, bought one in Liverpool for $1,000, and afterward sold it to John E. Thayer, of Massachusetts, for $5,000, with some other birds to boot. A living specimen of this or of the passenger pigeon would bring forth amazingly high bids.

Mr. Childs paid $100 each for three eggs of the Carolina parrakeet. Eggs of the extinct great auk have cost Mr. Thayer $1,200 each, and as no more will ever be laid, the future price will be whatever owner and prospective buyer can agree upon. The expense of maintaining a searcher in the field is from $100 to $200 a month, when boats or assistants are not necessary. When they are necessary, the cost may be doubled or trebled. At this rate, Mr. Childs's four eggs of the ivory-billed woodpecker—which it took three years to get—may be reckoned to have represented an expenditure in money of $5,000 at the least—$1,250 an egg. One of the Rothschilds of England spends his surplus riotously on orchids; another, conservatively, on horses, winning a few months ago the Gold Cup of Ascot, which was high recompense; another—shall I say philanthropically?—spends it on birds, stuffed ones. He—Walter Rothschild—owns the whole Tring Museum, which, next to the British Museum, contains the largest number of specimens in the world. Its purpose is to afford facilities for studying the geographical variation of birds. In various corners of the earth his hunters are now seeking rarities, and on the moho bird alone he has spent enough to make an ordinary man independent.

"Not I," said the Dame,
"'Twas dead when it came."

Who did kill Cock Robin?

Nobody clamors for the distinction, as in the nursery rhyme.

Evidently it was not the zoos and not the museums. The American Museum of Natural History holds 90,000 skins; there is testimony that one commercial plume-hunter in

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Florida boasted of having in one season made a kill of 125,000 birds. All the collections in this country and Europe, caged or stuffed, do not embrace as many skins as are sold for millinery in one London auction —and there are several London auctions in a year. Do you know that imports of millinery feathers to this country are valued at about $11,000,000, while the valuation of diamond imports at the last census was only about $12,000,000? Of course, hawks, crows, owls, black buzzards kill other birds or eat their eggs, or young. The dog, the cat, the alligator, the mongoose, and the fox must be found guilty, too, along with the pot-hunters; and woodsmen, sparing few trees and neglecting to provide for new growths, have been unwitting accomplices. Storms, catching birds over great waters in migrating season, destroy great numbers by exhaustion.

But plume-hunters are at work all over the world. Not long ago a band of Japanese raiders were captured by an American war vessel on one of the Hawaiian islands, with a *billion* skins in their camp, accumulated for the Paris trade. When W. Alanson Bryan went to an outlying Hawaiian island, he discovered that that little speck on the sea was yielding 50,000 skins every six months to traders.

A certain measure of responsibility for this bloody business must be shared Higher Up. Mr. Dimock, who belongs to the Bird Protectors, put the matter in this pungent way regarding Florida: "Florida plume-hunters? Not guilty! They consist of the only band of Indians the Government ignores—whose game has been killed, and who have been driven from their land to an amphibious existence in the Glades and the Big Cypress Swamp—and of poor Crackers, who have been tempted beyond their capacity to resist by northern merchants stimulated by the women of Vanity Fair."

Of the "Crackers," who kill for plumes and after the scalping leave the beautiful dead to rot and their young to starve, the best may be said briefly: These poor whites are often refugees from the "justice or the injustice" of the chain gang. They have escaped to the swamp or to the innumerable keys. Mr. Dimock one day came upon an outlaw of local celebrity followed by his two little children and "the woman whose promise 'for better or worse' really had a meaning." So long as they shared his exile, their lives depended on his ability to kill birds for what the milliners would give him.

In contrast are the tourists. It is a common experience for bird students to trail through miles of the mangroves only to find that certain armed tourists have been before them. In one recent instance, a physician and his two sons had been busy trying to "make a record." They had not killed because they could thus earn more in ten hours than otherwise in a month. They had not killed to keep breath and life in their best beloved. They had killed just to relieve a tedium. The tedium must have been entirely relieved; everywhere lay the dead bodies of the victims of the holiday.

Most evidence points to Fashion as the insatiate consumer. England, it is estimated by *Animal Friends*, uses 30,000,000 skins yearly; Europe, 150,000,000; America, 50,000,000. Yet back of the feather merchant and plume-hunter who supply the skins are the men who make a fashion for women and then impose it upon them, subtly, irresistibly. Much effort has been expended toward inducing women not to follow a fashion that is set. The futility of that! For, "What can a poor woman do?"

The rebellion of Audubonists against wanton waste of the prettiest thing in Nature ought to begin, it would seem, not in rookeries, not in boudoirs, not in milliners' shops, not in feather-dealers' warehouses, but in those lofts in Paris where modes of headgear are designed, and, by authority more autocratic than a czar's, more respected than a pope's, are enjoined upon civilized woman as "the latest thing"!

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THE DEGENERACY OF THE BREAKFAST

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of "Back Home," "Folks Back Home," etc.

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

WHO it was that first gave utterance to the sentiment: "Breakfast is my best meal," I cannot tell you. "Familiar Quotations" tries to pass it off by saying nothing. Some ways it sounds like George Washington, but I can't find it in his Farewell Address; and some ways it sounds like John Wesley, but it isn't in any of his sermons that I have. Maybe it was Benjamin Franklin, and I shouldn't be surprised if it was Daniel Boone. It might be any one of the great worthies of the age which has ended and lingers only for the announcement of its end; or it might be the universal opinion of that company of heroic men who are the darkling and obscure wave upon whose crest a few drops dance and glitter for a moment in the sunlight of publicity—and shine forever in History's snapshot of that moment.

If it was one man whose artistry in words gave to that sentiment such a balancing of syllables and accents that merely to speak it aloud conveys assurance of a heartfelt truth (try the experiment once), then surely his identity will not be forever hidden. All over this broad land of ours thousands upon thousands of patient toilers are delving in genealogical research. It cannot be—it simply cannot be that nothing of more importance will be dug out of the dusty past than the maiden name, birthplace, number of descendants, and age at death of Uncle Milton's second wife.

If his name should ever be discovered, and it is in order, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I move you that a committee be appointed to consider the erection of a suitable memorial to that illustrious personage. And, as potential chairman of that committee, I will say right now that, while bronze or marble would not be too enduring a material, yet I should prefer myself a real, hand-painted portrait in oils. Bronze and marble would express the firm solidity of his flesh—I think he must have been kind of a chunky man—and the contour of his jaw, which showed undoubting confidence in his ability to overcome. But it would need colors to set forth the rich mahogany of his neck and face; his forehead shaded and sweated by his hat into contrasting pallor; the deep red, not to say greasy red, of his lips at the moment when he is supposed to be giving to the world those immortal (or partially immortal) words; the creamy whiteness of his short teeth, of which he lost not one, though he lived to be seventy-four years old—being cut off, as you might say, right in the prime of life by the kick of a bay mare with a white stocking on the left hind foot—though that was not the one that hit him; the gray-blue of his eyes that could twinkle so at a joke or blaze in sudden anger.

And if there be not one lone man that first said, "Breakfast is my best meal," then let us have a composite portrait of all that bold race of pioneers who sallied forth through Allegheny mountain-passes, as vikings from their fjords, or sailed across the sea-like plains in prairie-schooners; who looked unheard-of difficulties full in the eye, and held their heads up alert for every peril; who, stayed by a hearty morning meal, flung themselves undauntedly upon the daily task, quicklier accomplished than ever be-

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fore in the world's history, of opening up a continent from end to end like a split herring.

Their work is done, and it must needs be that their ideals pass. We who sit at the second table have chosen a finer, gentler watchword than was theirs. It is: "A cup of coffee and a roll are all we care for in the morning." And we know that, in its turn, this, too, shall pass away. I do not look ahead into the future, which I verily believe belongs to those pure spirits who save their appetites till luncheon time, when they regale themselves upon a water-cracker and a glass of buttermilk. Nor do I peer still farther into the Yet-To-Be when we shall all fast two or three days at a time, doing the world's work meantime with that quickened and clarified intellect which comes with freedom from the shackles that fetter our aspiring souls to anything so gross as grub. I rejoice in spirit over that coming triumph of economy when Mind shall have at last got in the solar-plexus blow that shall cause Matter (the low-down whelp!) to take the count. I shall not live to see the day, but I know that now the password is: "A cup of coffee and a roll," and he who says breakfast is his best meal but lags superfluous on the stage, already set for a new scene.

He is a survival from those times remote in ideals from to-day but so little distant in the past that P. D. Armour used to be at his desk at 7.30 A.M. as regular as the clock, ready to answer any and all questions that any ten-dollar-a-week reporter might see fit to ask him; a day so little distant in the past that there are those among us not yet fallen asleep who can still recall an upper left-hand page in the front part of McGuffey's First Reader where it said: "Up, Lu-cy, the sun is up. Do not lie in bed. Ma-ry was up at six and is now out at play. Up, up, Lu-cy." (Some vocalized it "double up, Lucy," remembering that two p's was "double p," and inferring an analogy that did not exist.) And yet, so far remote are those ideals from ours that if a man should try to put into a modern schoolbook reading that tended to roust out little children at six A.M., they'd have the Gerrys after him in no time, scarcely. Even in localities that we consider impermeable to modern thought, it nevertheless has leaked through a little; for a friend, returning from a visit to his boyhood home, sadly said to me: "Ah, the old place ain't what it used to be. What do you think? They don't have breakfast now till half-past five!"

It was early rising that begot the breakfast that our eponym esteemed the best meal of the bunch. When they pound on your door, or maybe walk right in and pull the bedclothes off you, or, more arousing still, dash water in your face, and you rear up and sit upon the bed's edge, kind of studying-like and wishing you didn't have to—When you finally get into your clothes, gaping and stretching and rubbing your puffy eyes, pull on your heavy boots and clump down the stairs and out to the barn—When the morning fog lies flat and white in the still air, and the sparkling dewdrops that gem each emerald blade make the grass sloppy wet—When feathered songsters wake the woodland echoes with their wild notes as of an axle that is badly in need of greasing—When you fork down something less than a ton of hay to feed the stock, and gratify the gluttony of pigs, and curry the horses with many a "Hyste over there, Bill," and Bill is exasperatingly slow at "hysting"—When you milk about nine cows, each with an individual devilish trick, aside from the normal and general cow-habit of blandly walking away from you when you are about half done with her, or lifting up a hind foot to scratch her stomach, incidentally overturning a brimming pail, or being so fond of you she licks the pant-leg half off you, or being so prejudiced against you that she won't let down at all—When you get through with fifty-seven kinds of chores, all different but all alike in the one respect of being ruinous to the temper—and you finally reach the time when you can pump water into the washpan and set it on the bench, and lather your hands, and slosh your face, blowing loudly with a "whoofle-oofle-oofle-oofle-oof!" and, with your eyes shut and smarting from the soap, grope for the roller-towel, and dry yourself, and comb your dripping hair before the piece of looking-glass propped on top of the lower window sash—When you have done all this, I say, a cup of coffee and a roll do not seem to be all you care for in the morning.

The front part of your body below the waist seems, as it were, to chafe and grind upon your backbone. The sound of the ham sissing in the frying pan and making loud disapproval when turned over by the three-tined iron fork; the tap-tap-tap of yesterday's eggs broken into the bowl whence they will be poured into the skillet, their

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MAYBE WALK RIGHT IN AND PULL THE BED CLOTHES OFF YOU.

meditative "gop!" and "s-s-s-lup-t-ee-th!"—if one may endeavor to portray their cooking noises—and the ticking of the hot ham-fat as it is spooned over them; the odor of fried foods—everything is fried for breakfast that can be fried—potatoes, corn-meal mush, buckwheat cakes, browning on the griddle from which rises a blue whiff of smoke when the ham-rind is rubbed over the hot disc—All this doesn't seem so gross and materialistic as you might imagine when you consider what has preceded it. And speaking of fried foods, I have known of apples being fried, and I have met people able to shut their eyes and swallow down the stuff if they had something right afterward to take away the taste, say, coffee from the pot stewing on the back of the stove, mixed with this yellow, thick stuff they scrape off the top of milk where they have their own cows.

What I have mentioned are almost the least of the victuals on the table. I haven't said anything about homemade bread and homemade butter. I haven't spoken of the molasses that can be eaten with the pancakes and the fried mush, or beaten up with the clear red ham-gravy into a kind of butter-scotch emulsion which can be sopped up with bread. It might be sorghum, with its tang and tendency to froth, or it might be that syrup whose name is scarcely less delightful than itself, "Golden Drip"—a name that none can speak without recalling the molasses jug with a metal flap closing its hawknose beak. Ah, Golden Drip! How well you went upon a slice of bread thickly buttered on the loaf and then cut off. And how smart a body had to be to bite the bread just where the sweetness threatened to trickle down. As the poet says:

> X Y Z &
> I wish I had a piece in my hand.

And that wasn't the only "spread" they had for breakfast. They were sure to have apple butter, brown and spicy, tingly on the under side of the tongue-tip by itself, and producing a rich effect upon the back part of the soft roof of the mouth when mingled with cow butter. There was peach butter, which hadn't the staying popularity of apple butter; plum butter that you soon got out of conceit with; and grape butter, which was good for a change; but tomato preserves were a steady old reliable. And, lest so much sweet should cloy, there was chow-chow. There might be crullers to top off

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with if it was winter, and some made a dessert out of "coffee-soup"—crusts broken into the coffee cup. But for those who believed that while they journeyed through life they should live by the way, there was pie to crown the edifice, like the rooster on the steeple, the tying of loose ends into a bow-knot, the final curlycue.

I am aware that, according to the latest edition of the Revised Statutes, eating pie at breakfast is now a penitentiary offense punishable by hard labor on the farm for a period not exceeding eighty-five years; but it once shared with early rising the reputation of a virtuous act. There are people today who are well thought of in the community—who even "dress for dinner," bless your heart!—who have, none the less, eaten pie for breakfast and have tipped back on their chair's hind-legs when the broom was passed, and sat thus with such a smile upon their faces as spoke of peace with all the world, themselves included.

But nowadays merely to talk of so much fried stuff, pork and eggs and potatoes and pancakes, and so much sweet stuff, molasses, fruit preserves, coffee cup a puddle of sugar, pie, and all that, sends us who hear it to the kitchen cupboard where the cooking soda is, first aid to the indigestive. To eat such a meal seems hardly less barbarous than wearing feathers in a scalp lock. But remember that we didn't work all day yesterday from before daylight till after dark. We didn't tumble into bed and fall sound asleep ere ever our heads had touched the pillow, so anxious was the night-shift of the body's repair gang to get on the job of tearing out old tissue and putting in new. We didn't waken in the morning to find a hurry order for more raw material hanging on the hook, and we didn't put an edge like a broken bottle on that hurry call by stirring around at fifty-seven kinds of temper-snarling chores. We haven't before us a whole long morning with a mall and glut, splitting rails, or breaking up new ground with a balky team —a morning so long that it becomes a young eternity about half-past ten o'clock, when the front of the body below the waist begins again to chafe and grind on the backbone in spite of all the fats and sweets that can be put in between at breakfast to act as fender.

But the obvious fact that physical exertion for a living has about gone out of fashion does not account for the degeneration of the hearty breakfast so perfectly as you might imagine. In this revulsion against ham and eggs, against all the company of fried foods; in this ready acceptance, as a substitute, of raw rolled oats, cooked twenty minutes, there is more than meets the eye, not to speak of the teeth.

At another time I have demonstrated that conquerors are pork-eaters, and that pie is the palladium of our liberties. Bear with me if I reiterate my firm belief that they who feed on pork and pie are not the sort of people to make doormats of. Why, then, I ask you, have the countrymen of Washington and Lincoln, Sam Adams and Ben Butler, come to accept the phrase "breakfast food"? Time was when food was food; as such to be bestowed where it would do most good, "irregardless," as my friend Mat King would say, of the name of its forthsetting on the table. Why this invidious distinction against the meal which breaks the longest fast of all the four-and-twenty? Why should we answer our insides' Macedonian cry for help, not with the sustenance of free men but with mere predigested provender.

It looks unreasonable, doesn't it? Well, whenever a course of action looks unreasonable, be sure it has the best of reasons back of it.

At the height of our period of unexampled prosperity, we were all shocked to hear how many hundreds of thousands of children go to school every morning without a scrap of

EACH WITH AN INDIVIDUAL DEVILISH TRICK.

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breakfast in their stomachs. Almost every day we hear of the growing proportion of defectives in the public schools for which malnutrition is to blame. And yet we cannot open a newspaper at the Health Hints Department and escape a sermon on the text: "We dig our own graves with our teeth." We all eat too much; we really ought to be more moderate. As for flesh-meat— Ach! The horrid stuff. How can any one of refinement eat it at all? It causes cancer; it begets rheumatism, and, unless you are very careful and very lucky, it has ptomaines in it from whose poison you expire in agony. And eggs! Brrrr! One look at the messy things should be enough. And not alone the world-weary eggs that have lingered in cold storage since a year ago last May, but bran-new eggs. Why, do you not know that the eggshell is perfectly permeable to bacteria, which swarm by countless millions on the inside even while the hen cackles? And milk. Milk is well known to be a wide distributer of typhoid and tuberculosis.

All this campaign against animal foods (on which all tameless creatures live), and this cracking up of vegetable foods (on which all docile creatures live) is no more causeless and fortuitous than the campaign of good advice on How to Invest Your Savings. Very frequently you will find a bug under a chip. Take notice, please, that the more the price of porterhouse goes up, the more canceriferous, toxic, and altogether too suggestive of battle, murder, and sudden death does flesh-meat become. Milk was a fairly healthful food until they jacked the price up to nine cents a quart, and no one dreamed that new-laid eggs were rivals of rat-poison until they got to be fifty cents a dozen. There is a reason for this vivid interest in nuts and fruits and all such things as make the stomach think it is well-fed when it is only well-filled. There is a reason for the recent discovery that alfalfa is not only good to cut up and put into ten-cent muslin bags and sell for smoking tobacco, but that, when it is ground up nicely, it is a most nutritious food, as excellent for human beings as it is for horses and cows and pigs and chickens. It is the same reason as that which prompts us to forbear asking for a second helping when it looks as if there was only enough to go nicely round the table. It is much like the reason why Jack wouldn't eat his supper.

In one sense it is quite true that we eat too much. He that doubts it has only to com-

EATING PIE AT BREAKFAST IS NOW A PENITENTIARY OFFENSE.

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TIPPED BACK ON THEIR CHAIRS' HIND-LEGS WHEN THE BROOM WAS PASSED.

pare his butcher's bill and grocer's bill with his pay envelope. And it is the knowledge that meat and milk and eggs, dear though they seem to be, will never again be as cheap as they are now, that leads us to look with favoring eyes on cereals and "breakfast foods."

You remember that funny story about the Irish girl, just landed, who had her mistress write a letter for her to the old folks at home.

"I has mate wanst a week," she dictated.

"Why, Ellen," interrupted her mistress, "you know you have meat any day you like."

"Yis, mum," answered Ellen. "Thrue for you, mum. But thim owld high-backs 'ud not believe ut."

You see, meat of any kind is a great luxury in the Old Country.

Good story, isn't it? You'd better tell it while you can, for it isn't going to be funny very much longer.

They've found so many rich mines of gold, and discovered such economical processes of getting it out of low-grade ores that they have quadrupled the production of the precious metal in fifteen years. In the first half of 1909 the world's record was beaten. All of that increase hasn't gone into back teeth and wedding rings. What we feared Bryan was going to do to us with silver, the Yukon has done to us with gold. Another thing: There's lots more money and an easier life in selling things to eat than in raising things to eat. A friend of mine was up-state not long ago, and a farmer asked him if he could sell some hay for him. My friend thought he could. How much would he take for his hay? Twelve-fifty a ton. My friend sold it in New York for twenty-four dollars a ton. Of course, he made fifty cents less a ton on the hay than the farmer did, but, even so, he didn't sweat for it in the hayfield.

And still another thing: Quite a good many people come to this country on the steamboats, in the course of the year, from lands where meat is as much of an incredible luxury as it was to Ellen's people; where, if we may go by what we read, a cup of coffee and a roll are all they care for in the morning, and, if we may go by what we see them do at noontime when they drop the pick and shovel for "monjee," a hunk of butterless bread soaked at the hydrant is luncheon. Transportation facilities are constantly improving, the world's population daily becomes more fluid, and you can no more expect that wages—real wages, I mean, what a man has to eat and wear and sleep under—will stick up like a sore thumb in one country and be 'way, 'way down in other

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TIME WAS WHEN——

countries only a week away, than you can expect to shovel water into a pile and have it stay there.

If any meal has to be trimmed and skimped, breakfast is certain to be that meal. So far, no "luncheon foods" have been put on the market in pasteboard packages. Oh, there is stuff to take along with you on picnics, but a picnic is more like what Ellen would call "a cowld collection" than a meal. I am aware, too, that with many "luncheon" is a short way of saying "a piece of pie and a glass of milk," but these are people who find it a long time between pay days, and who would gladly exchange the pleasures of the table for the pleasures of seeing a horse fall down, or the girls go by, or something equally exciting.

No, there are strong forces that operate against the reduction of luncheon:

When you mean to get the better of a man in a business deal—leaving him his watch, of course, and carfare—you have him out to luncheon with you. Common humanity as well as business sagacity would keep you from skimping the order in the least. This much he rescues from the foe.

But, even if you are alone, you are always meeting acquaintances that ask: "What you eating to-day?" in hopes you will help out the poverty of their imagination; and they are always saying: "I want you to meet my friend So-and-so," and he tries to get some kind of a line on your financial standing by casting his eyes down on the dishes before you, so that really you dare not lunch on a cup of coffee and a roll, or a dab of oatmeal.

And it will be a long day hence ere dinner is much shorn. It is less a meal; more of a sacrament. Away, 'way off in heathen lands, so far and far away that even the jumping-off place is within easy walking distance, lonesome white men this night will dress for dinner, vesting as punctiliously for the function as any celebrant for his eucharist. For dinner is in very truth a eucharist. The long day is over, thank the Lord! The striving ceases, the clutch of hands on others' throats relaxes, the swords that cut far deeplier than any that an armorer can forge are sheathed, and there is truce until another day.

There is time, which all the other meals begrudge you, to savor the viands with a mind free for that harmless pleasure. Let the children talk and talk about what happened at school to-day; you might as well get acquainted with them now that you have them. Also, in the effort to remember which of the names of playmates is which, you forget the things whereof your conscience is afraid. Dawdle at the meal a little if you like, always remembering that beyond the swing-door there are also human beings who have had a long day of it, always remembering that cigar ashes are not conveniently washed out of saucers.

On the yon side of dinner there is leisure. Even the theatre dare not cut into that. In the skirmish between the first act and the

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—FOOD WAS FOOD.

coffee, it was the first act that retreated. On the yon side of dinner there is leisure to digest a second helping. The evening paper specializes on being within the mental grasp of men who have eaten too much, and the novel in which you left a bookmark will not pump so much blood from the stomach to the brain that the assimilative process will be hindered. Neighbors drop in, and neighborhood conversation is what you might call "vocal silence"; nothing is said, for all the talking. Not right away does your old crony propose the cribbage-board at which you stick in the blow-hole while he pegs out on you. The door bell rings, but not for you, my friend, oh, not for you. It is not you who call so cheerily, "Tell him I'll be ready in just a minute." You feel vaguely distrustful of the young fellow smoothing his gloves, and unbending to make conversation with you, but presently the peace of dinner mingles with the caroming compliment he pays you by his admiration of her who is the image of you.

Oh, ever-cheapening gold! Oh, ever-soaring prices! Oh, army of invading wops and kikes whose movable feasts and perennial fasts last the whole year round! Spare us our dinner yet a little longer. We aren't quite ready yet to furnish forth our festal board with middlings and ground alfalfa.

However long our dinner may defend itself, however bravely luncheon may hold the fort against the onslaught of the tongue sandwich, breakfast is a gone gosling. Its doom was written in the stars, or, to speak accurately, in the asterisks that portend, "Daily except Sunday." It has no friends to speak a good word for it, the dolefullest meal of all the day.

In ancient times or ever they cut out "Up, up, Lu-cy" from the schoolbooks, when not only Grampa and Gramma (who are so fond of early rising that they would get up the night before if you would let them), but Pap and Mother, and Aunt Huldah on a visit, and John Wes, who doesn't get home till pretty near day on Monday mornings, and Luella Jane, and Frank, and Charley, and Eddie, and Cora Belle, and Gracie, and Rutherford B., and the twins and the baby, and the hired man all sat down together for the morning meal, which solemnly began with: "We thank Thee for this expression of Thy goodness toward us," and a merry clatter of dishes at the "Amen"; when Frank and Charley ran a race to see who could eat the most buckwheat cakes, and Charley said, "Tell you what: Let's finish up the batter!" and everybody hollered: "Hay! Don't *we* get any?"—when there were plenty to talk to and plenty of time to talk in and plenty of things to talk about, such as the way Brindle acted up when she was milked, and who left that panel of fence down and what'll happen to him the very next time he does such a fool caper, and what the morning's work will be—When all that was so, I don't imagine breakfast was so very doleful.

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But now that the meal, from being a concerted piece, has come to be a succession of solos, each performer lying abed until the latest possible moment, it is different. They call you—if they don't forget. You answer: "Yep. I'm up." (Up off the floor, in bed.) Ho hum! Just stretch out a second longer. Just a second, mind you. There is one little grain the Sandman sprinkled in that hasn't been winked out yet. Just a sec— And when you are right in the midst of swinging in a bo's'n's chair over the congregation's heads, and the minister is pounding on the pulpit and telling you to come down out of that, you catch his words a little plainer and it sounds like: "Do you know what time it is?" Good land of living! You were late yesterday morning, and one glance at the cold, inexorable face of your master, the clock, leads you to think that you are booked for another performance.

You leap from your bed as if electric currents jerked at your muscles. Your trouble begins. Why do underclothes tend to tie themselves in knots at night? And why have all the top shirts torn-out buttonholes? And why do collar buttons roll clear under the dressing-case against the mopboard? And, of course, that shoestring picks *this* morning to break. And are there no collars at all but those with ragged edges? Did you ever see such a cussed scarf in all your life? Aw, come through there, can't you? Well, by the jumping Jehu! There, darn you! Now, what's gone with the scarf pin? Can't lay a thing down but— "Yes. Well, ain't I hurrying as fast as ever I can?" Oh, blame a chair that seems possessed to get right in your way! Down the stairs three steps at a jump— Look out you don't turn your ankle—and jerk the dining-room doorknob out by the roots.

No oranges this morning. Funny thing they can't remember you have to have an orange for breakfast. Cereal's half raw again. Oh, the cook was out last night, was she?—to the masquerade of the Ivy Leaf Pleasure Club. Wouldn't you think she could stay home one night in the week?—"Oh, 'Sh! Sh!' nothing! I'm sick of all this 'Sh! Sh!' I don't care if she does hear me." What's the use, anyhow? Life is just one darn thing after another. The toast's a cinder, what of it isn't mere dried bread. Butter? Don't call that "butter," do you? More like axle grease. . . . You'll have to stop taking of that milkman; the stuff's not fit for a dog. . . . You bet! If anybody on the route is going to get the torn newspaper, it's sure to be you. Nobody loves little Su— Huck-oh! Dash it all! There goes the cream jug all over everything. Isn't there anything a man can lean his newspaper against while he snatches a poor bite of breakfast? Huh! Hard as bullets one day, not warmed through the next.

Hello! What's this? . . . You wake up from the exciting first-page story with a jerk. Is that clock right? Gee whiz! You gulp down your coffee (some of it gets on your shirt-front), grab your hat, and run for it. Whether the brakeman hauls you aboard or the last car sails out from within a rod of your outstretched finger tips, the taste of breakfast always connotes hurry and worry.

I suppose that breakfast has seen more spats and quarrels between husband and wife than any other meal. Luncheon used to be the one whereat she could sniffle and pout, softening crusts with tears (it's marvelous how a woman can starve herself, with victuals in the house, the way she will at noontime) and in her loneliness brood on her woes and half make up her mind she would not stand it any longer; she'd just pick up and leave him. But the department store has changed that for the better. When to the joys of shopping and seeing what "they are wearing now" is added the joy of lobster salad and ice-cream, luncheon all by yourself on a newspaper spread on the kitchen tubs inevitably must lose out. Merely humans can love each other at dinner, when there is lots of time to get things ready and lots of time to eat it in; but if there were two angels, both of them short of sleep, both of them hungry, both of them hurried, I doubt me much if breakfast time would find them holding hands and asking the eternal question: "Do you love me?"

Love droops and dies before the clock face which declares: "You'll miss the 8.04 if you don't get a move on."

And anyhow, a kiss, it seems to me, a real, ecstatic kiss, should be dissociated from soft-boiled eggs.

I've often thought I'd like to be a prophet. It must be an interesting trade to work at, and would be lucrative if it weren't that the fairies are so plagued stingy with accurate information as to which way the stock-

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market cat is going to jump. But even so, it would be kind of nice if you could look ahead into the future and see how problems which bother us so to-day are going to work out as pretty as you please. Like, now, for instance: Breakfast—what will be its final fate? Once a full meal with a dessert, it has degenerated into a gulp-and-git. What will become of it? Will it be whittled to a still slenderer point and then that point be broken off? We have now the one-child family; shall we have the one-meal day?

A competent journeyman prophet who had served his time should tell us that in a minute. But, after all, what would be the good of it? If we knew what was going to happen, we'd just let it happen. We'd miss all the fun of trying to make it happen the way we want it to. I couldn't stand that. Historians are bad enough; prophets would be lots worse. Here we are always in the darkling and obscure wave-trough of the Present. The Past sparkles brightly on its crest, but nothing like the diamond-studded Future. It looks to us, who haven't read up much, as if they must have had good times in the old days when a man tipped back upon his chair's hind-legs and earnestly declared: "Breakfast is my best meal." But the historian shakes his head. Some ways they had it happier than we; some ways they didn't. Taking all things into consideration, it was probably about even-Stephen with us. And if the prophet should tell us that about the Future— Well, I think I'd give right up.

However it comes out, we shall be able to stand it. That's one consolation. And we shall always be able to grumble and try to make things better. And that's another consolation.

So if we can't have ham-and-eggs because they are so scandalously dear; if grains keep going up and going up till even "breakfast foods" become expensive living; if hay comes higher—and they tell me it's going to be thirty dollars a ton next year—so that ground alfalfa will be beyond our means, why, a cup of coffee and a roll are all we care for in the morning, anyhow.

And after that? Well, I tell you: I've got a friend who never eats breakfast at all. He says he's better off without it. It stands to reason he must be. Thirty-five cents better off, anyhow. I've often thought I'd try it. I suppose, in time, I could get so my legs wouldn't double up under me like a jackknife, out of sheer weakness.

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THE INSURGENTS *VS.* ALDRICH, CANNON, *ET AL.*

The Case of the Insurgents

II

HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM, Reporter

"WE do not, we can not, make the issues," said Senator LaFollette. "Great issues thrust themselves into the arena; they are antagonistic; one is right and one is wrong; and as the contest goes on, the men who are drawn into that contest are but instruments in the evolution of the race."

The great issue of the day in American politics has been made—though not by the Insurgents in Senate and House, for they are "but instruments." That which every voter of the country must determine is this: Will you take Aldrich, Hale, Cannon, Payne, and those of their stripe, as moulders of public policies, dictators in reform, and as legislative leaders, or will you give support to the Insurgents and to those Democrats who are to be reckoned Progressives?

In the December number of EVERYBODY'S, Senator Cummins clearly outlined the issue; Senator Bristow forcibly emphasized it; and the Congressional battle-line was sharply drawn by Senator Dolliver. But do the people understand? It is one thing to address an audience; it is quite another thing, and all important, to get the message "over the footlights," to the head and conscience of those interested—or who should be interested. Does the country *know?* On this point a Joe Bristow story:

The senator was speaking this last fall at what they call in Kansas an "old settlers' picnic." He told his hearers how, at the opening of the tariff debate, he had pointedly asked Senator Aldrich, regarding a certain schedule, whether or not the duty reported by the Finance Committee represented the difference in cost between home and foreign production. "And Senator Aldrich did not give me a satisfactory answer," said Mr. Bristow, concluding the story.

Thereupon an "old settler" arose and addressed the speaker, apologizing for his interruption. "Pardon me, Senator, but you did not quote Senator Aldrich correctly. This is what he said: 'You ought to know better than to ask such a question.'" (Bristow had been only a short time in the Senate, and Aldrich tried to browbeat him.)

This incident demonstrates, together with other occurrences similar in character, that the people of the Middle West, at least, are following the polite procedure of Congress with intelligence and discrimination. The fact is further illustrated by an incident that occurred on a train in Kansas. I was traveling with Mr. Bristow from his home town, Salina, to the seat of the State University, when a constituent engaged the senator in conversation. This citizen proved to be remarkably well informed concerning Washington affairs. Some time before, a radical publication to which he subscribes had run the picture of a Western senator with this caption: "One of the new group of progressive senators." "Honor but an empty bubble" does not appeal to this Kansan, so he wrote to the editor, inquiring why that particular senator had been so conspicuously honored. "I told the editor," said this plain citizen, "that senator had voted *with* Aldrich eighty-four times and *against* Aldrich twenty-five times!" Which, to the mind of Senator Bristow's politico-wise constituent, classified the man, not as a Progressive, but as a senator with reactionary leanings.

They *know*, do the voters of the Mississippi Valley. They know the senators who are bridle-wise—who do not pull at the bit, but

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respond to the gentle pressure on the neck of the reins held in Aldrich's deft hand. They know the representatives who are halter-broken—who never bolt at the gyrations of the Common Machine. They know what manner of men are Senators Cummins, Bristow, and Dolliver. They know Senators Clapp and LaFollette, and Representative Murdock—whose "testimony" remains to be written down.

AN ODD SENATORIAL "JUNKET"

After traversing the states of Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas, I went to Madison, Wisconsin. There I boarded the private car "Sunset," which was the temporary domicile of members of the Senate Committee on Indian affairs. In the party were two militant Senate Insurgents—Clapp and LaFollette; one almost-Insurgent—Brown, of Nebraska, who voted against the tariff bill in the Senate but who, unfortunately, did not "go through"; and one senator who might be described as a reluctant Reactionary—Page, of Vermont. These men, with a small force of assistants, were investigating the condition of the Indians of Wisconsin. Bright and early the next morning—to wit, 5:45 A. M.—Chairman Clapp, shaved and dressed, routed the party, senators and all, out of bed. Breakfast was eaten in silence. Then we proceeded to the courthouse at Black River Falls. An unfortunate delay occurred, because the tribunal had to wait until the Indians were up; but before eight o'clock the hearing was in full swing. A half hour was taken for the midday meal, and then the woes of "poor Lo" were listened to until six P. M. An hour for dinner, and then more witnesses were sworn. At eleven-thirty, Senator Clapp, with others of the committee, returned to the car, looking as care-free as when he had rallied his forces to breakfast eighteen hours before. (Sometime when Roosevelt gets tired he ought to call Clapp to the coaching-line.) This was the first opportunity to discuss downward revision with the senators from Minnesota and Wisconsin.

The discussion lasted "far into the night"—a fact to which the unmusical sounds emanating from compartments and berths gave discordant emphasis. At two o'clock came a loud knock at the car door. Entered then several persons who had been summoned from an Indian school thirty miles distant. The official stenographer was cruelly awakened and, forced to discard the drapery of his couch, was bundled into a cerise bathrobe, with a neck dress of pale blue silk. One after another these new witnesses were sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." And the truth they told until three o'clock in the morning. Verily, the inquisition had all the awful solemnity of a drumhead court martial. And when Morpheus had taken the stand at last, this query intruded upon our somnolence:

When is a senatorial junket not a junket?

Answer: When Senator Clapp is master of ceremonies.

"There is grim humor in characterizing the men who stood by the platform of their party as 'Insurgents,'" said Senator Clapp, "although it matters little to me what term they apply to us. The platform declared for revision, which had been generally treated from the stump as indicative of a downward revision, within the limits, of course, of fair protection. But protection was thrown to the winds in many instances, notably when it came to cigars and raw sugar, and locality was emphasized as never before probably in the history of tariff legislation, when the lumbermen of Maine were permitted privileges denied to the lumbermen of the West.

"Some of the auxiliary features of the new tariff are still worse, notably the exemption of great combinations from the payment of an excise tax for the privilege of doing business as corporations. The so-called corporation tax makes a levy on the stockholder, but imposes no tax upon the bondholder, thus violating the well-known principle of economics that where distinction is made between precarious and permanent income, public policy demands that the burden be always upon the permanent income instead of upon the precarious income. Again, the corporation tax, by allowing the company merely to deduct an amount on account of interest equal to interest on its capital stock, either imposes a penalty on business activity or places a premium on watered stock; and yet watered stock is one of the evils which we have been trying to eradicate from our economic system.

"A PREMIUM ON TRUSTS"

We have been for years trying to solve the trust problem and to discover some way to lessen the evils of a tendency to combination. The bill puts a premium on trusts and com-

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binations in corporate form by exempting them from an excise tax when such corporations, to the extent of their control of subsidiary companies, dominate the same through their stock investment in such subsidiary companies. Thus the small corporation is taxed for the right of being a corporation, while the great corporation, the more harmful of the two, is exempt from tax.

"While it is not likely that the schedules will be immediately attacked in Congress," continued Mr. Clapp, "the fight involved in the spirit of the bill has only begun. The first effort will probably be for a *real* tariff commission. Personally, I never have believed much in advisory commissions, but would support the proposition as a stepping-stone to something better. The ultimate solution will be found in a commission in the nature of a tribunal similar to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Congress will prescribe the conditions under which rates shall obtain, and leave it to the commission to ascertain the facts and apply the law. There is no sense in the country's being torn up, from one end to the other, by frequent revisions of the tariff, when the matter can be adjusted in the manner indicated. Under this plan, the rate upon one commodity could be the subject of consideration by a commission, and the country be at liberty to pursue the even tenor of its way. This work would be even easier than that involved in the work of the Interstate Commerce Commission, because there we could only lay down the rule of a reasonable rate, a matter always involving some uncertainty, whereas in prescribing the conditions of tariff rates it would be comparatively easy to lay down absolute conditions."

THE MAN WHO ALWAYS "GOES THROUGH"

Robert M. LaFollette—the first senator to raise the standard of insurrection, and the man who invariably "goes through"—needs no introduction.

"The tariff on woolen manufactures was not revised; it was reënacted," said the senator from Wisconsin. "When this schedule was attacked in the Senate, Aldrich invariably lost his temper. He was helpless in the face of critical analyses, and resorted to the usual appeals to partisan feeling to shift the ground. This schedule was 'sacred.' The slightest amendment or modification of the woolen schedule would 'destroy every vestige of protection,' and the whole system would go down in a crash. 'Free-trade democracy would triumph.'

"This is an example of Aldrich's method in managing legislation. Occasionally he delivers a set speech. Such efforts show only that surface knowledge of the subject which would be absorbed by a man of average mentality in long service.

DICTATOR ALDRICH CHALLENGED

"Aldrich has never been a student. He has but a superficial understanding of any of the great subjects upon which he has spoken the final word in legislation for a quarter of a century. Under the system which controls committee appointments and committee succession in the United States Senate, he has long been absolute dictator. He was not appointed or chosen upon any basis of ability or merit.

"In his reign, until recently, there has been little or no independence of party. He achieved his position by senatorial rotation and succession. He has formed the committees, and through the committees advanced or suppressed legislation at will. He has never been obliged to give reasons. He issues orders. Such power begets abject servitude, and has given us a one-man Senate. In time it is certain to bring revolt and overthrow.

"For the first time, at the special session, Aldrich found a number of strong men within his party who would not take orders. They demanded consideration of each paragraph of the tariff bill. They demanded a revision that would establish rates upon the basis of the difference in the cost of production between domestic and foreign manufactures. They called upon Aldrich for the facts upon which the duties had been fixed in the bill as reported from his committee.

"Aldrich would not furnish the facts. He had never framed a tariff bill upon any economic principle. Again and again he asserted that the rate in question was based on the difference in the cost of production. When pressed for the facts upon which the production cost was determined, he would state that he had taken the statement of the manufacturer that the rate fixed in the bill 'was necessary,' and that he had 'no reason to doubt the word of an American manufacturer.' It soon became manifest that he

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had no conception of the cost of production or the obligation of Congress to establish tariff rates upon that basis. That his dictum should not be accepted without question filled him with amazement, then with wrath and disgust.

"His position became more and more embarrassing as the debate progressed, and he would absent himself from the floor, taking refuge in his committee room to escape the humiliation of a constant exhibition of willful ignorance—or worse. With him would go Senators Hale, Lodge, and, as a rule, all other majority members of the committee, except Senator Smoot. The Utah senator, with stolid courage, stood his ground, and furnished the best reasons he could for the bad work of the committee. They were always poor reasons and often foolish reasons, but Smoot commanded a certain measure of respect for his willingness to stand under fire, even if he did not always know how badly he was being shot to pieces.

TARIFF REVISION—A BROKEN PLEDGE

"The platform pledge required Congress to find the cost of producing the domestic article and the cost of producing the competing foreign article. There was not even the pretense of an attempt to ascertain these vital facts. Not one rate in the entire bill is based upon the difference in cost between domestic and foreign production.

"To arrive at the cost of production in every case demanded expert investigation on the ground, with free access to the books and all inside information relative to the actual capital invested, the life of the machinery used, insurance and all overhead charges, the cost of raw material and transportation, the wages, hours, and efficiency of employees, and every detail entering into or affecting the cost of the thing produced.

"This would have taken time. Tariff revision upon any scientific principle requires time, together with talents and training of a very different order from those which either Payne or Aldrich and their associates upon the committee can furnish.

"The bare statement of the case renders argument unnecessary: Congress was pledged to revise the tariff upon the basis of the difference in the cost between domestic and competing foreign production. It took as a basis of information the voluntary statements of parties having sufficient interest to appear before the Committee on Ways and Means in a public hearing, and before the Senate Committee on Finance for private conference. The entire work was crowded into a few months.

"Germany, with a commission of thirty-two of the best trained men of the empire, has just completed a revision of the tariff. She spent six years on this revision. Her work in this and all other foreign competing countries was thoroughly performed. The German government knows more definitely the cost of production in the United States than does any one in our own country outside of the owners of the manufacturing plants.

"France spent two full years on an expert investigation before beginning the preparation of a tariff bill.

"In this country, tariff revision was resisted and delayed by the special interests for years. When it could no longer be postponed in the face of a public demand that would not be denied, Aldrichism and Cannonism betrayed the public interest, and gave organized combination a further license to lay additional burdens upon the consumer.

"Reductions were made in cases where the duties of the Dingley Law were prohibitory. The reduced duties are still prohibitory. Increases in rates were made with a reckless disregard for the rights of the consumer, and are already felt in the advancing cost of all the necessaries of life.

THE "PROTECTION" OF WOOL

"The woolen schedule was the one schedule of the tariff bill which offered ready opportunity to ascertain the difference in the cost of production upon several lines of woolen manufacture.

"The duty laid upon manufactured woolens is of two kinds; first, a duty of forty-four cents per pound on every pound of cloth. This is called a compensatory duty, and was designed to equal the amount of duty which the manufacturer must pay upon the four pounds of wool supposed to enter into the manufacture of every pound of cloth; and second, the additional protective duty of fifty-five per cent. supposed to measure the difference in the cost of manufacturing the cloth in this and the competing foreign country. Both the compensatory duty and the protective duty were shown, by the highest expert authority, to be grossly excessive.

"Samuel S. Dale, a practical mill man, and

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at present editor of the *Textile World Record*, submitted to the Ways and Means Committee of the House, and the Finance Committee of the Senate, the detailed record of the amount of wool actually used in manufacturing eleven different lines of woolen fabrics, each containing ten thousand yards. These cloths were either made or analyzed by Mr. Dale, who vouched for the correctness of the results submitted.

"By actual weight and analysis Mr. Dale found that in every instance much less than four pounds and in some cases less than two pounds, and in one case less than one-half pound of wool was required to make a pound of cloth. In other words, he found that the compensatory duty allowed to the manufacturer exceeded the amount required to compensate him on the basis of wool actually used, by from 13.8 per cent. to 113.4 per cent.

"In addition to the advantage secured through this 'compensatory' fraud, the manufacturer has an additional duty of fifty-five per cent. ad valorem, which he calls his 'protective' duty.

"But this is not all. Last year the Department of Commerce and Labor sent W. A. Graham Clarke, a special agent, abroad to investigate the cost of production in the woolen industry of England and other places. Mr. Clarke, a graduate of Harvard, had supplemented his university training with technical courses in the textile schools of New England. He was for some time manager of a cotton mill, and is a man of practical experience.

"His investigations abroad were reported with eight typical samples of worsted and woolen cloths, together with complete analyses, and all the items necessary to determine the cost of production. From the data furnished by Mr. Clarke, it is clearly shown that the protective duty, so called, is in excess of the protection required, under the most liberal calculation, by amounts ranging from forty-two to sixty-three per cent.

"In the face of these facts, nowhere denied in the *Record*, the high duties of the Dingley Law were reënacted.*

"The woolen trust promptly advanced prices from ten to twenty-five cents per yard on woolen and worsted cloth, and announced a new issue of stocks and bonds to absorb the increasing profits.

"The woolen schedule is not materially different in character from the cotton schedule, and, indeed, from the tariff bill as a whole. It represents the general character of legislation enacted by the special interests for which Aldrichism and Cannonism stand.

"The defeat of either or both of these men would not greatly change the situation. The System would find other men to serve in their places. It is the System that must be beaten.

"The contest is not a narrow one for this bill or that. It is a struggle between public interest and special interest strongly entrenched. It must be carried into every state and every congressional district. It goes to the very foundation of representative government."

A CONSERVATIVE RADICAL

Among the earliest tariff revisionists of the Republican party was Senator Beveridge, whose admirable fight for national child labor legislation is meeting with a splendid response throughout the country. Three years ago Mr. Beveridge proposed the revision of certain tariff schedules—*then*. In his magazine debates with Bryan, the Indiana senator not only advocated the lowering of tariff duties, but proclaimed his party a revisionist party, and prophesied that downward revision would be incorporated in the Republican national platform. A year later he introduced his bill for a tariff commission and started in to carry the proposal.

Senator Beveridge was one of the immortal seven to vote against the conference report. He can be written down as a Conservative Radical. In the Insurgent cause he rendered most important service by holding the forces of opposition together. He knew just when to tap the ginger jar, and when to administer the oil. The breakfasts at his apartments in Sixteenth Street, during the tariff fight, became as notable as the gastronomic functions five blocks south in the white Colonial mansion.

"First and last, the tariff controversy was an earnest effort to get at the facts," said Senator Beveridge in his office at Indianapolis. "All of the Insurgent senators are protectionists. But it was difficult to get the facts on which to build equitable protective rates. This is due to our methods, which

* Senator LaFollette offered amendments to the several paragraphs of the wool schedule, which were voted upon *en bloc* and defeated, yeas—32, nays—44. Senators Beveridge, Bristow, Brown, Burkett, Clapp, Cummins, Dolliver, LaFollette, and Nelson—Republicans—voted for the amendments—voted *against* Aldrich. Senator McEnery—Democrat—voted against the amendments—voted *with* Aldrich—as did forty-three standpat Republicans.

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are radically wrong. Indeed, they are not methods at all—they are the lack of method.

"It is now clear that the nation will remedy this defect. A genuine tariff commission is as inevitable as it is necessary. In making that fact plain, the Insurgents rendered a great service to the country. Out of the whole conflict will come better methods of tariff building and therefore better tariffs. Even those senators who, in the pressure and heat of trying to jam through the bill, criticised us most severely, will thank us in the end.

"In standing against the two tariff extremes—unnecessary and excessive protective rates on the one hand, and revenue-only rates (which Balfour in England now denounces as "moth-eaten" and "absurd") on the other hand—the Insurgents occupied the only conservative ground.

"Moreover, our tariffs should not be torn all to pieces by a general revision every few years. Several years ago I took the position that whenever the facts demanded the revision of one schedule, that schedule should be revised without overhauling the entire law. Experience proves the wisdom of that. But above all, the greatest need is for a *genuine* tariff commission."

LEADER OF THE HOUSE INSURGENTS

Let us turn from the Senate to the House of Representatives—"the popular branch" of our national legislature—where "representative government" is supposed to obtain. Speaking of the contest over the organization of the Sixty-first Congress, Cannon said in an authorized interview:

"The Speaker's job was not in danger. The danger was in the rules that might be passed: whether the LaFollettes and their followers, Champ Clark and the Bryan Democratic Populists, should make the rules."

This is not mere equivocation; it is a misrepresentation of the facts which no public man in full possession of his mental faculties would think of making. The "Speaker's job," as it has been perverted by Cannon, *was* in grave "danger." Representative government was in sight—within the grasp of the House Insurgents, ably organized by Victor Murdock, and the Democratic minority, honestly led by Champ Clark. The autocracy was desperate. Cannon was forced to form an alliance with certain elements in the ranks of Democracy. Boss Murphy, of Tammany Hall; "Pat" McCarren, of Brooklyn; the Democratic representatives of the packers in Congress, assisted by some "protection Democrats" from the South, saved the day for the House machine.

It matters not on what terms the deal was made: whether the saloonkeepers of New York got Tammany's support, or whether, as charged by Representative Parsons, the coalition was at the price of treason by the "up-state" New York politicians, who killed legislation in Albany that was aimed to safeguard the ballot in New York City. The only matter of real moment is that the "Speaker's job" was saved by Boss Murphy and "Pat" McCarren. The *Record* proves that beyond question.

SPEAKER CANNON—EPITHET-MAKER

What was the result of this choice fragment of political salvage? Representative Fowler, of New Jersey, who was deposed by the Speaker from the head of the Banking and Currency Committee because of his alliance with the Insurgents, made this charge against Cannon in an open letter:

"Do you not gravely believe that while every member who insurges against you or the rules commits treason in your sight and must be unceremoniously shot, you yourself can properly insurge and plot against the Ways and Means Committee, against the House itself from which you derive all your power and over which you preside? Yes, you can insurge and plot against the Republican platform and against the President himself, of which I shall now adduce stronger circumstantial evidence than that upon which many a man has gone to the gallows. . . .

"In other words, did you not enter into a conspiracy with Mr. Aldrich to pack the conferees on the part of the House for the express purpose of adopting the Senate bill so far as possible instead of the House bill with a few exceptions, when you were honor bound to do everything in your power to secure the adoption of the House bill? . . .

"Taking all the facts as they appear in the case, from start to finish, a lawyer, an intelligent criminal lawyer, would say that it looked like a conspiracy."

Now, Washington newspaper men, accustomed to the amenities due statesmen of the vitriolic habit of speech, are wont to protect Cannon in the public prints. But unfortunately for the "plain" millionaire of Danville, a reporter not so schooled interviewed him in regard to the Fowler letter. Consequently, the Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States of America was quoted, in the *Chicago Daily Tribune* of August 24, as calling Fowler a "low-

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brow" and a "four-flusher," and also as using this language:

"Why the hell should I answer him? He is a damned joke."

Whatever Cannon thinks of Fowler, the Speaker does not regard Representative Murdock, of Kansas, as a "damned joke." Murdock galvanized the House Insurgents into action, and nobody knows it better than Cannon himself. Cannon fears Murdock, and Murdock fears neither man nor devil, nor yet the Czar of the House. Said Representative Murdock in the office of the *Wichita Daily Eagle:*

"If Cannon and his inordinate rule had been absent from the House of Representatives in 1909, the woolen schedule would not stand in the tariff law as it does to-day. It would have been reduced. The cotton cloth schedule would have been lowered. The notorious joker in regard to structural steel would have been eliminated. A marked reduction in the duty on sugar, and not an infinitesimal one, would have been made. Save and except in the matter of five items, so far as the House was concerned, that body had no voice of vital effect in the compromises which gave the tariff bill its final form. Barring those items in which the House had a separate vote, namely, lumber, hides, barley, barley malt, and a single amendment pertaining to oil, and the other items where the effects of the President's efforts were shown, the compromise was one between Speaker Joseph G. Cannon on the one hand and the United States Senate on the other.

THE HOUSE UNDER TYRANNY

"The Speaker, dominating the Committee on Rules, gave the House a minimum of separate votes and then tyrannically forced *cloture* upon the body by an exercise of his enormous and un-American power. First, the bill was rammed through the House under a special rule, without the right of separate votes except on the five items mentioned. Second, when the bill was returned from the Senate to the House, a special rule was forced, keeping the members of the House out of vital contact with the bill and its provisions. Third, when the bill came back from conference, a special rule was again invoked to prevent the House from reaching the bill in detail. There is no question in my mind that if the House had freedom of control, the law as it stands to-day would be different in many of its major schedules."

THE FIGHT ON CANNONISM

Will "Cannon and his inordinate rule" be absent from the next Congress? William Allen White, editor of the *Emporia Gazette*, and an undoubted authority on national politics, is of the opinion that Cannonism will not outlive the Sixty-first Congress. So far as Kansas is concerned, Mr. White believes that, if the Cannon representatives are not defeated in the primaries, the state will send a Democratic delegation to Congress—saving only Representatives Murdock and Madison, Republicans, who are practically certain of reëlection. To provide against this party upheaval—which does not appeal at all to the editor of the *Gazette*—Mr. White has inaugurated an Insurgent Congressional movement in Kansas, and the strongest Progressives to be found will contest in the primaries with all of those representatives who supported the Cannon rule. Said Mr. White in his editorial sanctum:

"I hear that Representative McKinley says that all Insurgent nominees who are nominated will have to be elected without the aid of the National Congressional Committee. I know of five Insurgents running against Cannon Congressmen in Kansas who do not want a cent of the National Committee's money if they are nominated. They want to feel free to represent their people as Republicans and not as puppets who have been bought and paid for in advance by the Cannon-Aldrich outfit."

No intelligent observer of political conditions can travel through the Mississippi Valley to-day and fail to report that the Middle West to a man—and woman—indorses the Insurgents. I set down here, without fear of contradiction, that Indiana is behind Beveridge, that Wisconsin upholds LaFollette—and not Stephenson; that Minnesota indorses Clapp and Nelson; that Iowa has full faith in Cummins and Dolliver; and that Bristow—and not Curtis—is supreme in Kansas. Moreover, the sentiment in Missouri, as interpreted by that loyal Taft paper, the *Kansas City Star*, is strongly against the Payne bill, and opposed to Senator Warner.

But what of Illinois? Did Cullom, Lorimer, and Cannon faithfully represent that state in the special session of Congress? Do

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the people of Illinois accept the new tariff law with favor? Are they addicted to Cannonism and Aldrichism? No surer guide to public opinion in Illinois, as well as in the adjoining states, can be found than the traditionally conservative *Chicago Daily Tribune.* Its publisher and editor, Medill McCormick, I can quote thus:

"As the *Tribune* has said, the Aldrich law is a tariff for the benefit of the New England manufacturers and their allies in New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania. Its sole virtue is that it has increased the tax on high-priced alcoholic drink and has added to the free list.

"So conservative a newspaper as the *Journal of Commerce* has declared that the tariff is an issue which will not down. If you ask my opinion, I will say that the white-haired mandarins who govern Congress have raised a battle flag for the Democracy and made alive the tariff as an issue once dead.

"I cannot concur in the view that those who protest against the Aldrich law are to be read out of the Republican party. Unless I am mistaken, the developments of the next few years will show that those who are now termed 'Insurgents' and their many friends among the so-called Regulars will be in control of the party organization. I am a party man with enough faith in the Republican party to believe that it will ultimately redeem its pledges and return to Congress, not Democrats instead of standpatters, but Republican revisionists.

"In Illinois I know personally five Congressmen ready to 'insurge,' and two who won't be sent back. On the Congressional boat going down the Mississippi, to my astonishment, Congressmen who had been counted with the Regulars, told me that a committee was being formed within the Regulars' ranks—a committee which will in no way coöperate with the Insurgents and which has not their backing—for the purpose of bringing forward new candidates for the Speakership. No man who knows Mr. Cannon can doubt his courage, and many are inclined to the view that he is prepared to follow the line which he has laid down for himself, whether it separates him entirely from the Republican party or not."

Beyond question, Illinois is an Insurgent state. And Illinois gave Taft twenty-seven electoral votes. Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas, together added eighty more to the Republican column, making a total of 107 votes. Nebraska, which was carried by Bryan, is also Insurgent. If these states were counted for the Democracy, in 1912, the result in the Electoral College would be: Republican, 214; Democratic, 269.

There is solid food for thought in these figures. If the Insurgents do not control the Republican National Convention in 1912, the Mississippi Valley will be debatable ground—to say the least.

New England representatives may sneer at the Middle West and talk of the "tail wagging the dog." Unknown to the Eastern Reactionaries, the animal may have shifted his position. If not to-day, undoubtedly by 1912 the head and heart of the "dog" will be content with the landscape of the Mississippi Valley, while the tail, pitifully attenuated, is faintly tapping the hidebound coast of Maine.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, *as its readers know, is in no sense a partisan publication. But partisanship is not involved in the Insurgent movement. Representative government is at stake. For this controlling reason,* EVERYBODY'S *does indorse, without qualification, the noble stand taken by the Insurgents of the Senate and the House. These men have risen above party. They have faithfully and courageously represented the people at large in Congress.*

The reëlection of Beveridge, Clapp, and LaFollette is of national moment. For these men not only represent the people of their respective states; they are senators of the whole people.

In the House, every Insurgent who voted against the Cannon rule should be loyally and enthusiastically supported, together with every follower of Champ Clark who stuck by his party. Retribution should be meted out to the Democrats who turned traitor.

And before the primaries—or at least before the Congressional election—every candidate should be compelled to give pledge that he will vote against Cannon for Speaker, and vote for a change in the rules which will take away the Speaker's power to appoint committees, substituting therefor the naming of committees by a bi-partisan committee of the whole House; thus terminating that un-American official's domination of the Committee on Rules.

Get that pledge from your Congressman. Get a pledge that will bind his action, not only in the party caucus but, far more important, on the floor of the House.

Better get the pledge in writing.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

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THE REAL ATLANTIS

A Story of the United States Navy

By

ROBERT DUNN

Author of "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Reuterdahl

"SHIP over? . . . Hell! . . . "

Mr. Junius Hoffgestner, second-class electrician aboard the U.S.S. *Hawaii*, banged his ditty-box shut, slid it along the deck, and addressed a group of his shipmates. He was known to them as "Horse-chestnuts."

To-morrow his time would be up, his three-year term of service would be ended. If he did not reënlist—"ship over"—he would be a civilian again, free of the battle-ship's discipline and restraints. All of these he resented keenly at this moment, although he had no grudges whatever against the Navy. But the day's work seemed a treadmill of trivial forms and exacting duties; of drills, inspections, reports. And to satisfy what? Regulations 'nd orf'cers. Wherever you are, life is a prison,

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and perversity is the door of escape. The enlisted man hungers for a sack coat that buttons up the front, just as his officer wants to run a chicken farm; just as the inland farmer boy runs away to sea.

Yet to-morrow he would also be free of the Navy's providences and privileges. But what were they, pray? To wash your own clothes and your hammock, but not after "colors" in the morning. Not to worry over the source of your next meal, indeed, but to have to eat horse. To see the wide world, truly, but in a manner so hedged by boat schedules and masters-at-arms on patrol, that you were denied the joy of surrender to its alluring spells. How proud the privilege!—to wear a flat cap and a big collar, so that the newspapers called you a "jackie," as if you carried a doll and a rattle, and school-boys greeted you on the street with, "Hello, sailor."

"Horse-chestnuts" came from the farm. Note the blend of his name, and that he was raised in Arkansas. Most of the new Navy is prairie-fed. The city-park and water-front loungers have been crowded off our ships by clean young boys with plough muscles, and faces bearing the damp bloom of the plains at dawn; by boys who, in their keen ability to master the subtleties of modern gunnery, have made the service's watchword, "Efficiency." And for thus excelling the fleets of the world, the Navy pays, by the ceaseless defection of these youths whom it trains. Their very ambition makes them restless to advance their lot in a freer sphere; and the Navy will so pay, but with the balance in its favor, as long as the soil of our country is inexhaustible.

"Oh, I have the job all right," said 'Chestnuts to his shipmates. "I seen the foreman of the power plant last night. Get twenty a week. Think of turning in on a bunk crimped up with springs! N' more 'Nothin' doin', boys,' when we anchor in a first-class dance. I tell you the' was bugs in the hash machine, no matter what the canteen yeoman said."

"And no more, 'Beat it, Mabel. This ain't a visitors' day,' when the girl comes up over the side in your hotel," observed Dillon slyly.

Dillon was a great, black-haired Irishman, a gun-pointer in the forward turret, and Horse-chestnuts' running-mate.

"It's a case of marry that you're leaving us, ain't it, 'Chestnuts?" asked another. "To the blonde biscuit-shooter up on First Avenue?"

The little electrician blushed to the tips of his ears. "Pipe down," he growled. "You know her, and know how I don't rate her. Marry nothing! I want work in a dynamo room that ain't built abaft a brig."

The men laughed, and Horse-chestnuts jammed a bunch of picture post cards into his blouse as he rose to his feet. Six bells had sounded, and he had orders to report in the Navigator's room.

Lieutenant-Commander Fairman, Navigator of the *Hawaii*, was also of the new Navy. He was the sort of officer who, if he saw you in dungarees, did not yell, "Get into uniform there, you!" For he reasoned that if a man lugged an oily shutter-hinge all day back and forth between machine shop and turret, while dressed in regulation whites, there would not be enough clean ones aboard to keep him in uniform. He had a sympathetic interest in the genus bluejacket and every phase of his life, his lapses from virtue, his enthusiasms, which was peculiar to himself and not altogether regular. The men said that he was "too easy." And when incorrigibles presumed on his leniency, Fairman would sigh to a brother officer, "I know it's no use trying to do anything for the men. They never appreciate it, they just 'use' you."

In his room, he swung about in his swivel desk-chair, and recited to Horse-chestnuts many reasons for shipping over. The *Hawaii* liked him; he liked the ship; it was a "happy" ship. He would never have a better home, more friends, a finer chance to save money, and in a few months he would be rated first class, with raised pay and the right to win a warrant officer's papers before he was twenty-five. Was he sure that his job ashore was permanent? He had been aboard so long that he would find civilian life not at all the happy state he imagined it to be. Besides, he was the sort of man that the service needed and could not afford to lose.

The bluejacket leaned on the officer's bunk, awkwardly silent. He squeezed the grummet in his hat, his comical mouth wide open. For Horse-chestnuts' outward aspect always belied his personality. The freckled cheeks, the mop of sandy hair, the little cleft in his chin denoting irresponsibility, his large teeth set absurdly wide apart, implied that at any moment he was going to crack out a joke; whereas, the fact was, the chunky electrician was a being with an intense and simple soul.

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His quaint exterior invited confidences; he responded to them ingenuously, so that he was the butt of pleasantries up forward.

Failing to shake his determination, even to make him speak, the Navigator began to talk more personally.

"Then you'll have no more concerts down in the dynamo room," he smiled. "You and Dillon, with your fiddle and his mandolin."

"N-no-p. . . ."

Fairman despaired before such reticence. But the boy's lips straightened suddenly over his teeth, as if he had never smiled in his life. He was touched, somehow.

"There's a girl in this, isn't there?" asked Fairman, with a quite un-officer-like slyness.

"Not so's you'd notice it," said 'Chestnuts, with bravado. "There's a girl I know in a lunch room up in town, but she's acquainted with my folks at home. She's been out here a couple of times, maybe you've noticed. But then, there's girls everywhere, as you must know yourself."

It was Fairman's turn to fidget now. He saw that he had overstepped himself. He shifted his ground.

"You don't like the life you lead on board, then?" he challenged.

That was a hard one. That seemed unfair. "Oh, I don't know," said 'Chestnuts seriously.

"I mean," hesitated the officer, "all this variety and business of going to sea—what you've read about, what made you leave the farm and enlist, everything you felt and saw on your first cruise."

The boy started and almost dropped his hat. He shifted his feet uncomfortably, groping for an answer. "Sir? Well, sir—" he stammered at length. "I don't know—I couldn't tell you much about that. I haven't had time to exactly notice lately, there's so much to do. Of course, it was different the first few months—" he hesitated. "Once I heard a bos'n say -a man that had shipped over six times, and was twenty years in the service—whenever his time was up he'd try to break away and stay ashore, but the first time he heard the wind a-humming through any telegraph or telephone wires, it was all up with him, and he went back and—" 'Chestnuts caught his breath.

"That's it," said Fairman eagerly, leaning forward. He had struck bedrock at last. "I've heard myself a reason why men stay at sea. Did you ever read of a big country that used to lie out in the Atlantic, a continent with towns and people? It disappeared, sunk suddenly, some thousands of years ago. It was called Atlantis. A Swede quartermaster we had once knew about it. Most enlisted men don't. He said that on ships from his country he'd known men to sit up forward all night, watching, because they believed that some day that land would come up out of the sea again, in some other place, and that the nation whose sailors found it would own the best country in the world."

"At-lantis"? pronounced the boy with difficulty.

"Yes, yes," Fairman breathed.

The boy's gray eyes were sparkling. "I know— But you feel them things sharper your first months at sea," he said quickly. "I'd almost forgot how we used to lie out on the anchor chains nights when the searchlights was on. Every time they slid out and away across the water, and then lifted, it seemed that they was going to hit some sort of wall, or cliff, or some unknown land. Yes, sir, there must be something in all that."

A knock sounded at the door. The skipper's orderly had come to summon Fairman to the cabin.

"Damn!" he said, rising. "Wait here. I'll be right back."

But when he returned, Horse-chestnuts was gone. Something in the unreality of their talk made the Navigator hesitate to send for him. An officer had no business leading a man into such deep water; and besides, 'Chestnuts' resolve not to ship over was clearly inexorable. Yet finally Fairman did order a mess-attendant to fetch him. But he was nowhere to be found.

II

THE *Hawaii* was anchored in the stream off the Puget Sound Navy Yard, and Horse-chestnuts was to go ashore for good the next afternoon in the four o'clock launch. All day he avoided his shipmates. He bunked with Dillon in the forward turret, and now he waited until the gun-pointer went below before he stole in there to collect his scant belongings. He pulled his toothbrush, shaving-mug, mirror, from under the wiring of the fire-control, and crammed them into his bag. In the cell-like silence of the white cylinder, he cast his eyes upon each bright gadget crowded about him—the telescope sights, air-blast, hoist-controller—as if trying to fix the look of each irrevocably on his mind. Then he shut

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his eyes as he crawled to the deck under the turret.

Long before boat time, he was waiting silently with Dillon on the main deck, under the superstructure aft on the port side. His violin case and the canvas cylinder beside him contained all that he possessed in the world. His eyes followed the ensign on watch on the quarter-deck, as he stopped occasionally to instruct or receive orders from a messenger. The ship seemed deserted. Finally the officer nodded to his quartermaster, who, with the glass under his arm, leaned over the side and called the launch from the boom.

Several times Raile, the ensign, had stood quarter-deck. Somewhere arose the cry "Mail-o," and the orderly came scurrying past with the leather letter bag on his shoulder. Two junior officers appeared in citizens' clothes and with little bamboo canes; and then Raile approached the gangway, followed by the First Lieutenant, who went to the life lines and shouted orders to the cox'n.

In all his three years of service, 'Chestnuts had never stepped upon the starboard gangway, that ladder sacred to officers. He found himself standing at its head to let the midshipmen pass down first, the bag clumsily balanced on his left shoulder, the fiddle in his right hand; and, thus embarrassed and wait-

THERE SHE ACCEPTED HIS INTRODUCTIONS SOMEWHAT GLACIALLY.

within a foot of Horse-chestnuts, and their eyes had met blankly. Now all at once the officer walked up to him and said, "You're the only one leaving, Hoffgestner. Go from the starboard gangway." Why, he had never been in Raile's division, he had not the faintest idea that Raile knew his name. What could any officer except Fairman care whether he was going or not? It therefore doubly took his breath away when Raile, about to walk off, faced around and offered his hand. "Good-by and good luck," he said, turning abruptly on his heel.

The bluejacket ducked confusedly to pick up his bag and the violin case. He walked over to the starboard door and out upon the ing, he turned to send a parting glance back to Dillon under the superstructure.

"Move on there, Hoffgestner. We're holding the boat for you."

That voice! The ship knew it as every man aboard knew his own name—that brusque, staccato tone, often harsh, but always dispassionate and undiscriminating. First Lieutenant Dale, the executive head of the ship, was calling him by name—him, a second-class electrician, whose existence to Dale was no more a personal fact than that the planks under foot were made of oak.

'Chestnuts plunged down the gangway, his head in a whirl. A sense of his own consequence aboard, heretofore undreamed of,

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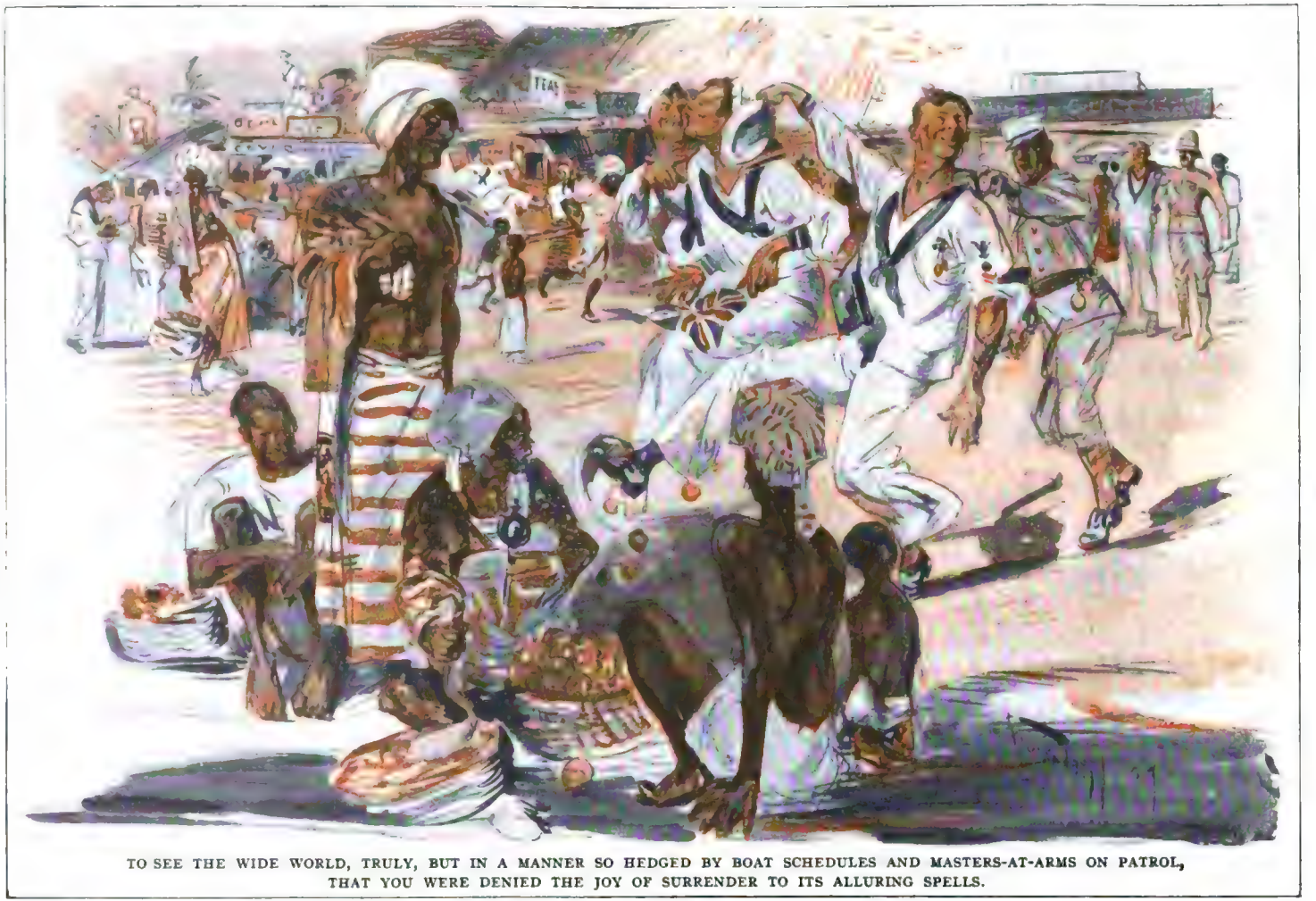

TO SEE THE WIDE WORLD, TRULY, BUT IN A MANNER SO HEDGED BY BOAT SCHEDULES AND MASTERS-AT-ARMS ON PATROL, THAT YOU WERE DENIED THE JOY OF SURRENDER TO ITS ALLURING SPELLS.

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flashed up in him, only to be suffocated and sickened by the thought that the last words said to him as he left his home of two years were fault-finding—a prod. And he had been on the point of wasting feeling over leaving. How he hated the whole outfit!

He crawled in forward on the launch, the bell rang, they veered out into the basin, and Horse-chestnuts would no more have looked back at the vast, contracting grayness of the *Hawaii* than he would have jumped overboard.

III

HOURLY boats of a civilian line cover the twelve miles between Seattle and the Navy Yard at Bremerton. Commissioned and non-commissioned officers, enlisted men of all grades, mingle aboard them, continually riding back and forth on leave or duty.

Navigator Fairman spent much of his time thus. He had many friends in Seattle, and at this time was on his way to the observatory there to have his instruments adjusted, before the ship should leave on her cruise to Vladivostok.

Returning to "quarters" early one morning, he ran into Horse-chestnuts sitting alone on a red plush seat in the social hall. The boy was transformed, indeed. A light pepper-and-salt suit, yellow shoes, and a gray felt hat adorned him, while a watch chain, notably golden, rapped against his crash waistcoat. But the gray eyes, the big freckles, the wide-apart teeth, his expression of suppressed drollery, were all unchanged; and yet he seemed less neat, less blooming and cleanly, than in his blouse and flat cap.

"How's the job?" cheerfully asked the officer. His manner was intentionally bluff. For some ill-defined reason he wanted to ignore their recent talk in his room.

Horse-chestnuts hesitated. And before he answered, it occurred to Fairman that on several trips to Seattle lately he had seen a pepper-and-salt suit and yellow shoes disappearing down a passageway. Why should the boy wish to avoid him? And why should he be riding back and forth on these boats so much?

"They don't lay off the other fellow up at the plant for two weeks yet," he answered.

"And in the meantime you're just riding back and forth to see your old friends?" suggested the officer.

"Yes, sir," Horse-chestnuts grinned uncomfortably.

"Can't keep away from the old bunch, eh?" hinted Fairman. "Remember, we sail in two weeks," he added meaningly; and, disliking to embarrass the boy further, he walked away.

But he had hit the nail on the head. 'Chestnuts could not tear himself away from the Bremerton steamers. All day and every day he rode back and forth from Seattle; and as the wooded point guarding the Navy Yard basin was doubled he would strain his eyes for the dark hull of the *Hawaii*. And while the boat was tied to her dock, he watched for the bright-stacked launches bobbing in from her and from the two cruisers also anchored off the Yard. If a liberty party of men whom he did not know came aboard, he would sit with them when they went below to get a drink, and talk of the service, until some one said, "I see you've been in the outfit, all right, kid."

This always pleased him extremely; and then he would tell with pride of his job at the power plant. His hearers would listen in silence, with what he imagined was envy. But he never went uptown with them; they did not ask him to. Yet had he been in uniform he would have joined them without any invitation, as a matter of course. At first he attributed their reticence to an awe of his independence. But when they had left him alone several times, it began to strike him with a twinge that that was not the reason, but that he was uncongenial because he was now no longer one of them, because he was indeed an outsider.

If a party that he knew, but not intimately, came aboard from the *Hawaii*, he had an impulse to slip out of their sight, just as when he saw one of his old officers. But if it contained men from his former division, or any of the dynamo-room crowd, he greeted them effusively, led them below to the bar, and bought them drinks as if he were their host on the boat.

They would joke him over his job at the power house, or about the girl in the restaurant. "Eatin' crab meat and drinkin' beer don't seem to make you no fatter," they said. "If you got a job, why ain't you on it now? And not hitched up to Mabel, yet! We hear she's thrown you down, and you're shipping over after all." His freedom no longer made the impression it had made on the battle-ship. His shipmates addressed him with the concerted vigor that a group of bluejackets assumes in the company of a chance civilian acquaintance.

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The night of the Sailors' Ball out at Leschi Park on Lake Washington, Horse-chestnuts encountered three of his old shipmates on the boat. Wasn't he going to the dance, and with Mabel? No, he told them. Well, they wanted to see her; they dared him to take them up to where she slung the hash. "'Chestnuts, we got your goat so good, you got to, now," said one of them; and Horse-chestnuts had to consent.

They filed into the restaurant, past the porcelain letters and the gas-cookers of the window on the Avenue. Mabel sighted Horse-chestnuts, and led them to a table in the rear. There she accepted his introductions somewhat glacially, and asked for their orders, twisting a pencil in her yellow hair. The bluejackets showed reserve at first, but, on beginning to eat, they ventured a few conversational feelers at the expense of 'Chestnuts, and quickly made themselves at home.

"You're asking us all to the party when you tie up with 'Chestnuts, ain't you?" asked Jigger Smith, a stout machinist.

"Oh, I guess yes," the girl thawed. "I've always been partial to sailors. But say," she asked Smith, with a sly side glance at her electrician, "do you like him in that pepper-and-salt rig? Could a girl marry a man that wore a Norwegian soft hat like that?"

Every one at the table guffawed, except Horse-chestnuts. Never before had he seen Mabel so forward. When he had come to the restaurant with other shipmates in the days when he was in the service, she had always stoutly taken his part if they bantered him. Now *she*, every one, was against him. The fun was all at his expense; and the text of it concerned the numberless ways in which he at present differed from a bluejacket.

Horse-chestnuts grew jealous; the emotion was new to him, and therefore very potent. His smile vanished, and his face became square and hard. He closed his lips over his big teeth, lapsing into a sullen silence.

Finally some one said to Mabel, "You're coming to the dance with us?" And then, turning to the others, "Move on, kiddos, let's all beat it up there."

"Oh, as you say, boys," she accepted, flushed by the talk. "I'm off duty now till midnight."

She began to clear off the table, as the boys, except Horse-chestnuts, arose and reached for their hats.

"You wouldn't go to the dance with me when I asked you," he reproached her harshly.

"It's a sailor's dance, ain't it?" she retorted. "You ain't a sailor any more, and mebbe they wouldn't let you in. I didn't want to lay myself open to a throw-down."

She darted through a door near the table, but reappeared in a moment, pinning on a big straw hat. The bluejackets watched the process in an admiring silence. Numbers and the common sentiment suppressed any protest from Horse-chestnuts.

"You expect me to go with you?"—she included the group. "Well, I guess not. A fine sight I'd be riding up in a Yesler Way cable with such a bunch of flat-feet." She drew a long pin from her mouth, watching for the rebuff to take effect. "I'll meet you on the floor with a friend of mine—the lady cashier there." She nodded toward the street door and disappeared again, to shed her apron and change her skirt.

At the street door the bluejackets took stock of the thin lady of doubtful age in the wire cage, who accepted their checks and money from behind her buttress of toothpicks.

They spoke hardly a word in the car, riding over the hill to the lake. Now that his friends were away from the stimulating presence of Mabel, maybe they realized and regretted that they had been poaching on Horse-chestnuts' preserves. He, however, was stung by the thought that they would not have behaved so had he also been in uniform, that life was all different now, even with his best friends. Once Smith ventured, "Don't get sore, 'Chestnuts," but the boy only crossed his legs and turned away; and the others remained silent.

The pavilion was built out on piles, and filtered a blare of lights and music upon the smooth water and through the park shrubbery. Smith bought the tickets, and then said to the doorkeeper, "The 'cit' is with us. Let him through, will yer?" The man spat, surveying Horse-chestnuts suspiciously from felt hat to yellow shoes, and remarked, "All right. But you boys look out who you pick up in this town."

Inside the hall, his shipmates quickly vanished into the big ring of humanity that revolved in a compact wheel under the circle of sputtering roof lights. 'Chestnuts sat alone in a corner waiting for Mabel, watching the couples with their high holds and stooping, close-kneed glides—the clumsy flapping of countless bell-shaped trousers. Now and then a girl passed him with a repudiating glance, and steered, her countenance

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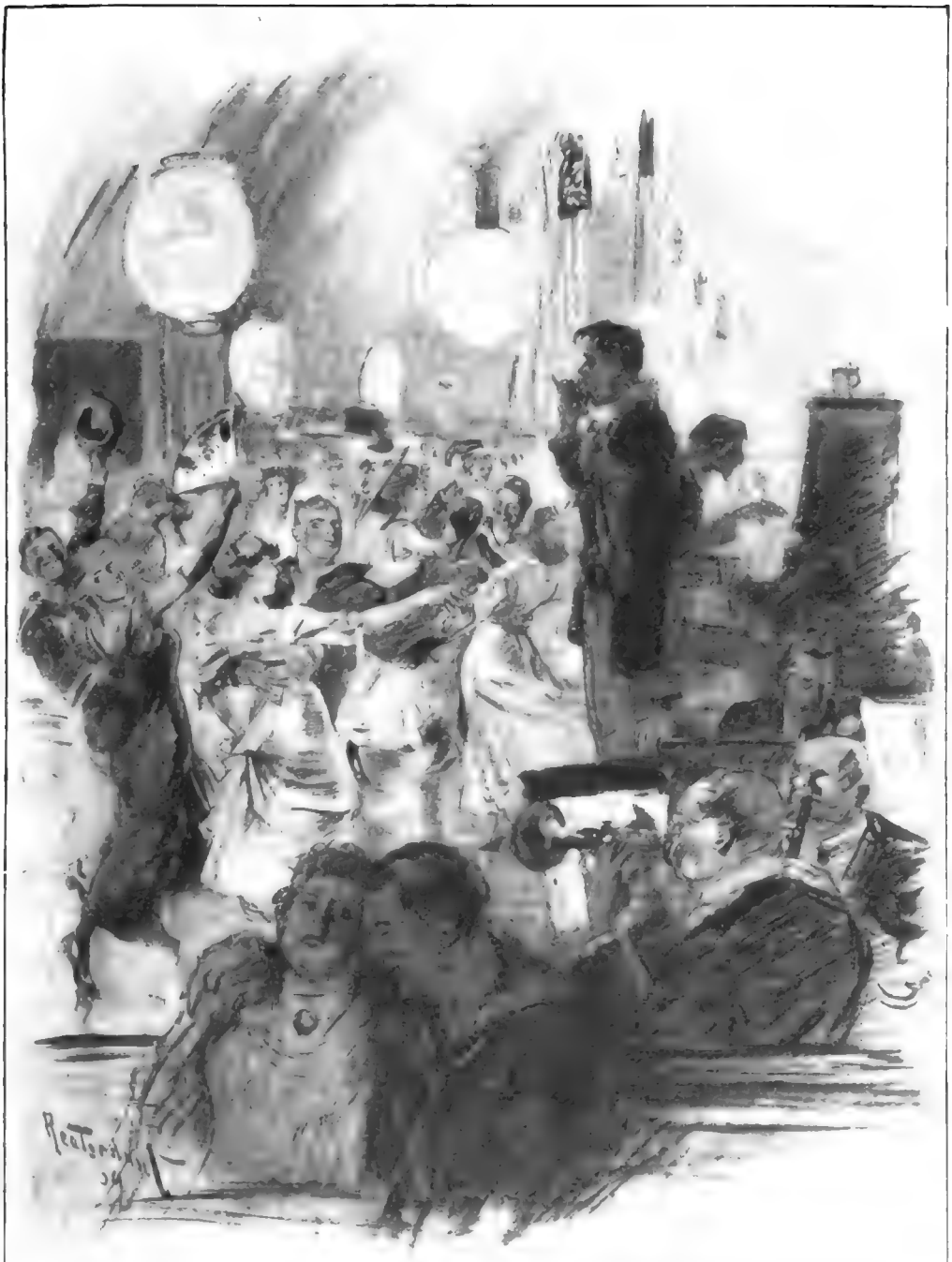

THE BIG RING OF HUMANITY REVOLVED IN A COMPACT WHEEL UNDER THE CIRCLE OF SPUTTERING ROOF-LIGHTS.

active with gum, toward some group of undoubted bluejackets.

When Mabel and her friend appeared at the entrance, they were snapped up at once by partners. 'Chestnuts arose, and found himself hovering about the edges of the great loop of dancers. But the girl always managed to change partners at the opposite end

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of the hall from him; and it was a long time before he broke into a court of men from one of the cruisers who had suddenly surrounded her in a corner, before he circled her with his arm and swung her away.

They danced twice around the hall, neither one speaking a word.

"You're making me crazy," he exploded, finally. "I'm going to beat it home."

"I'm having a good time," she gasped. "Let me, this once. I'll be back at the place at twelve. Come in then. I want to talk with you."

Horse-chestnuts released her into the arms of some one—he was too desperate to notice who it was—and made for the door. He jumped into a car and, once back in the city, plunged into the first saloon he saw. There he hung glued to the bar, drinking beer after beer, his mind a surge of loneliness and jealousy, until nearly midnight. Then he headed for the restaurant, his brain quite clear, but his blood flowing hotly.

All the tables were vacant, except the one in the back where he and his friends had dined. Mabel was sitting alone at it, waiting for him in her black alpaca skirt and work-apron.

"Why do you treat me like it was all off between us?" he demanded, sitting down.

"They tell me," she parleyed, "that you've lost out on that job at the lighting plant."

"I have, have I?" he challenged, drawing a paper from his pocket. He handed it to her. "I'm due to report there on duty to-morrow morning. Read that—from the office."

She studied the letter listlessly, as he glared at her with distrust.

"Forget those men," he ordered. "They was turning your head. Can't you be the honest girl I used to know?"

His sandy hair was mussed, his gray eyes flashing. Passion had effaced all the lines of drollery from his freckled countenance.

She met his gaze. She seemed to be making an effort to shake off the exhilaration of the dance hall, to enter into his consuming mood.

"You know how I love you," he said in a low voice, curbing himself. "You took what we call a rough liberty to-night. I don't want to kick. I know you didn't mean it. If I thought that you did—" he clenched his fists. "I know you won't act that way from the minute we're hitched up. So let's make that as quick as possible."

She shrank back into her seat, and said at length, "But I wanted to marry a sailor."

"Well——?"

Never had her girlish eyes, the fragile brow and sharp chin of her city-bred features, made his heart hungrier to possess her.

"*Well*, you ain't a sailor any more," she flashed out with returning waywardness. "Isn't that right?"

"You ain't a-going back on me?" he began to plead. "That's why I didn't ship over. All for you. I thought we wanted to be together. I thought you understood——"

"You seem sort of different now," she said slowly, looking him all over. "Everything about you ain't like it used to be."

"It was just my looks then—" he struggled with the lump in his throat. "You was only stuck on the uniform." Moisture was gathering in his eyes. "Well, I don't want to marry a girl like that. I've known enough of that sort, and what always becomes of them. I thought you was better than that. But if you ain't—" he turned his head away.

"I am better, and you know it," she exclaimed, aroused at last. "Ain't we known each other long enough, and our folks, too? And I'm sorry about how I acted to-night. I didn't stop to think. . . . But if you was only back on the ship—" she hesitated.

"We'd never be together. A man might as well not be married at all."

"You'll be ashore back here, soon enough. Couldn't you trust me while you was away?"

Vibrant with his love and confidence, he leaned forward and pressed her hand.

"That's it, then," she said. "What I been meaning to tell you all along, and couldn't get up the nerve to. You go back to your uniform, to the ship, and I'll sign the license to marry any time you say—to-night—to-morrow. But if you just hang around this town, I won't, no matter what job you think you have. Once a sailor, always a sailor. You know the saying. A sailor never makes good at anything else. You know where too many of the boys that quit the Navy land." She nodded toward the city's "dead line." "The women down there don't sink so low as them."

"I can't go back," he burst out impulsively. "I couldn't face the crowd on the ship after what I've told them. I've made them all think—" he broke down angrily. "Good night, and good-by," he gritted his teeth and, jamming on his hat, arose and hurried to the door.

Horse-chestnuts climbed the bare stairway to his small room in the jig-sawed wooden house up on Fourth Avenue. In its

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magical growth of mortar and steel girders, the raw city was sweeping around the poor lodging with the resistlessness of an ocean tide.

Sick at heart, he threw his clothes over the fiddle case in the corner, and climbed upon his iron bedstead. He had lost the girl, and given up everything worth living for.

How heavily the silence oppressed him! He missed acutely all the stir and night sounds of the battle-ship; the whistles calling the watches; the low voices of the men coming off duty to turn in, and snooping around among the hammocks; the gleam of the big copper coffee kettles hanging low on their hooks; the flash of light and the babel of working voices striking upward from some hatchway opened suddenly; the stifled murmurs of circulating, leashed steam—all the intimacy and complication of the crowded 'tween-decks.

The more deeply he dozed, the more clearly he realized these pictures. He craved motion, craved the slight, sleepy swing of weighted armor afloat, the soothing assurance in its inexorable advance. Half dreaming, he felt that he actually was at sea again, aboard a great ship, and lulled by the throb of her vivid power. . . . He had a confidence in the men accountable to her, in his officers and his shipmates on watch, all gripped by responsibility, intent upon carrying out their duty; and he cherished a pride in himself for being and belonging among them. He imagined the night spaces rushing darkly past, as they contemplated with trust and a remote wonder the blankness beyond the farthest swell lighted by the heaving fortress and her glittering sphere. Then recollection of his early months in the service returned to him, of the days when his ship first went to the tropics, and it was too hot to turn in below, and he would lie forward upon the anchor chains, while the fringes of the wash from her stem broke over him in starry handfuls.

Suddenly he awoke. The cramped room was a cell, a prison. The fixity of his bed was hateful, the sheets were cold and clammy. He sprang impulsively to the window, threw it open, and gulped in the night air. There lay only the silent, sordid, stuffy street, a dead and ugly presence. He pulled the shade down with a bang to shut it out. Yes, he was homesick for the *Hawaii;* too well he knew that. What were they doing out on board now? He looked at his dollar watch. It was half past one o'clock—three bells in the mid watch. Why, had he shipped over, he would be on duty now down in the dynamo room. In the restful hum of the great armatures, Dillon and he would be propping up their music against the bulkhead; the gunpointer would be tuning his mandolin, he his fiddle. Surely at this moment Dillon *was* there; he never missed his nightly music. But who would be playing with him? A hot curiosity possessed 'Chestnuts as to whom his friend would choose to join him from those among the crew who owned fiddles. The men from the engine room would crowd up to listen, and he felt a sort of jealousy toward whoever was accompanying Dillon's shrill picking of "Hiawatha" and "My Old Kentucky Home."

At least he could vie in spirit with his rival. He seized his violin case, and began to tune the strings of the instrument. He lifted it to his shoulder, and started with a flourish to play as if the whole watch were looking at him. And as he fiddled on, gradually the faces of his shipmates did appear to take shape around him on the bare and narrow walls, to peer between him and the white oblong of the window shade, all crisp and shifty in the radiance of the arc street-lamp outside. He wanted to be back among them, and he broke into "Home, Sweet Home." And instantly, being half asleep and living in his lingering notes, he seemed once more to be on board a warship, between the glistening white bulkheads, in the drone of racing armatures, among the only friends he had in all the world. Again he was deep in the intimate heart of all that complex and mighty mechanism which typified the power of his country and his people, and which, above all, called to him as his destined home. . . . Yes, he knew just what was going to happen. In a minute the signal tube would whistle, and a signal-boy would call down from the bridge that they wanted coffee above—wise watch officer who knew that the dynamo room was the only place to get coffee in the mid watch. And then Dillon would say to some striker, "Get the middie his drink." . . . But wasn't the bridge always dark unless they were at sea? Of course. Well, then, *weren't* they at sea?

Surely he was. Now he walked outside and up forward, with the red and white lights of the *ardois* signals winking over him; where human forms in sleeveless shirts, with strong, bare arms, lay all about under the tropical moonlight, prone in sleep. He alone stirred within the glowing globe of the ship's im-

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mensity; and, swinging ever so softly, it raised flowing sheets of dim indigo from the seas ahead, which forever were drawn in and closed about him, to be heaved off astern with a furtive rustling. He found that his eyes were strained into the dark yet friendly distances far out over the side, upon inscrutable places whose existence soothed all the unrest in his heart; upon vast presences filled with revelations. . . . What lay out yonder? He could have wagered that something hung there, something yet unknown, but tangible, something new, and strange, and real—land! —a Lost Land—a delectable country!

As his bow and fiddle slipped gently to the floor, and he sank into a heavy sleep on the bed, his lips struggled to form a word which he could not quite remember.

Horse-chestnuts washed and dressed hurriedly, and walked down Yesler Way. He was amazed at his calmness, at the ease with which resolution had taken root in him. He ate a fried crab and drank two cups of coffee at a street stand on Occidental Avenue, and then he headed for the docks.

On the Bremerton pier he ran into Navigator Fairman, hurrying to catch the seven o'clock boat back to the Yard, to report at quarters after spending the night in town.

"We're off for Vladivostok at midnight," said the officer. "Sudden sailing orders for eight this evening."

'Chestnuts plucked him by the arm.

Fairman turned good-naturedly.

"Ship me over, will you, sir?" said the boy between his teeth. "Can't they do it out on board? I want to come back to the ship."

"Why, yes, they can," gasped the officer. "But of all——"

"Please listen, sir. The's two things I got to do first," he went on slowly. "And mebbe after what you said once to me, you'll help. . . . I can write up to the light plant that I ain't coming, myself. But, sir——"

His eyes twinkled, his lips curled, so that Fairman was about to ask what the joke was.

"Say—where—how does a man get out a general order so's he can marry?"

Fairman suppressed himself by seizing and consulting his watch. "Oh, any parson, or up at the city hall," he answered with studied carelessness, resolving to cut quarters and risk a report. "It's all right then?"

They walked up the dock together, the boy's heart thundering, his head swimming with gratitude at the officer's understanding and restraint.

"Say," he grinned. "And about finding that Swede's lost country, Mr. Fairman"—the freckles fairly crackled on his cheeks—"last night *I* dreamed I seen it."

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co.

ADELINE GENEE IN "THE SILVER STAR."

The Players

THIS is a season rich in plays written with a purpose beyond that of merely providing entertainment and making money. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "Herod," "The Fourth Estate," "Israel," "The Harvest Moon," "The Melting Pot"—all have a significance that commands the serious attention of the philosopher, the psychologist, the artist, and the reformer, as well as of the dramatic reviewer.

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is a Morality Play, a very modern Morality Play. In it Forbes-Robertson, the foremost living actor in English, has won the greatest popular success of his career. It is impossible to avoid comparing this later play

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with "The Servant in the House," because the central idea of these two dramas is the same—a personification of the Christ spirit introduced into a modern household.

In one respect, C. Rann Kennedy's remarkable play, produced two years ago, follows more closely the old Moralities, like "The Castle of Perseverance," "Mankind," and "Everyman"; it deals largely in generalities, although there is an effort to illustrate the abstract and intellectual by the concrete and personal. It has the effect of breadth and distance, of stirring up one's feelings into a sort of solemn, indefinite enthusiasm that is very pleasant because no responsibilities are entailed. It is modern, however, in that it has a powerful climax, a familiar situation which is adapted with great skill to this particular play, but which could be made equally effective in an entirely different environment.

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back," written by Jerome K. Jerome, whom we usually think of as a humorist, is more modern in its direct, specific appeal; less so in its lack of the complication and climax characteristic of modern drama. It is absolutely free, too, from the perfectly legitimate stage devices that are so useful in "The Servant in the House." *The Passer-by* and *The Servant* are the same, really—or rather, they are different symbols for the same concept. But while, in the Kennedy play, *The Servant* is made up to present the closest possible physical resemblance to familiar pictures of Christ, *The Passer-by* has no tricks of make-up or mannerism to visualize the suggestion.

"The Servant in the House" has for its background the church, with its prestige, its solemnity, its grandeur. The Jerome play has for its background a second- or third-rate London boarding house, with people whose reality we recognize at once, so true are they as types.

"The Servant in the House" has for its theme the salvation of our souls, something of tremendous importance—to be thought about a little, talked about much in big words, and

Photograph by Byron.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM IN "HEROD"

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co.

ELSIE FERGUSON IN "SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN."

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Photograph by Halt.

FRANK DANIELS IN "THE BELLE OF BRITTANY."

usually postponed until another day. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" has for its theme the application of the Christ spirit to our daily activities in relation to those about us. There is no mention of divinity in it, so far as I can recall, nor of religion either. Yet there is no escaping the significance of *The Passer-by*. Indeed, in his commonplace frock coat he is more impressive to me than was *The Servant* in his robes and beard; but maybe that was because Forbes-Robertson played *The Passer-by*.

In the prologue of the Jerome play, the characters are described by their particular vices or weaknesses—*A Cheat, A Shrew, A Rogue, A Painted Lady*, and so on. They are presented with a delightful humor and each with a clear individuality. *The Passer-by* comes among them apparently as a new lodger only. Beyond the three knocks on the door, and the effect upon the landlady and the slavey, which they are utterly at a loss to understand, there is nothing obviously theatrical in this play. *The Passer-by* enters upon his mission at once; the dishonest landlady is the first to yield to his influence, and one quite understands why.

In the next act, which is called the play, the characters bear their own names. We know all these people in the shabbily pretentious boarding house. In most of them there is something a little like ourselves, if we could be honest enough to admit it. To each of them in turn comes *The Passer-by* with an individual message. We recognize the familiar yet mysterious power of him, and realize that the result can never be in doubt—in the end.

Lincoln Steffens wrote one epigram which will live long after his other work has been forgotten, and which finds expression in this play: "There is good enough in bad men to reform the world!" *The Passer-by* finds the good in these people and makes it grow.

Sometimes I have wondered, vaguely, why to Forbes-Robertson had been given a face so strong and beautiful, a voice so like the notes of an organ in its sweetness and moving power. Now I think it was for this play. Never before has his spirituality glowed with such gentle kindness, such loving tenderness, such profound sympathy. One sees the faith that can move mountains coming to work miracles among little, mean, sordid human beings—and it is very wonderful. I believe that nowadays the theologians hold that it is quite as important to make ourselves fit to live in this world as in the next; but too many of us prefer to dodge the responsibility. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" doesn't give much opportunity to escape it, so acute is the sense of the personal message. That is why one sees so many handkerchiefs furtively brushed across wet eyes.

The last act, which is called an epilogue, shows the change accomplished by *The Passer-by*. Again the program defines the characters—not by their virtues, as contrasted with the vices in the first act, but by what they were meant to be in the business of living. *A Bully* and *A Shrew* become *A Husband* and *A Wife; A Satyr* becomes *An Old Bachelor*—and so on through the list. It makes one choke with happiness. And when *The Passer-by*, his work completed, departs,

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as quietly as he came, there is a profound sense of personal loss.

Even the necessity for haste in preparing their reviews hardly explains the almost universal opinion of the newspaper critics that "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is not a play, but a preachment. They attributed its success to the acting of Forbes-Robertson and his associates. Now I am sure it is a play—a big play, the greatest that the stage has known in years; and that it is impressive as a preachment because it is a truly dramatic play. They said that it is wholly devoid of action. I cannot recall a play in which the action is so continuous and cumulative. But it is psychological, not

MABEL TAMAFERRO AS "MADELEINE," BIJOU FERNANDEZ AS "L'ACADIENNE," IN "SPRINGTIME."
Photograph by White.

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CONSTANCE COLLIER AS "AGNES, DUCHESS OF CROUCY," EDWIN ARDEN AS "JUSTIN GUTLIEB," IN "ISRAEL."

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physical action—the tremendously dramatic clash of wills, of personalities, of beliefs—a kind of clash that creates a tension and interest far beyond that of any possible physical, or—in the theatric sense—emotional situation.

Ever so many years ago I heard the late Frank Mayo say: "Most dramatists and actors forget the principal member of the cast—the audience." In this drama of Jerome's the audience plays all the parts, and with poignant intensity. It feels the mastery of *The Passer-by*, and the weakness and longings of the others, and no physical situations ever devised can compare with the grip of this personal appeal.

It is true that the acting is marvelously fine. One can talk of the dignity, the sweetness, the power, the wonderful diction of Forbes-Robertson; but words seem weak and tawdry. And the supporting actors are no less remarkable, with their more limited opportunities. I have never seen finer characterizations, nor more perfect stage management. The play and the presentation are so near perfection that one can hardly realize that this is a play at all, that it is not reality. And that means drama of the highest type.

From a purely artistic standpoint, William Faversham's production of Stephen Phillips's "Herod" is truly distinguished. That a star should present a blank-verse tragedy, written by a modern, so lavishly and so beautifully, shows a sincerity of purpose and a lofty devotion to a high ideal that are painfully rare. Many months were given to its preparation to make sure of historical accuracy. A vast amount of money was expended, and, considered merely as a series of pictures the result is a justification. So great was the initial cost, so large the expense of running the play—there are no fewer than two hundred and fifty people on the stage at one time—that it was a foregone conclusion that "Herod" could not be a real financial success, even if it met with popular approval. Certainly Mr. Faversham could not hope for a third of the profits he might count on in a season with a modern play. But he has concentrated all the harder on making an artistic success.

The setting has a certain regal grandeur. The costumes are wonderfully beautiful in their richness and harmony, while the movement and grouping are finely effective. And with all the pomp and magnificence and wealth of color, there is no suggestion of mere opulent ostentation.

Photograph by Moffett.

MARY MANNERING IN "A MAN'S WORLD."

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Photograph by White.

JOBYNA HOWLAND IN "THE GOLDEN WIDOW."

Certain scholarly folk assure me that "Herod" is Stephen Phillips's greatest play, the only one really adapted for presentation. I have been told that the New Theatre management was much chagrined over the failure to secure rights of production. So Mr. Faversham's personal judgment has the support of authority. For myself, I would not venture to express an opinion of "Herod" as a poem, but as an acting play it is inherently weak. On the stage, as Macaulay said of poetry, one may take any premise, no matter how absurd; but, having established it, all that follows should be consistent. In "Herod" the causes that result in the tragedy are mechanical, palpably manufactured, and therefore they appear artificial. That which makes tragedy, which gives it power, is reality, inevitability. "Herod" does not establish this conviction on the stage. Only in the last act, where Mr. Faversham acted with real moving power, was there struck a note of profound human sympathy. But this act seemed curiously detached from what had gone before.

Julie Opp is a magnificent *Mariamne.* It would almost seem that the character in the drama had been created for her. The rich trappings and environment give her beauty a regal splendor, and her familiar posings are in perfect harmony. Never before has she done anything so well.

Whether or not "Herod" meets with popular favor, it is surely a fine achievement, and the most notable in Mr. Faversham's career.

"The Fourth Estate" is as strikingly modern in epoch as "Herod" is ancient. Joseph Medill Patterson, grandson of the

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famous Chicago editor for whom he was named, conceived the idea of turning certain happenings with which he was familiar into a play. Harriet Ford collaborated with him, and the result was a very interesting, if faulty, drama. The first act shows a modern daily newspaper office, and its spirit is admirably portrayed. It is a newspaper that has been used as an organ, and therefore has been unsuccessful under a succession of owners. Then a new proprietor makes a managing editor of an investigating reporter whose articles about a crooked federal judge had been suppressed through influence.

The next act shows the owner, a newly-made millionaire, in his home, under the thumb of his somewhat vulgar wife and daughter, and then his bribery by the wicked judge, who offers social recognition for protection. The next act shows how *Brand*, the former reporter, now managing editor, traps the judge into offering him a money bribe, with a flashlight photograph taken at the right moment.

For setting, the third act has a realistic reproduction of a composing room, with a real typesetting machine and real printers working them. On an imposing stone is the great *exposé*, with the flashlight. The newspaper is about to go to press. The judge's daughter, with whom *Brand* is in love, makes a highly theatric appeal, but the noble managing editor will not yield. Then comes his boss, who forbids him to run the sensational article. In the version originally presented, *Brand* himself sets up a paraphrase of a story which he has previously brought to the attention of the audience, and then disobeys instructions by sending the form to press with the forbidden *exposé*—story and picture. Then he shoots himself. As the curtain goes down, there is thrown upon it the paragraph he had himself inserted, which announces the suicide and adds: "He was weary of a life of prostitution."

This version was absurd as the study of a journalist, and also as the climax of a play, because it offended the audience. But it was the finest study of the unsuccessful reformer I ever saw on the stage.

The trouble with *Wheeler Brand*—the convincing thing about him—was that though he had high intelligence, honest purpose, and energy, when it came to the crucial point he couldn't stand the gaff. He quit, and quit cold. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, efforts to bring about a genuine reform fail because the sincere, intelligent persons working for it are quitters, while the forces of crookedness, in this play and in real life, never quit so long as they have a gasp of life in them.

But the original version of "The Fourth Estate" was speedily changed for an ending that sweetly illustrated the familiar recreation of beating the devil around the bush. The wicked judge was made to resign, the *exposé* was suppressed, everything was lovely. This, however, has been succeeded by a third version, in which the reformer is of more heroic stuff—he both prints the *exposé* and faces the music. By way of novelty, the audience receive copies of the paper as they go out.

In so far as the authors permit, there is admirable acting in "The Fourth Estate." Charles Waldron struggles valiantly with *Brand*, who is a tiresome prig at best. On the other hand, Robert McWade, Jr., is good and human and altogether likable as the talkative, incisive type of newspaper executive. This is the most faithful and effective characterization in the play. Charles A. Stevenson makes the wicked judge so handsome, so distinguished, so dignified, and altogether so attractive that one sympathizes with him rather than with the hero. He has an attractive creed of manners, if not of morals. Tom Hadaway plays an original kind of a cub, while Alice Fischer is her breezy, clever, delightful self.

"Israel" has race hatred for its theme, and the author, Henri Bernstein, has made a brief for his own people. There is a certain subtle, oriental suggestion of revenge in it. Wherefore it is not surprising that the drama met with indifferent success in Paris, where the scene is laid.

In the first act there is shown the bitterness of young French aristocrats toward the Jews, the intense feeling of which the Dreyfus case was a manifestation. The leader is *Thibault, Prince of Clar.* He has pledged himself to drive from the Rue Royal Club a great financier, *Justin Gutlieb*, who has been a member for thirty years. When *Gutlieb* refuses to resign, *Thibault*, with studied care and a tasseled cane, knocks off *Gutlieb's* hat. Of course that's a deadly insult in France, and means a duel. Our less refined American taste leads us to hope that *Gutlieb* will quietly turn the young man around and kick him into obscurity. It is a deal to ask of us, to take this schoolboy trick seriously, however well we may know the feeling in France.

A duel is arranged. *Thibault* has pledged

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himself to rid his country of the dangerous Jew. It's a pure patriotic duty. When he goes to see his mother, the *Duchess of Croucy*, one of the proudest and most beautiful women in France, he finds *Gutlieb* there. Thus is laid the foundation for the great scene, which critics have acclaimed as one of the most powerful and dramatic that the stage has known. But it falls far short of deserving that praise, for the simple reason that it doesn't hold continuous interest—partly because it is unpleasant, and partly because, in the effort to squeeze out the last drop of theatric juice, the scene is prolonged to an interminable length. At times the action almost stops short—making the audience restless and then resentful. And that is bad technique. From this view-point, "Israel" doesn't compare with "The Thief"; but it is better than "Samson."

When *Thibault* finds *Gutlieb* with the *Duchess*, he starts to cross-examine his mother, like a lawyer seeking to fasten a crime on a witness. Bit by bit he drags from her a humiliating confession, which ends—and in this climax there is a real thrill of tragic power—with her admission that he, *Thibault*, is really the son of *Gutlieb*. The fanatic Jew-hater finds that he himself is a Jew, that the man he has doomed to death, because of race, is his own father.

It is horrible, but it gets hold of one for an instant by its pure theatrical effectiveness. In the next act *Thibault* is shown utterly crushed under the discovery. The duel has taken place, and *Gutlieb* has been wounded in the arm instead of killed. *Gutlieb* comes to *Thibault*, and the scene between them is, to me, the best in the play, because it has real feeling and truth. The dignity, the wisdom, the sweetness of the old financier, his profound love, which Edwin Arden, who plays the *rôle* so beautifully, suggests all through the play, now place the drama in a different atmosphere. But *Gutlieb* adds the last straw to *Thibault's* burden by convincing him that all the admirable qualities the young man possesses are attributable to his Jewish blood. In the original version *Thibault* kills himself. In the American presentation he is made to keep on living—possibly because, like Tomlinson's ghost, he is fit for neither heaven nor hell—and marry the girl he loves. It leaves an abominable taste in one's mouth, this play.

Three people do practically all the acting in this drama. Edwin Arden's performance is perhaps the most finished and effective of his long career. Most remarkable is the playing of Graham Browne, a young English leading man, who, as *Thibault*, triumphed over a personality that did not appeal to Americans and over a most unsympathetic *rôle*. He has impressive sincerity and extraordinary skill, with methods as effective as they are original. Constance Collier, as the mother, made herself look years younger than her stage son. She has fine moments—and ever so many disappointing ones.

In "The Harvest Moon," Augustus Thomas has written a sort of psychological successor to "The Witching Hour." It revolves about what is called Mental Science. The heroine is a weak, wishy-washy, uninteresting young person who is a victim of "negative suggestion"—a phrase familiar to those who read the curious literature of hypnotism and allied cults, and which Mr. Thomas adopts with some fervor in his play. It seems to mean evil suggestion, or "malicious animal magnetism," as Mrs. Eddy expresses it. Old-fashioned folk, undisturbed by modern beliefs, are likely to feel that Mr. Thomas has dramatized a good, honest, standard, copy-book maxim: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Anyway, that sums up the play.

Its foundation was a one-act sketch given by the Lambs' Club, in which a distinguished French stage director brings about a reconciliation between a young dramatist and the leading lady in his play by a rehearsal, and by employing the harvest moon as an accessory in place of a stage luminary. Also the famous Frenchman turns the play-within-the-play from failure into success by changing the lighting effects and the "business," as physical action on the stage is called. It is very interesting and amusing—this scene, but somehow it doesn't seem to belong with the rest of the drama, which, indeed, on the whole, has the effect of a hodgepodge, although the central idea is followed closely enough.

One reason why the play has no grip is that all of the people except *Monsieur Vavin* are uninteresting or otherwise objectionable. George Nash plays that *rôle* with such feeling, such clever characterization, such delicate shadings, that it is truly a distinguished performance. It is the first real opportunity he has had since he played *Mr. Paul* in "Chimmie Fadden," something like fifteen years ago.

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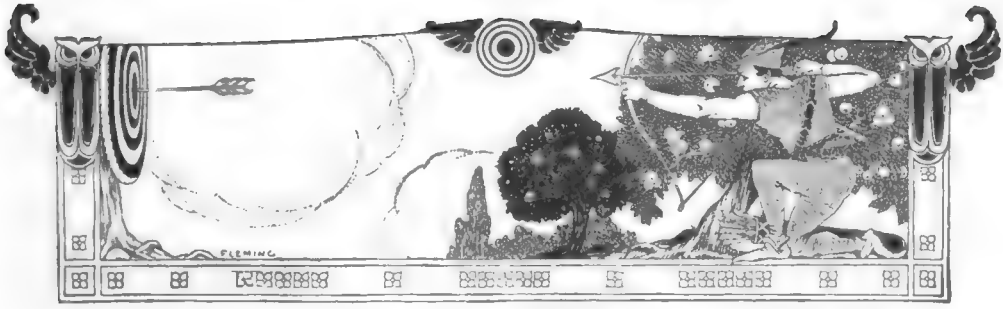

STRAIGHT TALK

HOW DOES THIS PLAN STRIKE YOU?

GENTLEMEN: What do you think of the idea of organizing "Lindsey Clubs"? It seems to me that would be the best way to educate communities up to the point of doing something radical. The churches and Sunday-schools must be made to take notice of this great reform.

In my school-teaching and law-student days no one could sell more books than I, and I am willing to take the general agency of the sale of the book for western Pennsylvania or the four southwestern counties, Westmoreland, Fayette, Greene, and Washington, and to devote one half of any profits arising therefrom to the betterment of the condition of the boys of said counties under your direction, the balance to be used as I see fit.

I have extensive coke, oil, and gas interests, but would take pleasure in giving much of my personal attention to the spread of the Lindsey gospel.

I had intended to write you after the appearance of your first instalment (October) and ask if you would not agree to print a separate pamphlet edition of the Lindsey articles each month. I will agree to take one hundred dollars' worth, and have them distributed gratuitously among our public schools in Fayette County, Pa.

Uniontown, Pa. E. D. F.

IT IS GOOD THAT A MAN SHOULD BOTH HOPE AND QUIETLY WAIT.—LAMENTATIONS, 3. 26

I have just read the opening instalment of Judge Lindsey's "The Beast and the Jungle." To say that I am deeply interested in it is putting it mildly, and I need hardly say that I shall wait impatiently for the succeeding chapters. But in spite of my intense interest, I cannot refrain from asking, what's the use?

Of many of the things Judge Lindsey describes I have first-hand knowledge, and I suspect that as I read the continuation of his story I shall find that I know, personally, many other things of which he will undoubtedly write. All of Denver knows of them, and all of Denver doesn't care a tinker's damn. I have strolled, with a police lieutenant, along Denver's red-light district and seen the rows of unspeakable "cribs" with their half-clad, peroxided, painted denizens; I have seen the utterly shameless flaunting of vice, so revolting that one wonders that it has any attraction for even the most depraved and debased of men; I have seen the open solicitation that goes on, night after night, and even in broad daylight, along three of four blocks of this street; I have heard the lewd, the outrageously, disgracefully obscene conversation between these "crib-dwellers" and the males that passed along the street. I have seen and heard these things going on while at least three or four police officers strolled up and down the sidewalks in each block. And I have seen automobiles loaded with members of Denver's "best society," men and women, and young girls not yet out of their teens, roll along this street on sightseeing tours, Market Street and its "cribs" being one of Denver's sights. And nobody cared, or cares, a rap.

Denver and everybody in it knows and has known for years of the business depravity of its leading citizens, and a year or so ago named a big public park for one of the leaders whose part in debauching Denver city and Colorado state politics stands out in bold relief, overmatching the villainy of almost all the others. Denver has known all about them and their doings for years, and neither Denver nor the state of Colorado cares a rap.

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I tell you, our people do not care; they don't want to be clean in their financial or their political affairs. They are firmly of the belief that the other thing pays best, and that everything is allowable and all right so long as one escapes the penitentiary; and nowadays the penitentiary has sma l terror for the man who has money or political influence.

The cry all over America to-day is—" Let us alone!" Our people don't want to be bored with a recital of things that they already know; all they want is to be let alone. They don't want our cities made cleaner or better, because that would be bad for business.

I am not naturally a pessimist, but I have come to the conclusion that something more than the truth printed in magazines will be required to arouse America from this "let us alone" condition. A great national calamity, such as an utterly disastrous war, or a deadly plague of widespread malignancy, may awaken our people; aside from these, or a direct visitation of God, I do not think an awakening will come. Certainly not through the publication of many volumes such as Ben Lindsey, from his own knowledge and experience, can write. And so, while I say go ahead, Lindsey and EVERYBODY'S, and God and the right be with you, I add, not pessimistically, but with unutterable sadness and sorrow for my country and its people, "What's the use?" F. G. H.

Washington, D. C.

IF WE ONLY COULD!

We have a complaint—just one—to make against your magazine. The covers are all right, particularly Judge Lindsey's picture, and the contents all we can desire, but it is published only once a month, and we consider that an extremely long time between numbers to wait. Now if it came twice a month, or, better still, once a week, we could not find a flaw.

Seattle, Wash. MR. AND MRS. W. M. B.

HERE IS A HEART WARMER

Because of your Lawson articles, unknown to you and voluntarily on my own part, I took the first subscription for EVERYBODY'S in our city. I now say God bless Lawson and EVERYBODY'S.

Just finished Judge Lindsey's first instalment of "The Beast and the Jungle." God bless him, too. You have captured another winner, and I have written the Judge my estimate of his story.

I read your "With Everybody's Publishers," and such work should convince any reader of the sincerity of EVERYBODY'S, whether in story or in advertising pages—If you see it in EVERYBODY'S it's absolutely true. I am not an annual subscriber now, but buy the magazine every month. J. G. C.

Sunbury, Pa.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S FIGHT FOR LINDSEY

Extract from a Private Letter Written from Denver in December, 1908

I had not, you see, for a female able to vote, the proper interest in national politics; nor, to tell the sad truth, had I, up to this year, such an interest in local issues. But this November saw me a real politician, even electioneering at the polls! And this is how it happened:

You know the politicians in Denver hate Judge Lindsey, and they made up their minds that they were going to kill him off for good and all this year. So neither party indorsed his re-election as Juvenile Judge. Some of his friends persuaded him to run independently, and three weeks before the election, with practically no money, Lindsey headquarters were opened, and the fight was on. Some of the people were paid, but the vast majority were, like myself, volunteers, vitally interested in the Judge's work, and working for him against the evil forces in this city.

Well, maybe you don't think it was work! A house-to-house canvass was made throughout the entire city by the volunteers. I did my own precinct—twelve square blocks—and talked Lindsey until I thought I should die. You see, it being presidential year, a great many people, women in particular, were afraid they would spoil their ballots, and had to be shown just what to do. That is where the politicians thought they had us—the people would either be afraid or too indifferent to scratch for Lindsey. After I finished my canvass I went for a week to headquarters. We had sent out notices for volunteers for election day, and I had charge of them as they came to headquarters.

It certainly was interesting! Society women offering their autos; old men and women, boys and girls, their services; workingmen by the dozen saying they had only an hour or so, but if we would put them somewhere they would be glad to do what they could.

Then came the election. There were one thousand volunteers throughout the city wearing white badges—big silk affairs—with the words "Vote for Lindsey." These volunteers approached every man and woman who went to the polls, and asked them to remember the Judge. The result? A landslide—thirty-five thousand votes, more than both other candidates had put together, and several thousand to spare.

Think of it! Wasn't it great? Not a newspaper with us, both machines against us, and only the people for us!

Doesn't that show what the people can do when they want to?

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A LITTLE STORY OF REAL LIFE

HOW MALLOY ROSE TO THE OCCASION

By William B. Ashley

THE love of power is the root of all devilment with the Celt; and if danger goes with it, if by any chance the stakes are as high as life and death, you simply cannot keep him out of the game. Which explains why Jimmy Malloy, at eighteen, was a New York motorman and aspired to be a fireman.

After Malloy filed his application, he announced to the circle tipped back against the kitchen wall that he wasn't going to be content just to get in; he intended to climb to the top—in time; if Crocker, who used to be a freight handler, could get to be Chief, what was the matter with some one else? But first he would win a medal for bravery. That was the great thing: to be a "medal man" in the Department.

"And ye're right there," affirmed Michael Hennessy, patrolman, too learned in the city's service to discourage a beginner. Hennessy was often around of a night, just to get away from himself and to hear the troubles of others. Moreover, Malloy's old man had died sudden, and the boy needed a helping fist now and again. (And Hennessy's Aunt Margaret, who was no less than Jimmy's own mother, was no slouch of a cook, either.)

"'Twill be aisy for a young felly like yerself, Jimmy, niver fear," chipped in Mrs. Malloy, scraping the last plate into the soup pot. "Yer cousin Micky, now, can't be climbin' them ladders and jumpin' them fire 'scapes and all that, which is how he come to be on the foorce instead of——"

"That's all right, old woman, but why is it? Wasn't I as fine as Jimmy here when I joined? And what is they on the po-leece to keep a man from gettin' fat, anyway? But if it comes to that," Hennessy nonchalantly paused to light his pipe before the flame should burn his thumb clear off, and bethought him that he was proud of young Malloy. "If it comes to that," he said in a different tone, "I'm thinking I may win a medal yet about as quick as him!" and he eyed the star-point of gaslight that winked back through clouds of smoke.

"The saints knows they's room enough on the mantel fer two, so what's kapin' ye?" and Mrs. Malloy set the foaming growler on the floor, to debauch the cat.

When the time came, Malloy went straight from his work to the Civil Service examinations, and straight from there to the kitchen group, where curiosity had to wait on appetite awhile. "And now what was it they did to ye, Jimmy?" coaxed Mrs. Malloy, as she finished stacking dishes in the sink and turned expectantly toward her favorite chair. "Fer I niver yit could see how they can be tellin' be the measurements av a man that he can squirt water out of a hose better than the nixt wan." She dried her face by a large movement of her apron and sank down comfortably.

"Well," said Jimmy, "it's like this: now I'm five foot eleven, d'ye see, and so be the rules I've got to weigh a hundred and fifty-five pounds stripped, d'ye see, and so on. Well, first the doctor bends me about a bit so he could see all me blemishes and birthmarks——"

"Which is one and the same, and mostly in your face, Jimmy," volunteered Hogan, who was calling that night. Hogan bashfully hoped to conceal his designs on the widow by sustained hostilities.

"A lad be the name of Schwartz," quickly interposed Hennessy, "was tellin' me he put in a hull winter trainin' and eatin' and that, thinkin' he had a cinch; but the minute the doctor listened to his chest, out he goes. And did they put you to the jumps, too, Jimmy?"

"That's the physical; the first was the medical. We went through that next, that is, what was left of us, bein', I was told be

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the man, about forty to the hundred; think of that!"

"To think of that! Only forty out of all that tried, and my Jimmy was wan of them!" Mrs. Malloy turned from bending over the stationary pot of soup which had suddenly called her, to enjoy this sensation, and resumed her tight seat in the big rocker.

"AND IS THOT SO-OO—IS THOT SO-OO!"

"And so was Henry Conners, Mrs. Malloy," put in Hogan, immediately getting behind the pail.

Mrs. Malloy let fall her apron in the act of wiping the back of her neck. She leaned forward until her outstretched finger came within an inch of Hogan's nose as it reappeared, and her whole face curled in an excessive sneer.

"And is thot so-oo—is thot so-oo!" Mrs. Malloy slowly returned her finger and its mates to their task, and as deliberately turned her scornful face, but not her eyes, from Hogan toward Malloy. "Go on, Jimmy," she commanded.

The fizzling of Hogan's bomb could only have been due to Mrs. Malloy's relaxed mood, for certainly the explosive mixture was there all right. Since the time Jimmy Malloy left school for work, while Henry Conners continued his studies, each new turn in their dissimilar circumstances had packed into Mrs. Malloy's heart additional jealousy and grudging and envy, and hardened her to the name of Conners until its mere whisper would detonate against her like a giant torpedo. The prospect of Jimmy's advancement evidently had softened her spirit for the once.

"To continue, Jimmy," said Hennessy, with a great sigh of regret.

"Well, as I was saying, there's many gets through the medical be a trick or two—here's to ye, Micky, may your luck pull ye through many a tight place. But it's the jumpin' that sifts them. 'Tis few can go the limit, though I went the full four and a half," concluded Malloy, "like a bird!"

Hogan lifted his helmet from the floor and rose with a good-night wink to Hennessy. "It's the rooster that's fine fer crowing," said he, "but when it comes to gettin' there you want one of these here eddicated pigeons like young Conners," and the inside doorknob placed a swift period after his remark.

Malloy did as well "on the books" as in the medical and the physical examinations of the Civil Service Commission. Then he waited a bit on the eligible list, and presently was appointed to duty along with Conners, though to a different "house," and Mrs. Malloy settled back in the old life to wait for things to happen. She accepted Henry Conners's appointment in complacent certainty that he would be left far behind, where he belonged, in less than no time. But more time than that had passed, with no change in their relative standing, when the competitive athletic games of the Police Department offered a mild opportunity for some readjustments. Among a lot of men where physical excellence is a matter of course, individual preëminence amounts to something, and some patrolmen can dress in the medals won on various tracks. But it is when they are called upon to defend the athletic reputation of the police against the mail carriers that the incentive to win is at its top notch.

"And I hear the general committee intends the firemen to come in this year, besides," remarked one of Hogan's mates in the station house.

"They're to have a chance at the mile run, the running high jump, and the hurdles," answered Dunn, chairman of the games committee, as he dealt the last card.

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Hogan hit the frazzled bag in the corner a final bang with his stick and swung over to the table. "Then somebody's got to get a hustle on, for there's a high jumper up to Truck 20 that can follow anybody on the Police, and go over his head while he's in the air," he said, by way of being amiable.

"Who is it, Hogan?" Dunn inquired indifferently, arranging his hand.

"Harry Conners; and you might as well put his name on the medal first as last."

"That's all right," replied Dunn, still unimpressed; "I've heard of Conners [he lied]; but maybe you haven't heard of the man we're keeping dark for just this high jump?" No more had Dunn, but he had not been made chairman just because of his personal popularity. "I must have been taking a nap," he thought savagely, and bet a day's pay on a suit of black spots.

"But, oh, wait till they see Jimmie!" was Hogan's childlike reflection as he got ready to go on duty.

Jimmie Malloy was putting in his off time those weeks trying to beat the record jump of the Police, five feet seven inches. At the house, between alarms, instead of napping he went out in the yard and kept after the mark, and stayed there when a call came in until he could utilize a flying leap to reach his place on the truck; and he landed at the fire with a scaling ladder in his hand before Shea had the horses fairly stopped. Moreover, the house was proud of him to the full extent of its wad, and let him dodge the heavy lifting on roofs to leap party walls "like a bird"—Hogan's regular pleasantry nowadays in the kitchen council. Even Mrs. Malloy had finally become reconciled to the tamer athletic medal as a preliminary to the coveted medal for bravery; and then had got as red-headed for it as the rest when she realized that Henry Conners was the favorite in the betting. Hogan had handed the widow that piece of information as another lover would deliver a two-dollar crate of candy.

The Patrolmen's Benevolent Association had induced the Commissioners of the two departments to hand out the prizes, which were to be awarded by Senator Hinchly as judge; and it looked as if Zulser's Park would need a new fence the day after. With only three events open to outsiders, the mail carriers and the firemen were equally determined on taking the lot. The mile run there was some doubt about all around, and the hurdles were only half claimed by any one; but the post office let the information leak out that the carriers already had the running high jump cinched. So the thing for them to do was to make good on that event anyway, which both the patrolmen and the firemen secretly knew was out of the question, for they could have named two different sure winners themselves; and all the time—and this is on the quiet—Henry Conners was jumping five feet eight and a half inches every day of the week with a grin on his face a mile long. But no matter for that. Every contestant was in the pink of condition the day before the games. Then that night, when Malloy, like the others, expected to rest up some, he had to crawl out for a fire in Elizabeth Street.

It is a bad section in there, narrow, choked up, crooked; but when Truck 34 careened around the corner five engines already had streams on the building, and Battalion Chief Hanlon was directing the placing of the fire-line.

"*We* lost half a second 'count of hitting the elevated," growled Malloy's captain, Mitchell, as the truck arrived two seconds after the steamer, "but what the hell kept you fellows back so long? Get a move on now; off with those extensions, both of them; take a couple of men, Watson, and stretch that hose through the basement! Hello, Jimmy," he grinned, "get busy—anywhere."

Malloy decided to save himself all he could, so he let Miller and Jones go in with Watson on the nozzle, and lent a hand in the coupling. The fire had started in the cellar, occupied by a rag-picking concern, where it had hidden itself until ready to spring full-grown into the first floor among the pickles and cheese and sliced ham, and out into the hall to feed on the choicer tidbits of front stairs, completely cutting off escape for the ten families above. Malloy noted with satisfaction that the usual work of saving life was well in hand: two fifty-foot extension ladders were in place in the rear, Mitchell told him, and McCrea of No. 40 and Mahoney of 34 had their scaling ladders crawling up the front of the building toward the screaming inmates there. They had already brought down most of the folks, which was well, for the fire promised to be a quick one, and Jimmy wanted to get that nap. He had clean forgotten there was any other kind of medal but that for the games.

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The crowds on the walks hindered the firemen below, and the fire took a new bulldog grip on the charred rags, shaking out clouds of stinking smoke and sending some half-dead men with it. Then Mitchell, forgetting his hundred up on the high jump, carelessly sent Malloy with Waller into the basement with a short-length hose; and in about three minutes both men dropped the nozzle and rushed for their lives toward the rear exit. Waller stumbled in the blackness, as part of the end wall, with what was left of the ground floor, crashed down in a mound between them, adding a gigantic puff of sparks and plaster dust to the smoke-charged air.

"Here we are!" shouted Malloy, plunging into the coolness of 105 degrees Fahrenheit in the rear yard. And then he realized that Waller was not there. Three streams were playing into the upper floors, and the windows of the surrounding houses were filled with cheering figures as fainting women were carried out of the furnace. Only Lieutenant Collins noticed Malloy, out of the corner of his eye, and yelled fiercely at him when Jimmy dazedly started to reënter the building. But Collins just then was directing Lahey, with the last armful of rear tenants, down the ladder, and could only hope the blasted fool knew what he was about.

Malloy felt his way through the black heat to the barrier heaped on the smoldering bales. He knew, without reasoning it out, that numbers could be of no more use than just one man; and he dimly understood that just one was probably useless by now. Portions of burning timbers that fell, and sudden downpours of water, neither lightened the gloom nor thinned the pungent smoke which had displaced the air. By the time Malloy reached the red-hot fallen bricks, his head was bursting and his lungs were panting.

"Waller!" he yelled, against the boom of streams and the roar of the street crowds. "Wallie! Where are ye?"

"I'm caught, Jimmy," came a faint call; "get a stream in here quick!"

Malloy knew he couldn't do that in time. "All right!" he cried, "I will!" Already staggering, he put a hand on the heap, but drew back instantly. Then, suddenly dropping to his hands and knees, he retreated to the yard, keeping his gaze as nearly as possible toward the location of the voice.

"God! I thought you was a goner, sure!" complained Collins, grabbing his arm. Malloy was taking on air in gasps.

"Let go!" he jerked. "It's a fine jump. I'm going to try for a short cut through." He drew a final breath and bolted in. Three strides and he felt the hot mass loom before him; instinctively drawing himself together, he crouched, his thighs sprang like steel, and he rose to the obstacle like a bird.

"Wallie!" he shouted with the last breath of his lungs as he landed. No reply. But almost at once he groped upon the man and lifted off the broken beam. Bending over him, he thrust one arm beneath and partly lifted him, then began to crawl toward the street, stooping low so that both might have what was left of air. At the same moment, Mitchell, asking Collins with one side of his mouth why in God's name he had let Jimmy go, was ordering, with the other side, three men with a spray nozzle and a searchlight to follow him into the cellar.

"AND YE LYIN' HERE WITH ME WASH STANDIN' IN THE TUB."

It was next day that Mrs. Malloy was striving to console the bandaged lad in the bed. "To think, Jimmy, that ye had all them chansts to win a medal, and then had to go carry a hose into the cellar! And why did ye ever go back? Ah, Jimmy, here ye've been in the Department goin' on to a year, and that scrunt of a Conners like as not gettin' yer ither medal, too, up to the games this day; and ye lyin' here with me wash standin' in the tub since they brought ye in this——"

"It's all right, mother, it's all right. An-

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other time. What if I didn't save no lives, there's Waller safe and sound, and here's me drawing pay doing nothing. Why, before you know it— What's the racket in the hall?"

"How can I be tellin'?" complained the aggrieved woman, turning to the door. "I can't be pakin' out at whoever goes up the stairs; maybe it's old Hochstein on the next floor, dead at last, and the undertaker come like he saw the soul of him go past. I'd better see," and she opened the door just as Hogan was about to batter a polite salute upon it with his stick.

Beyond his shoulder loomed none other than the Fire Commissioner himself, with Lieutenant Collins in the background. Whatever right had Hogan to be hobnobbin' with the Fire Commissioner?

"Good morning, Mrs. Malloy," smiled the Commissioner, taking off his tall hat. "I am proud to shake your hand; and where is the boy?"

Mrs. Malloy pointed dumbly toward the bed. "What's doin', Hogan?" she demanded hoarsely behind the great man's back; and then tiptoed obediently to the chair Collins indicated next the bed, fanning her flaming face with her apron.

"Why, sir," Jimmy was saying, "I thought you was giving out the prizes up to the Park?"

"So I have been, Malloy, but as you weren't there to receive yours, I have brought it here." ["For the love of hiven," thought Mrs. Malloy, "is it a Sunday-school picnic they be havin'?"] "The boys are having the time of their lives, and every event made a new record. But Conners, of Truck 20, fairly outdid every one by a running high jump of five feet, eight and a half inches."

Mrs. Malloy suddenly stood up, turned around, raised her chair and set it down again with a crash about two inches from where it had been. "I niver can bear to rock on a squawkin' board," she explained to the astonished Commissioner, who had also noted the glad wink Hogan dropped Collins.

"I couldn't have touched that," sighed Jimmy; "let the best man have the medal."

Mrs. Malloy changed her mind about saying something, and the Commissioner continued: "That is exactly what Conners said, and declined the medal in your favor; for he and Lieutenant Collins and Patrolman Hogan had carefully measured the heap you jumped over last night to get to Waller, and it stands

"GOOD MORNING, MRS. MALLOY," SMILED THE COMMISSIONER.

exactly five feet, ten and a half inches. So I have the pleasure, Malloy, of presenting to you this First Prize Medal for the running high jump in the Field Games of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association; well won!" Mrs. Malloy again succeeded in restraining herself. "But I did not come here merely for that, Malloy. I want to tell you that you will receive the Department's Gold Medal for extraordinary bravery in saving life at the peril of your own, at the next annual review by His Honor, the Mayor."

Mrs. Malloy rose swiftly, and the Commissioner promptly stood also, but gave no other indication that she was on his foot. He couldn't, for the weight of her, and the lungs. "Hooray!" she shouted, her clasped hands and her closed eyes raised toward Hochstein. "Hooray for the Malloys; they kim frum kings! Hooray for the Malloys!" shouted Mrs. Malloy—and paused and twice moistened her lips—"and fer the Connerses!" Then she suddenly wheeled and dashed a hand at either eye. "Why is it ye're settin' there, Hogan, darlint?" she demanded in surprise. "Ye know better than I do meself where we kape the stuff. Why is it ye're not bringin' it in with the glasses?"

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A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

I HAD it just now on the tip of my pen to quote A. Maurice Low's "The American People" (Houghton, Mifflin) to illustrate a point of distinction in humorous perception and literary taste between American and English authors and readers, when it occurred to me that before referring to a new work so well worth quoting from, it would be well to call attention to the work itself. Mr. Low is an Englishman who has long resided in America and who, what with combining intimate acquaintanceship with an external view-point, seems to have approximated to impartial judgment. But his book is not a mere commentary upon a people as he has known them, interesting as that might be. It is the report of an investigation, independently undertaken and zealously pursued, to determine "whether the American people were a new race with distinct racial characteristics and a developed psychology of their own or were simply a modification of a parent stock, retaining the characteristics of their begetting," and (if one may be permitted the bull) if so, why. It is, in fact, a reëxamination of history and the subjection of it to a new analysis. And the present volume, which carries the investigation to the beginning of the Revolution, is a mine of interesting and enlightening suggestion. It is not, however, a mine of free-working ore. Mr. Low's style, while dignified, is neither easy nor pellucid, but is, on the contrary, circumambulatory and of a peculiar tonal monotony, at once pleasing and soporific. So that one has frequently to use a mental pick to disengage the author's thought from his expression of it.

Mr. Low claims, in effect, that farce and not comedy is the measure of American humorous appreciation; and that "a fine discernment of the absurd" is rare among us as compared with what may, perhaps, be summed up as a boisterous recognition of the incongruous. And doubtless he is right. There is certainly, for instance, a marked difference between our own and the English method of presenting the humor of those odd examples of personality that we call "characters." We in America are neither poor in queer types nor backward in exploiting them. But it is our literary habit to emphasize their queerness and to let their normal humanness (if it is lucky enough to get into the picture) serve as background; whereas your Englishman, in a like case, will nine times out of ten go at it the other way about and, by placing their essential humanity in the foreground, leave the absurdity of their oddness to dawn laughably upon a "finer discernment." It is only fair to say in our own defense, however, that if we are somewhat slow at learning to practise the subtler method, we seem to be making progress in esteeming it. We have long, to cite a simple case, given a ready appreciation to W. W. Jacobs, who may be described in this regard as writing for beginners. Mr. Jacobs has just published another collection of his short stories, called "Sailors' Knots" (Scribner), and it is worth noting that in spite of his latest tales and his first being as like as two messes of peas, they lose little or nothing of their freshness by our familiarity with their form. This, from our native standpoint, is rather remarkable, but is explained, one imagines, by the fact that while it requires but a moderate refinement of humor to see the fun in Mr. Jacobs's ex-sailormen and bargees ashore, it would take an even duller sympathy to miss their human appeal.

"True Tilda" (Scribner), by A. T. Quiller-Couch, is another case in point. We are not accustomed, at either end of the Atlantic cable,

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to look upon "Q" as a humorist; yet the charming mixture of truth and absurdity in his unobtrusively matter-of-fact narrative will, one fancies, be as instantly welcomed here as it has been at home. The book, however, is a far more drastic exemplification of Mr. Low's roughly indicated distinction than the one just cited. Its humor is far more dependent upon the masking of its absurdity, and its absurdity is far more delicately masked. Indeed, the story—or, rather, the plot of it—can hardly so much as be outlined without rending the veil. Tilda herself, a waif left behind in a London hospital by a traveling circus, is the dearest absurdity of all; and the smaller waif whom she adopts, and whom she escorts across England in search of the reputed relatives that he has confused with the characters of a Shakespearean comedy, is close behind her. And the "characters" they meet by the way are a supporting company altogether worthy of them. Yet there is no slightest touch of farce; no hint, from first to last, that the author is laughing in his sleeve; no winking at us as who should say "Dotty! D'you twig?" The nonsense of it, and the pathos of it, and the whole delightfully meaningful absurdity of it, are left with complete confidence to the "finer discernment." And, for our part, we believe that the confidence is in no wise misplaced.

It seems in every way unlikely that the poised and plastic fiction that one finds inside the covers of "Margarita's Soul" (Lane) can be the work of an unaccustomed practitioner of his art; although neither my own memory nor casual inquiry made in hopeful quarters has served to connect the name of Ingraham Lovell with past performance. And of course the point is quite beside the issue. Yet it has, too, a certain and sufficiently curious bearing upon one's attitude toward the book. For this is so written that while one never for a moment questions the essentially fictitious character of its charming story (a story, by the way, that is just a little disconcerting in its occasional falling back upon melodramatic devices), one does constantly find oneself speculating, not as to the actuality of the "man of fifty" whose "romantic recollections" it professes to present, but as to the surprising measure of his own personality, his own digested experience, and his own resultant idealism that the author seems to have infused into the narrative. Is this, one constantly asks oneself, pure imaginative creation whose art has concealed its art, or is it deliberate self-expression cloaked with fiction? If we knew, it would not lessen our enjoyment; but not knowing whets our curiosity. Meanwhile, the book is a new instance (more than possibly inspired by William de Morgan) of the Victorian spirit revived yet transfigured; its native optimism no longer naïve, but armed and self-defensive; its original acceptance of sentiment as an axiom transmuted into a recognition of sentiment as an asset.

There are those of us who will be likely to wonder, especially after reading the book, whether the title of Mr. Robert Hichens's new novel, "Bella Donna" (Lippincott), is an Italian compliment or a reference to the pharmacopœia. If it is the latter, it is most subtilely appropriate. And indeed all of Mr. Hichens's novels, if they come to be published in sets, might well be called, after the fashion of the great Sir Walter, The Bella Donna Novels. For they all have the property of enlarging the pupils and increasing the brilliancy of our eyes while temporarily impairing our vision. There is a curious gift (for one does not at all feel it to be a trick) possessed by some writers, by virtue of which we are impelled to judge them out of their class. And Mr. Hichens possesses it. He offers us sensational fiction in an unaccustomed and exceptionally effective garb and, instead of praising it after its kind and dismissing it, we pay him the compliment, and do him the injustice, of insisting upon taking it seriously, upon judging it by enduring standards, and upon professing ourselves shocked at its shallowness. For Mr. Hichens is a broiderer of gorgeous patterns upon the surfaces of life, not a declarer of life's deeps. He has a strong sense of obvious drama. He has an innate responsiveness to the external and constructive harmonies of background, character, and plot. He possesses exceptional powers of visualization, verbal facility, and the supreme courage of his emotions. But he is a see-er, not a seer; a writer of exciting novels, not a novelist. "Bella Donna" (which is neither the most gorgeous nor the least superficial of his productions) will hold you enthralled for half the night and leave you with a bad taste in your mind next morning. And these two facts, carefully considered, will be found to cover its significance.

The knight of the gold brick and walnut shell, from whose reminiscent chat Will Irwin gathered the material for his "Confessions of a Con Man" (Huebsch), said to him, in trying to explain the fascination of his profession, that it was like hunting, adding that "there is no hunting in the world like hunting men." And at first, even after reading this very interesting little volume of unconscious self-revealings, one might be inclined to regard this declaration as both grandiloquent and disingenuous. "Here,"

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one might say to oneself, "is a disreputable 'sport' comparing himself to a sportsman." Yet, after all, it is true that the hunter sets out decoys to lure ducks, and that the "con" man sends out "cappers" to tempt "come-ons"; and that both believe that to the victor, in a contest of unequal wits, belong the spoils and a measure of glory. And each has his pride and his standard of self-respect. For the "con" man looks down on the sneak-thief, the hunter on the setter of traps. So that, as a matter of fact, this declaration is a key to the real content of Mr. Irwin's sketch, the summing-up of a point of view, a hint that it is not the *modus operandi* that makes the grafter, but his attitude toward life. And if it is true that "the proper study of mankind is man," and that "every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more," then Mr. Irwin's book is worth reading.

In this connection it is interesting to note that one of the books announced for imminent publication is a critical treatise upon the history and the literary significance of autobiography—at first glance a strange subject and one smacking of the academician. But what a world of possibilities and what ramifications of interest really lie in it! Just think—to imagine the impossible—what light would be thrown on the interrelationship of art, inspiration, and the creative impulse in the human mind if one could, in some way, segregate the autobiographical elements in all fiction from the purely imaginative elements—place them, as it were, in opposite pans of the critical scales and watch the tipping of the beam! And, oddly enough, there is one of the new books in which this separation can be very roughly, though still effectively, approximated. "Martin Eden" (Macmillan), by Jack London, is the story of a young Californian "tough"—street Arab, gang leader, deep-sea sailor, and equal inheritor from ancestral cave-man and modern proletarian—whose mental and social ambitions are suddenly and powerfully awakened. He gets, by chance, an *entrée* into supposedly cultivated society, and he discovers and proceeds to explore the accumulated wisdom and foolishness of books. And there follows a double drama—a tremendous intellectual adventure (purely autobiographical on its subjective side) and a gropingly romantic one (in which the two factors are indistinguishable)—culminating in a common catastrophe. It is, in a sense, the crudest thing that its author has done, for passionate self-revelation and bitter protest have all but submerged the literary artist. But it is an interesting juxtaposition, and one recalls no equally striking account of a keen and unbiased mentality suddenly brought face to face with the master minds of the race.

OTHER BOOKS

"Madame, Mother of the Regent" (Putnam). A handsome volume in which, through an excellent translation from the French of Arvède Barine, we meet on terms of informal and at times amusing intimacy the sister-in-law of Louis XIV—Elizabeth Charlotte, "Countess Palatine of the Rhine, Duchess of Bavaria," exile unreconciled at the court of France, professional correspondent, inveterate gossip, and archetype for all time of the German royal *bourgeoisie*.

"Chivalry" (Harper). An adaptation, by James Branch Cabell, of the mediæval spirit and chivalrous tales of Nicolas de Caen, who lived and wrote in the fifteenth century in France. The work is admirably done by one who loved it, and the reading of the book will prove a passing joy to those to whom the æstheticism of the stylist is a sweet but pleasant vintage.

"The Men of the Mountain" (Harper). A romance of the Franco-Prussian war, written by S. R. Crockett, and recalling the theory, humorously advanced some time ago, that this name connoted a manufacturing syndicate instead of a writer. Mr. Crockett is indeed a most amazingly uneven performer. Some of his stories are careful and even charming labors of love. Others give every indication of having been "assembled" from machine-made parts. "The Men of the Mountain" is one of the latter.

"Human Nature in Politics" (Houghton, Mifflin). A most interesting review, from the standpoint of the modern psychologist, of the theories upon which the classic systems of political economy were based; together with discussions, from the same standpoint, of various questions of political honesty, expediency, and outlook. The author is an English politician named Graham Wallas, and his style is as clear as his ideas are pertinent.

"The Score" (Dutton). By Lucas Malet. A volume that, at first glance, one seizes upon with lively pleasure at finding a new novel by the author of "Sir Richard Calmady," but that one discovers with prophetic disappointment to contain two storiettes instead. Subsequently, one's disappointment is modified (if by no means obliterated) by the technical polish of the first of these stories and the emotional vividness of the second.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

HE was an old darky. He wore no overcoat, and the icy wind twisted his threadbare clothes about his shriveled body.

"Wind," he demanded whimsically, "whar wuz you dis time las' July?"

There was company at dinner, and Father was carving his prettiest on a fine roast. Suddenly, though, the knife struck a skewer, made a sliding upward motion, and came out on top. Father attempted to cover his real feelings with insipid jests about the indigestibility of roasted hard wood, the inadvisability of a butcher's running a wood yard, and the like. There was an embarrassing silence. Willie took advantage of it.

"Cook has burned her nose orful," he announced.

"Too bad," muttered Father, still wrestling with the roast. "How did she do it?"

"Tryin' to pull them skewers out with her teeth."

The late Chief Justice Chase was noted for his gallantry. While on a visit to the South, shortly after the war, he was introduced to a very beautiful woman who prided herself upon her devotion to the "lost cause." Anxious that the chief justice should know her sentiments, she remarked, as she gave him her hand, "Mr. Chase, you see before you a rebel who has not been reconstructed."

"Madam," he replied with a profound bow, "reconstruction in your case would be blasphemous."

Edith, aged six, had just been informed that twin boys had been added to the family.

"That's funny," she mused. "Ethel and I both prayed for a baby brother, but we thought it was the same one."

Before fame came to him, Bernard Shaw wrote dramatic criticisms for the London *Saturday Review*. The following sample was preserved by the late Clyde Fitch as characteristic:

"I am in a somewhat foolish position concerning a play at the Opera Comique, whither I was bidden this day week. For some reason I was not supplied with a program; so that I never learned the name of the play. At the end of the second act the play had advanced about

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as far as an ordinary dramatist would have brought it five minutes after the first rising of the curtain; or, say, as far as Ibsen would have brought it ten years before that event. Taking advantage of the second interval to stroll out into the Strand for a little exercise, I unfortunately forgot all about my business, and actually reached home before it occurred to me that I had not seen the end of the play. Under these circumstances, it would ill become me to dogmatize on the merits of the work or its performance. I can only offer the management my apologies."

A Kansan sat on the beach at Atlantic City watching a fair and very fat bather disporting herself in the surf. He knew nothing of tides, and he did not notice that each succeeding wave came a little closer to his feet. At last an extra big wave washed over his shoe tops.

"Hey, there!" he yelled at the fair, fat bather. "Quit yer jumpin' up and down! D'ye want to drown me?"

Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, played in a brass band many years ago. He was unable to be on hand when the uniforms came, and had to put up with what was left.

"The coat wasn't so bad," says Mr. Davenport, "but the trousers— Honest, I had to take two steps to make those trousers go one!"

Most Southerners are gallant. An exception is the Georgian who gave his son this advice:

"My boy, never run after a woman or a street car—there will be another one along in a minute or two."

"Two city boys," relates E. S. Bruce of the forest service, "went shooting in the woods. As they passed a ruined house on their way home at dusk, a huge owl flew out. One of the boys raised his gun and fired. The owl, with an unearthly shriek, fell fluttering to the ground. The awed boys peered through the twilight at the great, round face and outspread wings.

"'Gosh!' whispered the younger. 'Dear knows what'll happen to us. We've gone an' shot a cherubim!'"

"It is not always necessary to make a direct accusation," said the lawyer who was asking damages because insinuations had been made against his client's good name. "You may have heard of the woman who called to the hired girl, 'Mary, Mary, come here and take the parrot downstairs—the master has dropped his collar button!'"

"How far is it between these two towns?" asked the lawyer.

"About four miles as the flow cries," replied the witness.

"You mean as the cry flows."

"No," put in the Judge, "he means as the fly crows."

And they all looked at each other, feeling that something was wrong.

"When I arose to speak," related a martyred statesman, "some one hurled a base, cowardly egg at me and it struck me in the chest."

"And what kind of an egg might that be?" asked a fresh young man.

"A base, cowardly egg," explained the statesman, "is one that hits you and then runs."

"Where's that bird dog you used to have?"

"Oh, the milliner down the street complained that he kept her customers away by obstructing the sidewalk."

"Obstructing the sidewalk?"

"Yes. You see he spent all his time down there pointing the birds in the window."

The musical young woman who dropped her peekaboo waist in the piano player and turned out a Beethoven sonata, has her equal in the lady who stood in front of a five-bar fence and sang all the dots on her veil.

A little fellow rushed breathlessly into a drug store.

"Please, sir, some liniment and some cement!"

"What?" asked the puzzled clerk. "What's the trouble?"

"Mam hit pop on the head with a plate."

"Please, your Satanic Majesty," begged a lost soul who was fishing from the banks of a boiling lake, "can't I try my luck somewhere else? I've been fishing from this blamed place for the last hundred years and haven't had a bite yet."

"That's the hell of it," explained his Satanic Majesty.

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With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Oh, ho, we said it first.

But not a month before Christmas, as we did last year.

You could not be expected to remember the struggle we had in writing this department a year ago, trying to wish you a Merry Christmas on October twenty-fifth. But we told you then we would not attempt it this year. We could not see any good reason for bringing out the Christmas magazine in November. So this year we have made our issue published December twentieth our Christmas number.

We believe you will like your Christmas stories and articles and good wishes better at Christmas time. We certainly have felt more Christmasy in making this magazine for Christmas.

It's a good time, isn't it—Christmas time? We hope you are finding it so.

Do you remember Aldrich's lyric—

A SNOW-FLAKE

Once he sang of summer,
Nothing but the summer;
Now he sings of winter,
Of winter bleak and drear;
Just because there's fallen
A snow-flake on his forehead,
He must go and fancy
'Tis winter all the year!

There is a long essay in that lyric. Aldrich told a friend of ours that when he had written anything he cut off the head and feet, and left just the heart.

The heart in this lyric is on its sleeve. If any snowflake has fallen on your forehead, don't let it make these Christmas days "bleak and drear," if you can help it. Sometimes you can't help it.

To the homes in mourning; to the homes where loved ones lie stricken; to the homes facing financial stress, we extend the hand of sympathy and fellowship. We, too, know sorrow and care. They have pushed their unwelcome presence into our homes times past. Every home must entertain one or both some time. If now is your time, be brave and patient and keep busy if you can, and, above all, mix with your fellows. They may appear not to care, but they do care. Give them a chance to show you. The world doesn't care for a man who lies down; it likes to see a man take his knocks face on. Stagger up under your troubles and see how quickly people, even strangers, will show you that they are eager to help. We know.

NURSING A SORROW

We know a mother who lost a little boy many years ago. There are three other children, but apparently none of them is equal to "little brother" who died. Every day they heard about "little brother," until they

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almost hated him. Can you understand how that would be possible? The father was expected to remember all of "little brother's" anniversaries; if he didn't, mother was inexpressibly shocked and grieved. She actually nursed that sorrow until she was a complete slave to it. It was loyalty and devotion to "little brother," but how about the other children? This is what we are driving at. Sorrows leave scars, but not bleeding, gaping wounds, on healthy, normal hearts.

NURSING A GRUDGE

Tending it, keeping it alive, nourishing it until it becomes a companion. What a foolish, reckless occupation. You probably know men right in your town who nurse grudges almost as big as they are, and show off the grinning, homely things on every possible occasion and apparently with great pride. Now a healthy soul can't keep a grudge over night. It forgets or forgives. Life is too sweet, too beautiful, to befoul with a nasty grudge, big or little. Isn't that so? A grudge doesn't hurt anybody but the man who harbors it. Recall the people who have exhibited their cherished grudge to you. You knew it for what it was instantly, and you didn't think any more highly of the exhibitor, did you? If all the people carrying around these polluting grudges would strangle them on Christmas Eve and bury the remains in unmarked graves, they would have such a Christmas as they have never known; and if on Christmas morning they would send to the man or woman against whom they had held the grudge, a card bearing the legend "Merry Christmas"—— Dear God, why will people make themselves wretched and keep themselves wretched when it is so beautiful to be happy and clean-hearted?

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Speaking of clean hearts, did you know Mr. Gilder? Our offices are next door, and we often met him coming to business. He edited the *Century* for a great many years. Rather frail he looked the last time we met him, with his cape coat and slightly stooping figure. He loved his country and, a mere lad, fought for her. Later, when he had won his way to the editorship of the *Century*, he found time to fight for his state and city in those fights for clean politics and clean tenements and clean life which are harder than fights on battlefields. They are without martial music and the panoply of war. Some one said of Mr. Gilder, "He had the instinct and habit of usefulness." It is a great tribute, and deserved. We are proud to belong to a craft that now and then develops a Richard Watson Gilder. Another quotation from Aldrich may be pardoned:

Not sad nor bitter, he accepted fate—
Drank deep of life, knew books, and hearts of men,
Cities and camps, and war's immortal woe,
Yet bore through all (such virtue in him sate
His Spirit is not whiter now than then!)
A simple, loyal nature, pure as snow.

SEND THEM AWAY

The young people who are attending academies and colleges enjoy, and benefit immensely from, the change they get in coming home for the holidays. Some of life's dearest memories are of these home-comings. Two solid weeks of freedom and fun after a hard term at school. Nothing around home to remind them of the daily grind, except perhaps one trying hour with father about expenses. It is a wise arrangement.

But how about the young people in the high schools and the grammar grades, who see the school buildings every day of their outings, and mates, and teachers, and everything the same, save lessons? Is it not possible that some of them would be better for a little trip at holiday time? A new environment, new faces, different food, a complete change. Have you ever felt sort of dragged out, no appetite, nothing specially the matter, and then gone away for a day to city or country—anywhere, only away—and marveled at the pick-up in your appetite and spirits? Every one needs these little outings, but especially do children need them—the children who take their work seriously and try hard for good grades, and are worn down to the nerves by the work of the fall term. The hardy variety without nerves, who haven't applied themselves as closely to their work, can find sufficient recreation around home; but if you know any of the other type and could make them a present of a ten-day trip, it would be a beautiful Christmas gift.

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